NEW

AN

AMERICAN SELECTION

OF

Lessons in Reading and Speaking.

CALCULATED TO

IMPROVE THE MINDS AND REFINE THE TASTE OF YOUTH.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED

RULES IN ELOCUTION,

AND

DIRECTIONS FOR EXPRESSING THE PRINCIPAL PASSIONS OF THE MIND.

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ADVERTISEMENT TO THE REVISED EDITION.

THE *American Selection*, tho' well received and much used in schools, has been thought susceptible of improvement; the compiler has therefore made some alterations, omitting some pieces which are believed to be less adapted to interest young minds, and substituting others, which cannot fail to be as entertaining as useful. The present editition comprehends a great variety of sentiment, morality, history, elocution, anecdote and description; and it is believed, will be found to contain as much interesting matter, as any compilation of the size and price.

NEW-HAVEN Sept. 1804.

RULES FOR READING AND SPEAKING.

RULE I.

Let your articulation be clear and distinct.

A GOOD articulation consists in giving every letter and syllable its proper pronunciation of sound.

Let each ſyllable, and the letters which compoſe it, be pronounced with a clear voice, without whining, drawling, liſping, ſtammering, mumbling in the throat, or ſpeaking through the noſe. Avoid equally a dull drawling habit, and too much rapidity of pronunciation: for each of theſe faults deſtroys a diſtinct articulation.

RULE II.

Obſerve the Stops, and mark the proper Pauſes; but make no pauſe where the ſenſe requires none.

The characters we uſe as ſtops are extremely arbitrary, and do not always mark a ſuſpenſion of the voice. On the contrary, they are often employed to ſeparate the ſeveral members of a period, and ſhow the grammatical conſtruction. Nor when they are deſigned to mark pauſes, do they always determin the length of thoſe pauſes, for this depends much on the ſenſe and the nature of the ſubject. A ſemicolon, for example, requires a longer pauſe in a grave diſcourſe, than in lively and ſpirited declamation. However as children are incapable of nice diſtinctions, it may be beſt to adopt, at firſt, ſome general rule with reſpect to the pauſes, and teach them to pay the ſame attention to theſe characters as they do to the words.* They ſhould be cautioued likewiſe againſt pauſing in the midſt of a member of a ſentennce, where the ſenſe requires the words to be cloſely connected in pronunciation.

RULE III.

Pay the ſtricteſt attention to Accent, Emphaſis, *and* Cadence.

Let the accented ſyllables be pronounced with a proper ſtreſs of voice; the unaccented, with little ſtreſs of voice, but diſtinctly.

* See my American Spelling book, in which the pauſes of the comma, ſemicolon, colon, and period, are fixed at one, two, four, ſix.

The important words of a sentence, which I call naturally emphatical, have a claim to a considerable force of voice; but particles, such, as *of*, *to*, *as*, *and*, &c. require no force of utterance, unless they happen to be emphatical, which is rarely the case. No person can read or speak well, unless he understands what he reads; and the sense will always determin what words are emphatical. It is a matter of the highest consequence, therefore that a speaker should clearly comprehend the meaning of what he delivers, that he may know where to lay the emphasis. This may be illustrated by a single example. This short question *will you ride to town to day ?* is capable of four different meanings, and conseqently of four different answers, according to the placing of the emphasis. If the emphasis is laid upon *you*, the question is whether *you* will ride to town or *another person*. If the emphasis is laid on *ride*, the question is, whether you will *ride* or go on *foot*. If the emphasis is laid on *town*, the question is, whether you will ride to *town* or to *another place*. If the emphasis is laid on *to day*, the question is whether you will ride *to day* or some *other day*. Thus the whole meaning of a phrase often depends on the emphasis; and it is absolutely necessary that it should be laid on the proper words.

Cadence is a falling of the voice in pronouncing the closing syllable of a period. This ought not to be uniform, but different at the close of different sentences.*

But in interrogative sentences, the sense often requires the closing word or syllable to be pronounced with an elevated voice. This, however, is only when the last word is emphatical; as in this question, " Betrayest thou the Son of Man with a *kiss* ?" Here the subject of enquiry is, whether the common token of love and benevolence is prostituted to the purpose of trechery; the force of the question depends on the last word, which is therefore pronounced with an elevation of voice. But in this question, " Where is *boasting*

* We may observe that good speakers always pronounce upon a certain key; for altho they modulate the voice according to the various ideas they express, yet they retain the same pitch of voice.—Accent and Emphasis require no elevation of the voice, but a more forcible expression on the same key. Cadence respects the last syllable only of the sentence; which syllable is actually pronounced with a lower tone of voice; but, when words of several syllables close a period, all the syllables but the last are pronounced on the same key as the rest of the sentence.

then ?" The emphatical word is *boasting*, which of course requires an elevation of voice.

The most natural pitch of voice is that in which we speak in common conversation. Whenever the voice is raised above this key, pronunciation is difficult and fatiguing. There is a difference between a *loud* and a *high* voice. A person may speak much louder than he does in ordinary discourse, without any elevation of voice: and he may be heard distinctly, upon the same key, either in a private room, or in a large assembly.

RULE IV.

Let the Sentiments you express be accompanied with proper Tones, Looks, *and* Gestures.

By *tones* are meant the various modulations of voice by which we naturally express the emotions and passions. By *looks* we mean the expression of the emotions and passions in the countenance.

Gestures are the various motions of the hands or body, which correspond to the several sentiments and passions which the speaker designs to express.

All these should be perfectly natural. They should be the same which we use in common conversation. A speaker, should endeavor to feel what he speaks; for the perfection of reading and speaking is to pronounce the words as if the sentiments were our own.

If a person is rehearsing the words of an angry man, he should assume the same furious looks; his eyes should flash with rage, his gestures should be violent, and the tone of his voice threatening. If kindness is to be expressed, the countenance should be calm and placid, and wear a smile; the tone should be mild, and the motion of the hand inviting. An example of the first, we have in these words: "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." An example of the last, in these words, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, from the foundation of the world."

A man who should repeat these different passages with the *same looks, tones* and *gestures*, would pass, with his hearers, for a very injudicious speaker.

The whole art of reading and speaking—all the rules of eloquence may be comprised in this concise direction; *Let a reader or speaker express every word as if the sentiments were his own.*

GENERAL DIRECTIONS *for expreſſing certain* PASSIONS OR SENTIMENTS.

[From the Art of Speaking.]

MIRTH or *Laughter* opens the mouth, criſps the noſe, leſſens the aperture of the eyes, and ſhakes the whole frame.

Perplexity draws down the eye-brows, hangs the head, caſts down the eyes, cloſes the eye lids, ſhuts the mouth, and pinches the lips; then ſuddenly the whole body is agitated, the perſon walks about buſily, ſtops abruptly, talks to himſelf, &c.

Vexation adds to the foregoing, complaint, fretting, and lamenting.

Pity draws down the eye-brows, opens the mouth, and draws together the features.

Grief is expreſſed by weeping, ſtamping with the feet, lifting up the eyes to heaven, &c.

Melancholy is gloomy and motionleſs, the lower jaw falls, the eyes are caſt down and half ſhut, words few, and interrupted with ſighs.

Fear opens the eyes and mouth, ſhortens the noſe, draws down the eye-brows, gives the countenance an air of wildneſs; the face becomes pale, the elbows are drawn back parallel with the ſides, one foot is drawn back, the heart beats violently, the breath is quick, the voice weak and trembling. Sometimes it produces ſhrieks and fainting.

Shame turns away the face from the beholders, covers it with bluſhes, caſts down the head and eyes, draws down the eye-brows, makes the tongue to faulter, or ſtrikes the perſon dumb.

Remorſe caſts down the countenance, and clouds it with anxiety. Sometimes the teeth gnaſh, and the right hand beats the breaſt.

Courage, ſteady and cool, opens the countenance, gives the whole form an erect and graceful air. The voice is firm, and the accent ſtrong and articulate.

Boaſting is loud and bluſtering. The eyes ſtare, the face is red and bloated, the mouth pouts, the voice is hollow, the arms akimbo, the head nods in a threatening manner, the right fiſt ſometimes clenched and brandiſhed.

Pride aſſumes a lofty look, the eyes open, the mouth pouting, the lips pinched, the words ſlow and ſtiff, with an air of importance, the arms akimbo, and the legs at a diſtance, or ing large ſtrides.

Authority opens the countenance, but draws down the eye-brows a little, ſo as to give the perſon an air of gravity.

Commanding requires a peremptory tone of voice, and a ſevere look.

Inviting is expreſſed with a ſmile of complacency, the hand with the palm upwards, drawn gently towards the body.

Hope brightens the countenance, arches the eye-brows, gives the eyes an eager wiſhful look, opens the mouth to half a ſmile, bends the body a little forward.

Love lights up a ſmile upon the countenance; the forehead is ſmoothed, the eye-brows arched, the mouth a little open and ſmiling, the eyes languiſhing, the countenance aſſumes an eager wiſhful look, mixed with an air of ſatisfaction. The accents are ſoft and winning, the tone of the voice flattering, &c.

Wonder opens the eyes, and makes them appear prominent. The body is fixed in a contracted ſtooping poſture, the mouth is open, the hands often raiſed. Wonder at firſt ſtrikes a perſon dumb; then breaks forth into exclamations.

Curioſity opens the eyes and mouth, lengthens the neck, bends the body forward, and fixes it in one poſture, &c.

Anger is expreſſed by rapidity, interruption, noiſe and trepidation, the neck is ſtretched out, the head nodding in a threatening manner. The eyes red, ſtaring, rolling, ſparkling; the eye-brows drawn down over them, the forehead wrinkled, the noſtrils ſtretched, every vein ſwelled, every muſcle ſtrained. When anger is violent, the mouth is opened, and drawn towards the ears, ſhewing the teeth in a gnaſhing poſture; the feet ſtamping, the right hand thrown out, threatening with a clenched fiſt, and the whole frame agitated.

Peeviſhneſs is expreſſed in nearly the ſame manner, but with more moderation; the eyes a ſquint upon the object of diſpleaſure, the upper lip drawn up diſdainfully

Malice ſets the jaws, or gnaſhes with the teeth, ſends flaſhes from the eyes, draws the mouth down towards the ears, clenches the fiſt and bends the elbows.

Envy is expreſſed in the ſame manner, but more moderately.

Averſion turns the face from the object, the hands ſpread out to keep it off.

Jealouſy ſhews itſelf by reſtleſſneſs, peeviſhneſs, thoughtfulneſs, anxiety, abſcence of mind. It is a mixture of a variety of paſſions, and aſſumes a variety of appearances.

Contempt aſſumes a haughty air; the lips cloſed, and pouting.

Modesty or *humility* bends the body forward, casts down the eyes. The voice is low, the words few, and tone of utterance submissive.

In the following Lessons, there are many examples of antithesis, or opposition in the sense. For the benefit of the learner, some of these examples are distinguished by Italic Letters ; *and the words so marked are emphatical.*

SELECT SENTENCES.

TEACHING.

CHAP. I.

TO be very active in laudible pursuits is the distinguishing characteristic of a man of merit.

There is a heroic innocence, as well as a heroic courage.

There is a mean in all things. Even virtue itself has its stated limits, which not being strictly observed, it ceases to be virtue.

It is wiser to *prevent* a quarrel before hand, than to *revenge* it afterwards.

It is much better to *reprove*, than to be angry *secretly*.

No revenge is more heroic than that which torments envy by doing good.

The discretion of a men deferreth his anger, and it is his glory to pass over a transgression.

Money, like manure, does no good till it is spread.

There is no real use of riches, except in the distribution ; the rest is all conceit.

A wise man will desire no more than what he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and live upon contentedly.

A contented mind, and a good conscience, will make a man happy in all conditions. He knows not how to *fear*, who *dares to die*.

There is but one way of fortifying the soul against all gloomy persages and terrors of the mind ; and that is, by securing to ourselves the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events and governs futurity. Philosophy is then only valuable, when it serves for the law of life, and not for the ostentation of science.

CHAP. II.

WITHOUT a friend the world is but a wilderneſs.

A man may have *a thouſand intimate acquaintances*, and not a friend amongſt them all. If you have *one friend*, think yourſelf happy.

When *once* you profeſs yourſelf a *friend*, endeavor to be always ſuch. He can never have any true friends who is *always* changing them.

Proſperity *gains* friends, and adverſity *tries* them.

Nothing more engages the affections of men, than a handſome addreſs and graceful converſation.

Complaſance renders a ſuperior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable.

Exceſs of ceremony ſhows *want* of breeding. That civility is beſt, which excludes all ſuperfluous formality.

Ingratitude is a crime ſo ſhameful, that the man was never yet found, who would acknowledge himſelf guilty of it.

Few things are impoſſible to induſtry and ſkill.

Diligence is never wholly loſt.

There cannot be a greater trechery, than firſt to a *raiſe* a confidence, and then *deceive* it.

By *others* faults, *wiſe* men correct their *own*.

No man hath a thorough taſte of *proſperity*, to whom *adverſity* never happened.

When our vices *leave us*, we flatter ourſelves that *we leave them*.

It is as great a point of wiſdom to *hide* ignorance, as to *diſcover* knowledge.

Pitch upon that courſe of life which is the moſt *excellent* and habit will render it moſt *delightful*.

CHAP. III.

CUSTOM is the *plague* of wiſe men, and the *idol* of fools.

As to be *perfectly* juſt, is an attribute of the divine nature; to be ſo to the *utmoſt* of our abilities, is the *glory* of man.

No man was ever *caſt down* with the *injuries* of fortune, unleſs he had before ſuffered himſelf to be *deceived* by her *favors*.

Anger may *glance* into the breaſt of a *wiſe man*, but *reſts* only in the boſom of *fools*.

None more impatiently *ſuffer* injuries, than thoſe that are moſt forward in *doing* them.

By revenging an injury, a man is but *even* with his enemy; but in *paſſing* it over, he is *ſuperior*.

To *err* is *human*; *to forgive, divine*.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the *injury* began on *his* part, the *kindneſs* ſhould begin on *ours*.

The *prodigal* robs his *heir*, the *miſer* robs *himſelf*.

We ſhould take a prudent care for the *future*, but ſo as to enjoy the *preſent*. It is no part of wiſdom to be miſerable *to-day*, becauſe we may happen to be more ſo *to-morrow*.

To mourn *without meaſure, is folly*; not to mourn *at all, inſenſibility*.

Some would be thought to do great things, who are but tools and inſtruments; like the fool who fancied he played upon the organ, when he only blew the bellows.

Though a man may become *learned* by *another's* learning, he never can be *wiſe* but by his *own* wiſdom.

He who wants good ſenſe is unhappy in having learning; he has thereby more ways of expoſing himſelf.

It is ungenerous to give a man occaſion to bluſh at his own *ignorance* in *one* thing, who perhaps may *excel* us in *many*.

No object is more pleaſing to the eye, than the ſight of a man whom you have obliged; nor any muſic ſo agreeable to the ear, as the voice of one that owns you for his benefactor.

The coin that is moſt current amongſt mankind is flattery; the only benefit of which is, that by hearing what we are *not*, we may be inſtructed what we *ought* to be.

The character of the perſon who commends you, is to be conſidered before you ſet a value on his eſteem. The wiſe man applauds *him* whom he thinks moſt *virtuous*, the reſt of the world, *him* who is moſt *wealthy*.

The temperate man's pleaſures are *durable*, becauſe they are *regular*; and all his life is *calm* and *ſerene*, becauſe it is *innocent*.

A good man will love *himſelf* too well to *loſe*, and his *neighbor* too well to *win*, an eſtate by gaming. The love of gaming will corrupt the beſt principles in the world.

CHAP. IV.

AN angry man who *ſuppreſſes* his paſſions, *thinks* worſe than he *ſpeaks*; and an angry man that will *chide*, *ſpeaks* worſe than he *thinks*.

A *good* word is an *easy* obligation; but not to speak *ill*, requires only our *silence*, which costs us *nothing*.

It is to *affectation* the world owes its whole race of coxcombs. Nature, in her whole drama, never drew such a part; she has sometimes made a *fool*, but a *coxcomb* is always of his *own making*.

It is the infirmity of *little* minds to be taken with *every* appearance, and dazzled with *every* thing that sparkles; but *great* minds have but *little* admiration, because *few* things appear *new* to them.

It happens to men of learning as to ears of corn; they shoot up, and raise their heads high, while they are empty; but when full and swelled with grain, they begin to flag and droop.

He that is truly polite, knows how to contradict with respect, and to please without adulation; and is equally remote from an insipid complasance, and a low familiarity.

The *failings* of good men are commonly more published in the world than their *good deeds*; and *one fault* of a deserving man will meet with more *reproaches*, than all his *virtues, praise*; Such is the force of ill-will, and ill-nature.

It is harder to *avoid censure*, than to *gain applause*; for this may be done by *one* great or wise action in an age; but, to *escape censure*, a man must pass his *whole life* without saying or doing *one* ill or foolish thing.

When Darius offered Alexander ten thousand talents to divide Asia equally with him, he answered: The earth cannot bear two Suns, nor Asia two Kings. Parmenio, a friend of Alexander's, hearing the great offers that Darius had made, said, Were I Alexander, I would accept them. So would I, replied Alexander, were I Permenio.

An old age unsupported with matter for discourse and meditation, is much to be dreaded. No state can be more destitute than that of him, who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasures of the mind.

Such is the condition of life, that something is always wanted to happiness. In youth, we have warm hopes, which are soon blasted by rashness and negligence; and great designs, which are defeated by experience. In age, we have knowledge and prudence, without spirit to exert, or motives to prompt them. We are able to plan schemes and regulate measures, but have not time remaining to bring them to completion,

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware: Whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

The pleasure which affects the human mind with the most lively and transporting touches, is the sense that we act in the eye of infinite wisdom, power and goodness, that will crown our virtuous endeavors *here*, and happiness *hereafter*, large as our desires, and lasting as our immortal souls; *without this* the highest state of life is insipid, and *with it*, the lowest is a paradise.

CHAP. V.

HONORABLE age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor which is measured by number of years; but wisdom is the gray hair unto man, and an unspotted life is old age.

Wickedness, condemned by her own witness, is very timoorous, and being pressed with conscience, always forecasteth evil things; for fear is nothing else, but a betraying of the succors which reason offereth.

A rich man, beginning to fall, is held up by his friends; but a poor man, being down, is thrust away by his friends. When a rich man is fallen, he hath many helpers; he speaketh things not to be spoken, and yet men justify him; the poor man slipt, and they rebuked him; he spoke wisely and could have no place. When a rich man speaketh, every man holdeth his tongue, and lo! what he saith they extol to the clouds; but if a poor man speaks, they say, What fellow is this?

Many have fallen by the edge of the sword, but not so many as have fallen by the tongue. Well is he that is defended from it, and hath passed through the venom thereof; who hath not drawn the yoke thereof, nor been bound to her bonds; for the yoke thereof is a yoke of iron, and the bands thereof are bands of brass; the death thereof is an evil death.

My son, blemish not thy good deeds, neither use uncomfortable words when thou givest any thing. Shall not the dew assuage the heat? So is a word better than a gift. Lo, is not a word better than a gift? But both are with a gracious man.

Blame not before thou hast examined the truth; understand first and then rebuke.

If thou wouldest get a friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him; for some men are friends for their own occasions, and will not abide in the day of trouble.

Forsake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable to him; a new friend is as new wine; when it is old thou shalt drink it with pleasure.

A friend cannot be known in prosperity; and an enemy cannot be hidden in adversity.

Admonish thy friend; it may be he hath not done it; and if he hath, that he should do it no more. Admonish thy friend; it may be he hath not said it; or if he hath, that he should speak it not again. Admonish a friend; for many times it is a slander; and believe not every tale. There is one that slippeth in his speech, but not from his heart; and who is he that hath not offended with his tongue?

Whoso discovereth secrets, loseth his credit, and shall never find a friend to his mind.

Honor thy father with thy whole heart, and forget not the sorrows of thy mother. How canst thou recompense them the things which they have done for thee?

There is nothing of so much worth as a mind well instructed.

The lips of talkers will be telling such things as pertain not unto them; but the words of such as have understanding are weighed in the balance. The heart of fools is in their mouth, but the tongue of the wise is in their heart.

To labor, and to be contented with what a man hath, is a sweet life.

Be not confident even in a plain way.

Be in peace with *many*; nevertheless, have but *one* counsellor of a thousand.

Let reason go before every enterprise, and counsel, before every action.

CHAP. VI.

THE *latter* part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions he had contracted in the *former*.

Censure is a tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

Very few men, properly speaking, live at *present*, but are providing to live *another time*.

Party is the madneſs of *many*—for the gain of a *few*.

To endeavor to work upon the vulgar with fine ſenſe, is like attempting to hew blocks of marble with a razor.

Superſtition is the ſpleen of the ſoul,

He who tells a lie is not ſenſible how great a taſk he undertakes; for he muſt be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

Some people will never learn *any thing*; for this reaſon, becauſe they underſtand every thing *too ſoon*.

Whilſt an author is yet *living*, we eſtimate his powers by the *worſt* performance; when he is *dead*, we rate them by his *beſt*.

Men are *grateful*, in the *ſame* degree that they are *reſentful*.

Young men are ſubtle arguers; the cloke of honor covers all their faults, as that of paſſion, all their follies.

Economy is no diſgrace; it is better *living on a little*, than *out living a great deal*.

Next to the ſatisfaction I receive in the *proſperity* of an *honeſt* man, I am beſt pleaſed with the *confuſion* of a *raſcal*.

What is often termed ſhyneſs, is nothing more than refined ſenſe, and an indifference to common obſervations.

To endeavor all one's days to fortify our minds with learning and philoſophy, is to ſpend ſo much in armor, that one has nothing left to defend.

Deference often ſhrinks and withers as much upon the approach of intimacy, as the ſenſitive plant does upon the touch of one's finger.

Modeſty makes large amends for the pain it gives to the perſons who poſſeſs it, by the partiality it excites in their favor.

The difference there is betwixt *honor* and *honeſty* ſeems to be chiefly in the *motive*. The *honeſt* man does that from *duty*, which the *man of honor* does for the ſake of character.

A liar *begins* with making *falſehood* appear like *truth*, and *ends* with making *truth* itſelf appear like *falſehood*.

Virtue ſhould be conſidered as a part of taſte; and we ſhould as much avoid deceit, or ſiniſter meaning in diſcourſe, as we ſhould puns, bad language or falſe grammar.

The *higher character* a perſon ſupports, the *more* he ſhould regard his *minuteſt* actions.

CHAP. VII.

DEFERENCE is the moſt complicated, the moſt indirect, and moſt elegant of all compliments.

To be at once a *rake* and to *glory* in the *character*, discovers at the same a bad disposition and a *bad taste*.

How is it possible to expect that mankind will take *advice*, when they will not so much as take *warning?*

Altho' men are accused for not knowing their *own weakness*, yet perhaps a few know their *own strength*. It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold, which the owner knows not of.

Fine sense and *exalted sense* are not half so valuable as *common sense*. There are forty men of wit for one man of sense; and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for want of ready change.

Learning is like *mercury*, one of the most *powerful* and *excellent* things in the world in *skilful* hands; in *unskilful*, the most *mischievous*.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the *wrong*, which is but saying in other words, that he is wiser *to day* than he was *yesterday*.

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a *poor* man, I take it for granted there would be as much generosity, if he was a *rich* man.

It often happens that *those* are the *best* people, whose characters have been *most injured* by slanderers; as we usually find *that* to be the *sweetest* fruit, which the birds have been picking at.

The eye of a critic is often like a microscope, made so very fine and nice, that it discovers the atoms, grains and minutest particles, without ever comprehending the whole, comparing the parts, or seeing all at once the harmony.

Honor is but a fictitious kind of honesty; a mean, but a necessary substitute for it in societies which have none. It is a sort of paper credit, with which men are obliged to trade, who are deficient in the sterling cash of true morality and religion.

Persons of great delicacy should know the certainty of the following truth; there are many cases which occasion suspense, in which, whatever they determin, they will repent of their determination; and this thro a propensity of human nature, to fancy happiness in those schemes which it does not pursue.

CHAP. VIII.

WHAT a piece of work is man! how noble in reason!

how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a God!

If to *do*, were as easy as to *know* what were *good* to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, princes' palaces. He is a *good* divine that follows his *own* instructions. I can easier teach *twenty* what were good to be done, than to be *one* of the twenty to *follow* my own teaching.

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues we write in water.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance, feels a pang as great,
As when a giant dies.
How far the little candle throws his beam!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

———Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy,
Rather in power than in use: keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never task'd for speech.

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do fail: and that should teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted!
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just.
And he but naked (tho' lock'd up in steel)
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve;
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind! We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
…unded with a sleep.

——— So it falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth
While we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why then we wreak the value; then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us,
While it was ours.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out,
For our bad neighbors make us early stirrers;
Which is both healthful, and good husbandry;
Besides they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all: admonishing
That we should dress us fairly for our end.

O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in the air of men's fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

———Who shall go about
To cozen fortune and be honorable
Without the stamp of merit? let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not derived corruptly, that clear honor
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare!
How many be commanded, that command!

———'Tis slander!
Whose edge is sharper than a sword; whose tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world. Kings, queens and states,
Maids, matrons, nay the secrets of the grave,
This viperous slander enters.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty space from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusky death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more! It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

He that would pass the latter part of his life with honor and decency, must when he is *young*, consider that he shall one day be *old*—and remember, when he is *old*, that he has once been *young*.

Avarice is always poor, but poor, by her own fault.

The maxim which Periander of Corinth, one of the seven sages of Greece, left as a memorial of his knowledge and benevolence, was, "Be master of your anger." He considered anger as the great disturber of human life, the chief enemy both of public happiness and private tranquility; and thought he could not lay on posterity a stronger obligation to reverence his memory, than by leaving them a salutary caution against this outrageous passion.

The universal axiom, in which all complasance is included, and from which flow all the formalities which custom has established in civilized nations, is "that no man should give any preference to himself."—A rule so comprehensive and certain, that, perhaps it is not easy for the mind to imagin an incivility, without supposing it to be broken.

The foundation of content must be laid in a man's own mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature, as to seek happiness by changing any thing but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply griefs which he purposes to remove.

No rank in life precludes the efficacy of a well timed compliment. When Queen Elizabeth asked an Embassador how he liked her ladies, he replied, "It is hard to judge of stars in presence of the sun."

The crime which has been once committed, is committed again with leſs reluctance.

The great diſturbers of our happineſs in this world are our deſires, our griefs, and our fears; and to all theſe the *conſideration of mortality* is a certain and adequate remedy. "Think" (ſays Epictetus) "frequently on poverty, baniſhment, and death, and thou wilt never indulge violent deſires, or give up thy heart to mean ſentiments."

The certainty that life cannot be long, and the probability that it will be ſhorter than nature allows, ought to awaken every man to the active proſecution of whatever he is deſirous to perform. It is true that no deligence can aſcertain ſucceſs; death may intercept the ſwifteſt career; but he who is cut off in the execution of an honeſt undertaking, has at leaſt the honor of falling in his rank, and has fought the battle, tho he miſſed the victory.

When we act according to our duty, we commit the event to him by whoſe laws our actions are governed, and who will ſuffer none to be finally puniſhed for obedience. But, when in proſpect of ſome good, whether natural or moral, we break the rules preſcribed to us, we withdraw from the direction of ſuperior wiſdom, and take all conſequences upon ourſelves.

Employment is the great inſtrument of intellectual dominion. The mind cannot retire from its enemy into total vacancy, or turn aſide from one object, but by paſſing to another.

Without frugality, none can be rich; and with it, very few would be poor.

Tho in every age there are ſome, who by bold adventures, or by favorable accidents, riſe ſuddenly into riches; the bulk of mankind muſt owe their affluence to ſmall and gradual profits, below which their expenſes muſt be reſolutely reduced.

A man's voluntary expenſes ſhould not exceed his income.

Let not a man anticipate uncertain profits.

The happineſs of the generality of the people is nothing, if it is not known; and very little, if it is not envied.

To improve the golden moment of opportunity, and catch the good that is within our reach, is the great art of life. Many wants are ſuffered which might have once been ſupplied, and much time is loſt in regretting the time which has been loſt before.

One of the golden precepts of *Pythagoras* directs us, "That a friend ſhould not be hated for little faults."

NARRATION.

CHAP. IX.

STORY OF THE COBLER AND HIS SON.

1. A YOUNG man, son of a cobler in a small village near Madrid, having pushed his fortune in the Indies, returned to his native country with a considerable stock, and set up as a banker in Madrid. In his absence, his parents frequently talked of him, praying fervently that Heaven would take him under its protection; and the vicar being their friend, gave them frequently the public prayers of the congregation for him.

2. The banker was not less dutiful on his part; for, so soon as he was settled, he mounted on horseback, and went alone to the village. It was ten at night before he got there; and the honest cobler was in bed with his wife, in a sound sleep, when he knocked at the door. Open the door, says the banker, 'tis your son Francillo.

3. Make others believe that if you can, cried the old man, starting from his sleep; go about your business, you thieving rogues, here is nothing for you: Francillo, if not dead, is now in the Indies. He is no longer there, replied the banker; he is returned home, and it is he who now speaks to you; open your door and receive him.

4. Jacobo, said the woman, let us rise then; I really believe 'tis Francillo—I think I know his voice. The father, starting from bed, lighted a candle; and the mother putting on her gown in a hurry, opened the door. Looking earnestly on Francillo, she flung her arms about his neck, and hugged him with the utmost affection. Jacobo embraced his son in his turn; and all three, transported with joy after so long absence, had no end in expressing their tenderness.

5. After these pleasing transports, the banker put his horse into the stable, where he found an old milch cow, nurse to the whole family. He then gave the old folks an account of his voyage, and of all the riches he had brought from Peru. They listened greedily, and every the least particular of his relation made on them a sensible impression of grief or joy. Having finished his story, he offered them a part of his estate, and entreated his father not work any more.

6. No, my ſon, ſaid Jacobo, I love my trade and will not leave it. Why, replied the banker, is it not now high time to take your eaſe? I do not propoſe your living with me at Madrid; I know well that a city life will not pleaſe you; enjoy your own way of living; but give over your hard labor, and paſs the remainder of your days in eaſe and plenty.

7. The mother ſeconded the ſon, and Jacobo yielded. To pleaſe you, Franeillo, ſaid he, I will not work any more for the public, but will only mend my own ſhoes and thoſe of my good friend the vicar. The agreement being concluded, the banker ate a couple of eggs and went to his bed, enjoying that pleaſing ſatisfaction which none but dutiful children can feel or underſtand.

8. The next morning, the banker, leaving his parents a purſe of three hundred ducats, returned to Madrid; but was ſurpriſed to ſee Jacobo at his houſe a few days after. My father, ſaid he, what brings you here? Francillo, anſwered the honeſt eobler, I have brought your purſe; take it again, for I deſire to live by my trade, and have been ready to die with uneaſineſs ever ſinee I left off working.

CHAP. X.

Honesty Rewarded.

1. PERRIN loſt both parents before he could articulate their names, and was obliged to a charity-houſe for his education. At the age of fifteen, he was hired by a farmer to be a ſhepherd, in the neighborhood of Lucetta, who kept her father's ſheep. They often met, and were fond of being together.

2. Five years thus paſſed, when their ſenſations became more ſerious. Perrin propoſed to Lucetta to demand her from her father: She bluſhed, and confeſſed her willingneſs. As ſhe had an errand to town the next day, the opportunity of her abſence was choſen for making the propoſal. You want to marry my daughter, ſaid the old man. Have you a houſe to cover her, or money to maintain her? Lucetta's fortune is not enough for both.

3. It won't do, Perrin, it won't do. But replied Perrin, I have hands to work. I have laid up twenty crowns of my wages, which will defray the expenſe of the wedding. I'll work harder, and lay up more. Well, ſaid the old man,

you are young, and may wait a little. Get rich, and my daughter is at your service. Perrin waited for Lucetta's returning in the evening. Has my father given you a refusal, cried Lucetta? Ah Lucetta! replied Perrin, how unhappy am I for being poor; but I have not lost all hopes. My circumstances may change for the better.

4. As they were never tired of conversing together, the night drew on, and it became dark; Perrin, making a false step fell on the ground. He found a bag, which was heavy. Drawing toward a light in the neighbothood, he found that it was filled with gold. I thank heaven, cries Perrin in a transport, for being favorable to our wishes. This will satisfy your father, and make us happy.

5. In their way to her father's house, a thought struck Perrin: "This money is not ours—It belongs to some stranger—and perhaps this moment he is lamenting the loss of it. Let us go to the vicar for advice—he has always been kind to me." Perrin put the bag into the vicar's hand, saying, that at first he looked on it as a providential present, to remove the only obstacle to their marriage, but that he now doubted whether he could lawfully retain it. The vicar eyed the lovers with attention.

6. He admired their honesty, which appeared even to surpass their affection. Perrin, said he, cherish these sentiments, heaven will bless you. We will endeavor to find out the owner—he will reward thy honesty—I will add what I can spare —you shall have Lucetta. The bag was advertised in the newspapers, and cried in the neighboring parishes. Some time having elapsed, and the money not being demanded, the vicar carried it to Perrin:

7. "These twelve thousand livers bear at present no profit —you may reap the interest at least—lay them out in such a manner as to insure the sum itself, to the owner, if he shall appear." A farm was purchased, and the consent of Lucetta's father to the marriage was obtained. Perrin was employed in husbandry, and Lucetta in family affairs. They lived in perfect cordiality, and two children endeared them still more to each other. Perrin one evening returning homeward from his work, saw a chaise overturned, with two gentlemen in it.

8. He ran to their assistance and offered them every accommodation his small house could afford. This spot, cried one

of the gentlemen, is very fatal to me. Ten years ago, I loſt here twelve thouſand livers. Perrin liſtened with attention. What ſearch made you for them ? ſaid he. It was not in my power, replied the ſtranger, to make any ſearch. I was hurrying to Port l'Orient to embark for the Indies, for the veſſel was ready to ſail.

9 Next morning Perrin ſhowed to his gueſts his houſe, his garden, his cattle, and mentioned the produce of his fields. "All theſe are your property," addreſſing the gentleman who had loſt the bag ; "the money fell into my hands ; I purchaſed this farm with it ; the farm is yours. The vicar has an inſtrument which ſecures your property, tho I had died without ſeeing you." The ſtranger read the inſtrument with emotion. He looked on Perrin, Lucetta, and the children.

10. Where am I ? cried he—and what do I hear ? What virtue in people ſo low ! Have you any other land but this farm ? No, replied Perrin—but you will have occaſion for a tenant, and I hope you will allow me to remain here. Your honeſty deſerves a better recompenſe, anſwered the ſtranger. My ſucceſs in trade has been great, and I have forgot my loſs. You are well entitled to this little fortune keep it as your own.

11. What man in the world would have acted like Perrin? Perrin and Lucetta ſhed tears of affection and joy. "My dear children," ſaid he, "kiſs the hand of your benefactor. Lucetta, this farm now belongs to us, and we can now enjoy it without anxiety or remorſe." Thus was honeſty rewarded; let thoſe who deſire the reward, practice the virtue.

CHAP. XI.

CHARACTER OF A YOUNG LADY.

1. SOPHIA is not a beauty, but in her preſence, beauties are diſcontented with themſelves. At firſt ſhe ſcarcely appears pretty ; but the more ſhe is beheld, the more agreeable ſhe appears. She gains when others loſe, and what ſhe gains ſhe never loſes. She is equalled by none in a ſweet expreſſion of countenance ; and without dazzling beholders, ſhe intereſts them.

2. She loves dreſs, and is a good judge of [illegible] finery, but dreſſes with peculiar grace, mixing ſi[illegible] elegance. Ignorant ſhe is of what colors are in [illegible] knows well what ſuits her complexion. She cov[illegible]

ties; but so slightly, or rather artfully, as to give play to the imagination. She prepares herself for managing a family of her own, by managing that of her father.

3. Cookery is familiar to her, with the price and quality of provisions; and she is a ready accountant. Her chief view, however, is to serve her mother and lighten her cares. She holds cleanliness and neatness to be indispensable in a woman; and that a slattern is disgusting, especially if beautiful.

4. The attention given to externals, does not make her overlook her more material duties. Sophia's understanding is solid without being profound. Her sensibility is too great for a perfect equality of temper; but her sweetness renders that inequality harmless. A harsh word does not make her angry; but her heart swells, and she retires to disburden it by weeping.

5. Recalled by her father and mother, she comes at the instant, wiping her eyes and appearing cheerful. She suffers with patience any wrong done her; but is impatient to repair any wrong she has done, and does it so cordially, as to make it appear meritorious. If she happens to disoblige a companion, her joy and her caresses, when restored to favor, shew the burthen that lay upon her good heart.

6. The love of virtue is Sophia's ruling passion. She loves it, because no other thing is so lovely; She loves it because it is the glory of the female sex: She loves it as the only road to happiness, misery being the sure attendant of a woman without virtue. She loves it, as dear to her respectable father and tender mother. These sentiments inspire her with a degree of enthusiasm, that elevates her soul, and subdues every irregular appetite.

7. Of the absent she never talks but with circumspection, of her female acquaintance especially. She has remarked, that what renders women prone to detraction, is talking of their own sex; and that they are more equitable with respect to the men. Sophia therefore never talks of women, but to express the good she knows of them: Of others she says nothing.

8. Without much knowledge of the world, she is attentive, obliging, and graceful in all she does. A good disposition does much more for her than art does for others. She possesses a degree of politeness which, void of ceremony, proceeds from a desire to please, and which consequently never fails to please.

CHAP. XII.

MODESTY, DOUBT, AND TENDER AFFECTION.

AGATHOCLES *and* CALISTA.

1. CALISTA was young and beautiful, endowed with a great ſhare of wit and ſolid ſenſe. Agathocles, whoſe age very little exceeded hers, was well made, brave and prudent. He had the good fortune to be introduced at Caliſta's, where his looks, wandering indifferently over a numerous circle, ſoon diſtinguiſhed and fixed upon her.

2. But recovering from the ſhort ecſtacy occaſioned by the firſt ſight, he immediately reproached himſelf, as being guilty of rudeneſs to the reſt of the company; a fault which he had endeavored to correct, by looking round on other objects. Vain attempts! They were attracted by a powerful charm, and turned again towards Caliſta. He bluſhed as well as ſhe, while a ſweet emotion, till then unfelt, produced a kind of fluttering in his heart, and confuſion in his countenance.

3. They both became at the ſame time more timid and more curious. He was pleaſed with gazing at Caliſta, which he could not do without trembling; whilſt Caliſta, ſecretly ſatisfied with this flattering preference, caſt her eyes on him by ſtealth. They were both under an apprehenſion, but eſpecially Caliſta, of being caught by the other in the fact—and yet caught they were almoſt every moment.

4. The hour of ſeparation came, which to them appeared too ſudden: Melancholy were the reflections they made on the rapidity of time. Imagination, however, did not permit them to be entirely abſent from each other; for the image of Caliſta was deeply engraved on the mind of Agathocles, and *his* features were ſtrongly impreſſed on that of Caliſta. They both appeared leſs cheerful the reſt of the day. A lively ſentiment, which they did not well comprehend themſelves, entirely employed their minds, in ſpite of every attempt to divert themſelves.

5. Two days paſſed without ſeeing one another again; and tho this interval of time had been filled up either by buſineſs or recreations, yet they both, notwithſtanding, experienced a wearineſs and diſſatisfaction in their minds, for which they could no way account. But the moment which brought them together again explained it to them: The perfect content-

ment they felt in each other's company, made them ſenſible of the real ſource of their melancholy.

6. Agathocles took more courage that day: He addreſſed Caliſta in a moſt obliging manner, and had the happineſs to converſe with her for the firſt time. As yet he had ſeen only her outward charms; but now he diſcovered the beauty of her mind, the integrity of her heart, the dignity of her ſentiments, and the delicacy of her wit; but what charmed him the moſt, was the opinion he conceived that ſhe did not judge him unworthy of her eſteem.

7. From this time he made her frequent viſits; in every one of which he diſcovered ſome new perfection in the fair Caliſta. This is the characteriſtic of true merit; it gains by being expoſed to the eye of a judicious perſon. A man of ſenſe will ſoon diſlike a coquet, a fool, or a giddy woman: But if he falls in love with a woman of merit, time, far from weakening, will only ſtrengthen and augment his paſſion.

8. The fixed inclination of Agathocles convinced him, now, that what he felt for Caliſta. was love, and that of the moſt tender nature. This he new; but Caliſta did not as yet kuow it, or at leaſt had not learnt it from his lips. Love is timorous and diffident. A bold ſuitor is not the real lover of the lady whom he addreſſes: He ſeeks for nothing but pleaſure.

9. Agathocles at laſt reſolved to open his heart to Caliſta; but he did not do it in the affected lauguage of a romantic paſſion. "Lovely Caliſta" ſaid he ingenuouſly, "it is not mere eſteem that binds me to you, but a moſt paſſionate and tender love. I feel that I cannot live without you: Can you, without violence to your inclinations, conſent to make me happy? I may love you without offenſe; 'tis a tribute due to your merit: But may I flatter myſelf with tthe hopes of ſome ſmall return?"

10. A coquet would have affected to be diſpleaſed at ſuch a declaration. But Caliſta not only liſtened to her lover without interrupting him, but anſwered him without ill-nature, and gave him leave to hope. Nor did ſhe put his conſtancy to a tedious trial: the happineſs for which he ſighed was no longer delayed than was neceſſary to prepare the ceremony.

11. The marriage ſettlements were eaſily regulated betwxit the parties; for intereſt was out of the queſtion: The chief

article consisted in the mutual exchange of hearts, which was already fulfilled. What will be the lot of the new married couple? The happiest, I may venture to foretel, that mortals can enjoy upon earth.

12. No pleasures are comparable to those that affect the heart, and there are none, as I have observed before, that affect it with such exquisit delight, as loving and being loved. To this tender union we can never apply the words of Democritus, that *the pleasure of love is but a short epilepsy.* He meant without doubt mere sensual pleasure, which has so little in it of the nature of love, that a man may enjoy it without loving, and love without ever enjoying it.

13. They will be constant in their love. This I dare also to predict; and I know the reason. Their affection is not founded on the dazzling charms of beauty; they are both the friends of virtue; they love each other on this account. They will therefore, continue to love, as long as they are virtuous—and their union itself is a pledge of their perseverance—for nothing so much secures our continuance in the paths of virtue, as to have perpetually before our eyes the example of a person whom we love.

14. Nothing is capable of disturbing their happiness, but those disasters and misfortunes from which their love cannot shelter them. But supposing such a reverse of fortune, would not their fate in this respect be common with that of the rest of mankind? Those who have never tasted the pleasures of love, are not exempt from the like casualties; and the lover is at least a gainer in regard to those pleasures which constitute no small part of the happiness of life.

15. Besides, even love itself will greatly diminish the sense of their misfortunes. For love has the peculiar property of alleviating the sufferings of two fond hearts, and of rendering their pleasures more exquisit. By this communication of distress, they seem to divide its weight: and on the contrary, by participation, their satisfaction is doubled.

16. As a squadron of horse is with greater difficulty broken thro by the enemy, in proportion to its closeness: so the happy pair resist the attacks of adversity with so much the more strength and success, as they are the more closely united.

CHAP. XIII.

SORROW, PIETY, DEVOTION, FILIAL OBEDIENCE.

STORY OF LA ROCHE.

1. MORE than forty years ago, an English philosopher, whose works have since been read and admired by all Europe, resided at a little town in France. Some disappointments in his native country had first driven him abroad, and he was afterwards induced to remain there, from having found in his retreat, where the connections even of nation and language were avoided, a perfect seclusion and retirement, highly favorable to the developement of abstract subjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time.

2. Perhaps in the structure of such a mind, the finer and more delicate sensibilities are seldom known to have place; or, if originally implanted there, are in a great measure extinguished by the exertions of intense study and profound investigation.

3. Hence the idea that philosophy and unfeelingness are united, has become proverbial, and in common language, the former word is often used to express the latter. Our philosopher has been censured by some, as deficient in warmth and feeling; but the mildness of his manners has been allowed by all; and it is certain that if he was not easily melted into compassion, it was, at least, not difficult to awaken his benevolence.

4. One morning, while he sat busied in those speculations which afterwards astonished the world, an old female domestic, who served him for a house-keeper, brought him word, that an elderly gentleman and his daughter had arrived in the village, the preceding evening, on their way to some distant country; and that the father had been suddenly seized in the night with a dangerous disorder, which the people of the inn, where they lodged, feared would prove mortal:

5. That she had been sent for as having some knowledge of medicin, the village surgeon being then absent; and that it was truly piteous to see the good old man, who seemed not so much affected by his own distress, as by that which it caused to his daughter.

6. Her master laid aside the volume in his hand, and broke off the chain of ideas, it had inspired. His night-gown was exchanged for a coat, and he followed his governant to the [o]man's apartment. It was the best in the little inn where

they lay, but a paltry one notwithſtanding. Our philoſopher was obliged to ſtoop as he entered it. It was floored with earth, and above were the joiſts not plaſtered, and hung with cobwebs.

7. On a flock bed at one end lay the old man whom he came to viſit; at the foot of it ſat his daughter. She was dreſſed in a clean white bed gown; her dark locks hung looſely over it as ſhe bent forward, watching the languid looks of her father. The philoſopher and his houſe-keeper had ſtood ſome moments in the room, without the young lady's being ſenſible of their entering it.

8. Mademoiſelle! ſaid the old woman at laſt, in a ſoft tone. She turned and ſhewed one of the fineſt faces in the world. It was touched, not ſpoiled with ſorrow; and when ſhe perceived a ſtranger, whom the old woman now introduced to her, a bluſh at firſt, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeneſs, which the affliction of the time tempered, but did not extinguiſh, croſſed it for a moment, and changed its expreſſion. It was ſweetneſs all, however, and our philoſopher felt it ſtrongly.

9. It was not a time for words; he offered his ſervice in a few ſincere ones. "Monſieur lies miſerably ill here," ſaid the governant; "if he could poſſibly be removed any where." "If he could be moved to our houſe," ſaid her maſter. He had a ſpare bed for a friend, and there was a great room unoccupied, next to the governant's. It was contrived accordingly.

10. The ſcruples of the ſtranger, who could look ſcruples, though he could not ſpeak them, were overcome, and the baſhful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of its uſe to her father. The ſick man was wrapped in blankets and carried acroſs the ſtreet to the Engliſh gentleman's. The old woman helped the daughter to nurſe him there. The ſurgeon, who arrived ſoon after, preſcribed a little, and nature did much for him; in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.

11. By that time his hoſt had learned the name and character of his gueſt. He was a proteſtant and Clergyman of *Switzerland* called *La Roche*, a widower, who had lately buried his wife, after a long and lingering illneſs, for which travelling had been preſcribed; and was now returning home after an ineffectual journey, with his only child, the daughter we have mentioned.

12. He was a devout man, as became his profession—He possessed devotion in all its warmth ; but with none of its asperity ; I mean that asperity which men, who are called devout, sometimes indulge. The philosopher, though he felt no devotion, never quarrelled with it in others. His governant joined the old man and his daughter in the prayers and thanksgivings which they put up on his recovery ; for she too was a heretic, in the phrase of the village.

13. The philosopher walked out with his long staff and his dog, and left them to their prayers and thanksgivings. "My master," said the old woman, "alas! he is not a christian, but he is the best of unbelievers."—"Not a christian!" exclaimed Mademoiselle *La Roche*, "yet he saved my father! Heaven bless him for it; I would he were a christian."

14. "There is a pride in human knowledge, my child," said her father, "which often blinds men to the sublime truths of revelation ; hence there are opposers of christianity among men of virtuous lives, as well as among those of dissipated and licentious characters. Nay, sometimes I have known the latter more easily converted to the true faith than the former ; because the fume of passion is more easily dissipated than the mist of false theory and delusive speculation." "But this philosopher," said his daughter, "alas! my father, he shall be a christian before he dies."

15. She was interrupted by the arrival of their landlord—He took her hand with an air of kindness—she drew it away from him in silence ; threw down her eyes to the ground, and left the room. "I have been thanking God," said the good *La Roche*, "for my recovery." "That is right," replied his landlord. "I should not wish," continued the old man, hesitatingly, "to think otherwise ; did I not look up with gratitude to that Being, I should barely be satisfied with my recovery, as a continuation of life, which, it may be, is not a real good."

16. "Alas! I may live to wish I had died ; that you had left me to die, sir, instead of kindly relieving me (clasping the philosopher's hand) but when I look on this renovated being as the gift of the Almighty, I feel a far different sentiment. My heart dilates with gratitude and love to him. It is prepared for doing his will, not as a duty, but as a pleasure ; and regards every breach of it, not with disapprobation, but with horror."

17. "You say right, my dear sir," replied the philosopher; "but you are not yet re-established enough to talk much; you must take care of your health, and neither study nor preach for some time. I have been thinking over a scheme that struck me to-day, when you mentioned your intended departure. I was never in Switzerland; I have a great mind to accompany your daughter and you into that country. I will help to take care of you by the road, for, as I was your first physician I hold myself responsible for your cure."

18. *La Roche's* eyes glistened at the proposal; his daughter was called and told of it. She was equally pleased with her father; for they really loved their landlord; not perhaps the less for his infidelity; at least that circumstance mixed a sort of pity with their regard for him. Their souls were not of a mold for harsher feelings—hatred never dwelt with them.

19. They travelled by short stages; for the philosopher was as good as his word, in taking care that the old man should not be fatigued. The parties had time to be well acquainted with one another, and their friendship was increased by acquaintance. *La Roche* found a degree of simplicity and gentleness in his companion, which is not always annexed to the character of a learned or a wise man.

20. His daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was equally undeceived. She found in him nothing of that self-importance which superior parts, or great cultivation of them is apt to confer. He talked of every thing but philosophy and religion; he seemed to enjoy every pleasure and amusement of ordinary life, and to be interested in the most common topics of discourse. When his knowledge or learning at any time appeared, it was delivered with the utmost plainness; and without the least show of dogmatism.

21. On his part he was charmed with the society of the good clergyman and his lovely daughter. He found in them the guiless manners of the earliest times, with the culture and accomplishments of the most refined ones. Every better feeling, warm and vivid; every ungentle one, repressed or overcome. He was not addicted to love; but he felt himself happy, in being the friend of Mademoiselle *La Roche*; and sometimes envied her father the possession of such a child.

22. After a journey of eleven days they arrived at the dwelling of *La Roche*. It was situated in one of those vallies

in the Canton of Berne, where nature ſeems to repoſe in quiet, and has incloſed her retreat with mountains inacceſſible.

23. A ſtream, that ſpent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the houſe, and a broken water fall was ſeen through the woods that covered its ſides. Below, it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a little lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the ſpire of *La Roche's* church, riſing above a clump of beeches.

24. The philoſopher enjoyed the beauty of the ſcene; but to his companions it recalled the memory of a wife and a parent they had loſt. The old man's ſorrow was ſilent; his daughter ſobbed and wept. Her father took her hand, kiſſed it twice, preſſed it to his boſom, threw up his eyes to heaven; and having wiped off a tear that was juſt about to drop from each, began to point out to his gueſt ſome of the moſt ſtriking objects which the proſpect afforded. The philoſopher interpreted all this; and he could but ſlightly cenſure the creed from which it aroſe.

25. They had not been long arrived, when a number of *La Roche's* pariſhonors who had heard of his return, came to the houſe to ſee and welcome him. The honeſt folks were aukward but ſincere, in their profeſſions of friendſhip. They made ſome attempts at condolence; it was too delicate for their handling; but *La Roche* took it in good part. "It has pleaſed God," ſaid he; and they ſaw he had ſettled the matter with himſelf. Philoſophy could not have done ſo much with a thouſand words.

26. It was now evening, and the good peaſants, were about to depart, when a clock was heard to ſtrike ſeven, and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country folks, who came to welcome their paſtor turned their looks towards him at the ſound; he explained their meaning to his gueſt.— "That is the ſignal," ſaid he, "for our evening exerciſe.— This is one of the nights of the week in which ſome of my pariſhoners are wont to join in it; a little ruſtic ſaloon ſerves for the chapel of our family, and ſuch of the good people as are with us; if you chooſe rather to walk out, I will furniſh you with an attendant; or here are a few old books which may afford you ſome entertainment within."

27. "By no means," anſwered the philoſopher; "I will attend Mademoiſelle at her devotions." She is our organiſt,"

said *La Roche*; "our neighborhood is the country of musical mechanism, and I have a small organ, fitted up for the purpose of assisting our singing." "It is an additional inducement," replied the other,-and they walked into the room together.

28. At the end stood the organ mentioned by *La Roche*; before it was a curtain, which his daughter drew aside, and, placing herself on a seat within, and drawing the curtain close, so as to save her the aukwardness of an exhibition, began a voluntary, solemn and beautiful in the highest degree. The philosopher was no musician, but he was not altogether insensible to music. This fastened on his mind more strongly, from its beauties being unexpected.

29. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which, such of the audience as could sing, immediately joined. The words were mostly taken from holy writ; it spoke the praises of God, and his care of good men. Something was said of the death of the just; of such as die in the Lord. The organ was touched with a hand less firm—it paused—it ceased—and the sobbing of Mademoiselle was heard in its stead.

30. Her father gave a sign for stopping the Psalmody, and rose to prayer. He was discomposed at first, and his voice faltered as he spoke; but his heart was in his words, and its warmth overcame his embarrassment. He addressed a Being whom he loved, and he spoke for those he loved. His parishoners caught the ardor of the good old man, even the philosopher felt himself moved, and forgot, for a moment, to think why he should not.

31. *La Roche's* religion was that of sentiment, not theory, and his guest was averse to disputation; their discourse did not therefore lead to questions concerning the belief of either; yet would the old man sometimes speak of his, from the feelings of a heart impressed with its force, and wishing to spread the pleasure he enjoyed in it.

32. The ideas of his God and his Savior, were so congenial to his mind, that every emotion of it naturally awakened them. A philosopher might have called him an enthusiast: but if he possessed the fervor of enthusiasts, he was guiltless of their bigotry. "Our father who art in heaven!" might the good old man say—for he felt it—and all mankind were his brethren.

33. "You regret, my friend," said he, to the philosopher, "when my daughter and I talk of the exquisit pleasure deri-

ved from music; you regret your want of musical powers and musical feelings: it is a department of soul, you say, which nature has almost denied you, which, from the effects you see it have on others, you are sure must be highly delightful."

34. "Why should not the same thing be said of religion? Trust me, I feel it in the same way, an energy, an inspiration, which I would not lose for all the blessings of sense, or enjoyments of the world; yet so far from lessening my relish of the pleasures of life, that I feel it heightens them all."

35. "The thought of receiving it from God, adds the blessing of sentiment to that of sensation, in every good thing which I possess; and when calamities overtake me, and I have had my share, it confers a dignity on my affliction, and so lifts me above the world. Man, I know, is but a worm, yet methinks I am allied to God!" It would have been inhuman in our philosopher to cloud, even with a doubt, the sunshine of his belief.

36. His discourse, indeed, was very remote from metaphysial disquisition or religious controversy. Of all men I ever knew, his ordinary conversation was the least tinctured with pedantry, or liable to dissertation. With *Ra Roche* and his daughter, it was perfectly familiar.

37. The country round them, the manners of the village, the comparison of both with those of England, remarks on the works of favorite authors, on the sentiments they conveyed, and the passions they excited, with many other topics, in which there was an equality, or alternate advantage, among the speakers, were the subjects they talked of.

38 Their hours too of riding and walking were many, in which the philosopher, as a stranger, was shewn the remarkable scenes and curiosities of the country. They would sometimes make little expeditions to contemplate, in different attitudes, those astonishing mountains, the cliffs of which, covered with eternal snows, and sometimes shooting into fantastic shapes, form the termination of most of the Swiss prospects.

39. Our philosopher asked many questions, as to their natural history and productions. *La Roche* observed the sublimity of the ideas, which the view of their stupendons summits, inaccessible to mortal foot, was calculated to inspire, which, said he, naturally leads the mind to that Being by whom their foundations were laid. "They are not seen in

Flanders ?" said Mademoiselle, with a sigh. "That is an odd remark," said the philosopher, smiling. She blushed, and he enquired no farther.*

40. It was with regret he left a society in which he found himself so happy; but he settled with *La Roche* and his daughter a plan of correspondence; and they took his promise, that if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling, he would travel those fifty leagues to visit them.

41 About three years after, our philosopher was on a visit at Geneva; the promise he made to *La Roche* and his daughter, on his former visit, was recalled to his mind, by the view of that range of mountains, on a part of which they had often looked together.

42. There was a reproach too, conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to write to either of them for several months past. The truth was, that indolence was the habit most natural to him, from which he was not easily roused by the claims of correspondence, either of his friends or his enemies; when the latter drew their pens in controversy, they were often unanswerad as well as the former.

43. While he was hesitating about a visit to *La Roche*, which he wished to make, but found the effort rather too much for him, he received a letter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from Paris, where he had then fixed his residence.

44. It contained a gentle complaint of the philosopher's want of punctuality, but an assurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices, and as a friend whom the writer considered interested in his family, it informed him of the approaching nuptials of Mademoiselle *La Roche*, with a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father, of the most noble disposition, and respectable character.

45 Attached from their earliest years, they had been separated by his joining one of the subsidiary regiments of the Canton, then in the service of a foreign power. In this situation he had distinguished himself as much for courage and military skill, as for the other endowments which he had culti-

* The philosopher was a resident in Flanders, and a sceptic. The reproof of his infidelity is inimitably delicate. In short, this whole story is a beautiful satire on deism, bigotry, and metaphysical theology, while it paints unaffected virtue, benevolence, and piety, in the most engaging colors.

vated at home. The term of his ſervice was now expired, and they expected him to return in a few weeks, when the old man hoped, as he expreſſed it in his letter, to join their hands and ſee them happy.

46. Our philoſopher felt himſelf intereſted in this event; but he was not, perhaps, altogether ſo happy in the tidings of Mademoiſelle *La Roche's* marriage, as her father ſuppoſed him. Not that he was ever a lover of the lady; but he thought her one of the moſt amiable women he had ſeen; and there was ſomething in the idea of her being another's forever, that ſtruck him, he knew not why, like a diſappointment.

47 After ſome little ſpeculation on the matter, however, he could look on it as a thing fitting, if not quite agreeable; and determined on his viſit to ſee his old friend and his daughter happy.

48. On the laſt day of his journey, different accidents had retarded his progreſs; he was benighted before he reached the quarter in which *La Roche* reſided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road, and he found himſelf in view of the lake, which I have before deſcribed, in the neighborhood of *La Roche's* dwelling.

49. A light gleamed on the water, that ſeemed to proceed from the houſe; it moved ſlowly along as he proceeded up the ſide of the lake, and at laſt he ſaw it glimmering through the trees; and ſtop at ſome diſtance from the place where he then was.

50. He ſuppoſed it ſome piece of bridal merriment, and puſhed on his horſe that he might be a ſpectator of the ſcene; but he was a good deal ſhocked, on approaching the ſpot to find it to be the torch of a perſon clothed in the dreſs of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by ſeveral others, who like him, ſeemed to have been employed in the rites of ſepulture.

51. On the philoſopher's making enquiry who was the perſon they had been burying? one of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profeſſion, anſwered, "then you know not Mademoiſelle, ſir! you never beheld a lovlier."—"*La Roche*!" exclaimed he, in reply—"alas, it was ſhe indeed!" The appearance of grief and ſurpriſe which his countenance aſſumed, attracted the notice of the peaſant with whom he talked.

52. He came up close to the philosopher—"I perceive you are acquainted with Madamoiselle *La Roche.*" "Acquainted with her! Indeed I was! When, how, where did she die? Where is her father?" She died, sir, of the heart-break, I believe; the young gentleman to whom she was soon to be married, was killed in a duel by a French officer, his intimate companion, and to whom, before their quarrel, he had often done the greatest favors.

53. "Her worthy father bears her death, as he has often told us a christian should. He is even so composed as to be now in his pulpit ready to deliver a few exhortations to his parishoners, as is the custom with us on such occasions. Follow me, sir, and you shall hear him." He followed the man without answering.

54. The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit, where the venerable *La Roche* was seated. His people were now lifting up their voices to that Being whom their pastor had taught them ever to bless and revere. *La Roche* sat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes half closed, lifted up in silent devotion. A lamp placed near him, threw a light strongly on his head, and marked the shadowy lines of his age across the paleness of his brow, thinly covered with gray hairs.

55. The music ceased—*La Roche* sat for a moment, and nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. The philosopher was not less affected than they. *La Roche* arose. "Father of mercies," said he, "forgive these tears; assist thy servant to lift up his soul to thee; to lift to thee the souls of thy people! My friends, it is good so to do; at all seasons it is good; but in the days of our distress, what a privilege it is! Well saith the sacred book, "Trust in the Lord; at all times trust in the Lord.'

56. "When every other support fails us, when the fountains of worldly comfort are dried up, let us then seek those living waters which flow from the throne of God. It is only from a belief of the goodness and wisdom of a supreme Being that our calamities can be borne in a manner which becomes a man."

57. "Human wisdom is here of little use; for in proportion as it bestows comfort, it represses feeling, without which we may cease to be hurt by calamity, but we shall also cease to enjoy happiness. I will not bid you be insensible, my friends! I cannot.

58. "I feel too much myself, and I am not ashamed of my feelings; but therefore may I the more willingly be heard: therefore have I prayed God to give me strength to speak to you; to direct you to him, not with empty words, but with these tears: not from speculation, but from experience; that while you see me suffer, you may know also my consolation."

59. "You behold the mourner of his only child, the last earthly stay and blessing of his declining years! Such a child too! It becomes not me to speak of her virtues; yet it is but grateful to mention them, because they were exerted towards myself. Not many days ago you saw her young, beautiful, virtuous and happy: ye who are parents will judge of my affliction now. But I look towards him who struck me; I see the hand of a father amidst the chastenings of my God."

60. "Oh! could I make you feel what it is to pour out the heart when it is pressed down with many sorrows; to pour it out with confidence to him in whose hands are *life* and *death*; on whose power awaits all that the *first* enjoys, and in contemplation of whom disappears all that the *last* can inflict! For we are not as those who die without hope; we know that our Redeemer liveth; that we shall live with him, with our friends, his servants, in that blessed land where sorrow is unknown, and happiness as endless as it is perfect."

61. "Go then, mourn not for me; I have not lost my child: But a little while and we shall meet again never to be separated. But ye are also my children. Would ye that I should not grieve without comfort? So live as she lived; that when your death shall come, it may be the death of the righteous, and your latter end like his."

62. Such was the exhortation of *La Roche*; his audience answered it with tears. The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord; his countenance had lost its sadness, and assumed the glow of faith and hope. The philosopher followed him into his house.

63. The inspiration of the pulpit was past; the scenes they had last met in, rushed again on his mind; *La Roche* threw his arms around his neck, and watered it with his tears. The other was equally affected; they went together in silence into the parlor, where the evening service was wont to be performed.

64. The curtains of the organs were opened; *La Roche* started back at the sight—"Oh my friend," said he, and his

tears burst forth again. The philosopher had now recollected himself; he stept forward and drew the curtain close. The old man wiped off his tears, and taking his friend by the hand, "you see my weakness," said he, "'tis the weakness of humanity; but my comfort is not therefore lost."

65. "I heard you," said the other, "in the pulpit; I rejoiced that such consolation is yours." "It is, my friend," said he, "and I trust I shall ever hold it fast. If, there are any who doubt our faith, let them think of what importance religion is to calamity, and forbear to weaken its force; if they cannot restore our happiness, let them not take away the solace of our affliction."

66. The philosopher's heart was smitten; and I heard him long after confess, that there were moments, when the remembrance overcame him even to weakness; when amidst all the pleasures of philosophical discovery and the pride of literary fame, he called to his mind the venerable figure of the good *La Roche*, and wished that he had never doubted.

Funeral of General Fraser, near Saratoga—related by General Burgoyne.

1. ABOUT sunset the corpse of General Fraser was bro't up the hill, attended only by the officers who had lived in his family. To arrive at the redout, it passed within view of the greatest part of both armies.

2. General Phillips, General Reidesel and myself, who were standing together, were struck with the humility of the procession: They who were ignorant that privacy had been requested by General Fraser, might ascribe it to neglect.

3. We could neither endure that reflection, nor indeed restrain our natural propensity to pay our last attention to his remains. We joined the procession and were witnesses of the affecting scene that ensued.

4. The incessant cannonade during the solemnity; the steady attitude and unaltered voice of the chaplain who officiated, tho frequently covered with dust from the shot which the American artillery threw around us; the mute, but expressive mixture of sensibility and indignation upon every countenance; these objects will remain to the last of life on the minds of every man who was present.

5. The growing duskiness of the evening added to the scenery, and the whole marked a character of that juncture, that

would make one of the fineſt ſubjects for the pencil of a maſter that the field ever exhibited.

6. To the canvaſs and to the faithful page of a more important hiſtorian, gallant friend, I conſign thy memory.

STORY OF LADY HARRIET ACKLAND, by GEN. BURGOYNE.

1. LADY Harriet Ackland had accompanied her huſband to Canada in the beginning of the year 1776. In the courſe of that campaign, ſhe had traverſed a vaſt ſpace of country, in different extremities of ſeaſon, and with difficulties that an European traveller will not eaſily conceive, to attend, in a poor hut at Chamblee, upon his ſick bed.

2. In the opening of the campaign of 1777, ſhe was reſtrained, by the poſitive injunctions of her huſband, from offering herſelf to a ſhare of the fatigue and hazard expected before Ticonderoga. The day after the conqueſt of that place, he was badly wounded, and ſhe croſſed the Lake Champlain to join him.

3. As ſoon as he recovered, Lady Harriet proceeded to follow his fortunes thro' the campaign, and at Fort Edward or the next camp, obtained a two-wheel tumbril, which had been conſtructed by the artificers of the artillery, ſomething ſimilar to the carriage uſed for the mail upon the great roads in England.

4. Major Ackland commanded the Britiſh grenadiers, who were attached to General Fraſer's body of the army, and conſequently were always the moſt advanced poſt. Their ſituations were often ſo alert, that no perſon ſlept out of his clothes.

5. In one of theſe ſituations, a tent in which the Major and his lady were aſleep, ſuddenly took fire. An orderly ſergeant of the grenadiers, with great hazard of ſuffocation, dragged out the firſt perſon he caught hold of. It proved to be the Major.

6. It happened, that in the ſame inſtant, his lady, not knowing what ſhe did and perhaps not perfectly awake, providentially made her eſcape, by creeping under the walls of the back part of the tent.

7. The firſt object ſhe ſaw, upon the recovery of her ſenſes, was the Major on the other ſide, and in the ſame inſtant again in the fire in ſearch of her. The ſergeant again ſaved him, but not without the Major's being ſeverely burnt in his face

and other parts of his body. Every-thing they had in the tent was consumed.

8. This accident happened a little time before the army passed the Hudson. It neither altered the resolution nor the cheerfulness of Lady Harriet; and she continued her progress, a partaker of the fatigues of the advanced body. The next call upon her fortitude was of a different nature, and more distressing, as of longer suspense.

9. On the march of the 19th of September, the grenadiers being liable to action at every step, she had been directed by the Major to follow the artillery and baggage which were not exposed. At the time the action began, she found herself near a small uninhabited hut, where she alighted.

10. When it was found the action was becoming general and bloody, the surgeons of the hospital took possession of the hut, as the most convenient place for the first care of the wounded. Thus was this Lady in hearing of one continued fire of cannon, and musquetry, for four hours together with the presumption from the post of her husband at the head of the grenadiers, that he was in the most exposed part of the action.

11. She had three female companions, the baronness of Reidesel and wives of two British Officers, Major Harnage and Lieutenant Reynell; but in the event, their presence served but little for comfort. Major Harnage was soon bro't to the surgeons, very badly wounded; and a little time after came intelligence that Lieutenant Reynell was shot dead.—Imagination will want no helps to figure the state of the whole groop.

12. From the date of that action to the 7th of October, Lady Harriet, with her usual serenity, stood prepared for new trials; and it was her lot that their severity increased with their numbers. She was again exposed to the hearing of the whole action, and at last received the shock of her individual misfortune, mixed with the intelligence of the general calamity; the troops were defeated, and Major Ackland desperately wounded, was a prisoner.

13. The day of the 8th was passed by this Lady and her companions in common anxiety—not a tent nor a shed being standing, except what belonged to the Hospital, their refuge was among the wounded and dying.

14. During a halt of the army, in the retreat of the 8th of October, I received a message from Lady Harriet, submitting

6. Surprised but undismayed, Putnam halted, returned the fire and passed the word for the other divisions to advance for his support. D'Ell came. The action, though widely scattered and principally fought between man and man, soon grew general and intensely warm. It would be as difficult as useless to describe this irregular and ferocious mode of fighting.

7. Major Putnam, preceiving it would be impracticable to cross the Creek, determined to maintain his ground. Inspired by his example, the officers and men behaved with great bravery; sometimes they fought aggregately in open view, and sometimes individually under cover; taking aim from behind the bodies of trees and acting in a manner independent of each other.

8. For himself having discharged his fuzee several times, at length it missed fire, while the muzzle was pressed against the breast of a large and well proportioned savage. This *warrior*, availing himself of the indefensible attitude of his adversary, with a tremendous war-hoop sprung forward, with his lifted hatchet, and compelled him to surrender; and having disarmed and bound him fast to a tree, returned to the battle.

9. The intrepid captains D'Ell and Harman, who now commanded, were forced to give ground for a little distance; the savages, conceiving this to be the certain harbinger of victory, rushed impetuously on, with dreadful and redoubled cries. But our two partizans, collecting a handful of brave man, gave the pursuers so warm a reception as to oblige them, in turn, to retreat a little beyond the spot at which the action had commenced. Here they made a stand.

10. This change of ground occasioned the tree, to which Putn am was tied, to be directly between the fire of the two parties. Human imagination can hardly figure to itself a more deplorable situation. The balls flew incessantly from either side, many struck the tree, while some passed through the sleeves and skirts of his coat. In this state of jeopardy, unable to move his body, to stir his limbs, or even to incline his head, he remained more than an hour. So equally balanced and so obstinate was the fight!

11. At one moment, while the battle swerved in favor of the enemy, a young savage chose an odd way of discovering his humor. He found Putnam bound. He might have dispatched him at a blow. But he loved better to excite the terrors of the prisoner, by hurling a tomahawk at his head—

or rather it ſhould ſeem his object was to ſee how near he could throw it without touching him—the weapon ſtruck in the tree a number of times at a hair's bredth diſtance from the mark.

12. When the Indian had finiſhed his amuſement, a French bas-officer (a much more inveterate ſavage by nature, tho deſcended from ſo humane and poliſhed a nation) perceiving Putnam, came up to him, and levelling a fuzee within a foot of his breaſt, attempted to diſcharge it; it miſſed fire—ineffectually did the intended victim ſolicit the treatment due to his ſituation, by repeating that he was a priſoner of war.

13. The degenerate Frenchman did not underſtand the language of honor or of nature: deaf to their voice and dead to ſenſibility, he violently and repeatedly puſhed the muzzle of his gun againſt Putnam's ribs, and finally gave him a cruel blow on the jaw with the but of his piece. After this daſtardly deed he left him.

14. At length the active intrepidity of D'Ell and Harman, ſeconded by the perſevering valor of their followers, prevailed. They drove from the field the enemy, who left about ninety dead behind them. As they were retiring, Putnam was untied by the Indian who had made him priſoner, and whom he afterwards called maſter.

15. Having been conducted for ſome diſtance from the place of action, he was ſtripped of his coat, veſt, ſtockings and ſhoes; loaded with as many of the packs of the wounded as could be piled upon him; ſtrongly pinioned, and his wriſts tied as cloſely together as they could be pulled with a cord.

16. After he had marched, through no pleaſant paths, in this painful manner for many a tedious mile; the party (who were exceſſively fatigued) halted to breathe. His hands were now immoderately ſwelled from the tightneſs of the ligature; and the pain had become intolerable. His feet were ſo much ſcratched that the blood dropped faſt from them.

17. Exhauſted with bearing a burden above his ſtrength, and frantic with torments exquiſite beyond endurance; he entreated the Iriſh interpreter to implore as the laſt and only grace he deſired of the ſavages, that they would knock him on the head and take his ſcalp at once or looſe his hands.

18. A French officer, inſtantly interpoſing, ordered his hands to be unbound, and ſome of the packs to be taken off. By this time the Indian who captured him, and had been abſent with the wounded, coming up, gave him a pair of moca

ſons, and expreſſed great indignation at the unworthy treatment his priſoner had ſuffered.

19. That ſavage chief again returned to the care of the wounded, and the Indians, about two hundred in number, went before the reſt of the party to the place where the whole were, that night, to encamp. They took with them major Putnam, on whom (beſides innumerable other outrages) they had the barbarity to inflict a deep wound with a tomahawk, in the left cheek.

20. His ſufferings were in this place to be conſummated. A ſcene of horror, infinitely greater than had ever met his eyes before, was now preparing. It was determined to roaſt him alive.—For this purpoſe they led him into a dark foreſt, ſtripped him naked, bound him to a tree and piled dry bruſh with other fuel, at a ſmall diſtance, in a circle round him.

21. They accompanied their labors, as if for his funeral dirge, with ſcreams and ſounds inimitable but by ſavage voices. Then they ſet the piles on fire. A ſudden ſhower damped the riſing flame. Still they ſtrove to kindle it, until, at laſt, the blaze ran fiercely round the circle. Major Putnam ſoon began to feel the ſcorching heat. His hands were ſo tied that he could move his body. He often ſhifted ſides as the fire approached.

22. This ſight, at the very idea of which all but ſavages muſt ſhudder, afforded the higheſt diverſion to his inhuman tormentors, who demonſtrated the delirium of their joy by correſpondent yells, dances and geſticulations. He ſaw clearly that his final hour was inevitably come. He ſummoned all his reſolution and compoſed his mind, as far as the circumſtances could admit, to bid an eternal farewel to all he held moſt dear.

23. To quit the world would ſcarcely have coſt a ſingle pang but for the idea of home, but for the remembrance of domeſtic endearments, of the affectionate partner of his ſoul, and of their beloved offspring. His thought was ultimately fixed on a happier ſtate of exiſtence, beyond the tortures he was beginning to endure.

24. The bitterneſs of death, even of that death which is accompanied with the keeneſt agonies, was in a manner, paſt —nature, with a feeble ſtruggle, was quitting its laſt hold on ſublunary things—when a French officer ruſhed through the croud, opened a way by ſcattering the burning brands and unbound the victim. It was Molong himſelf to whom

a ſavage, unwilling to ſee another human ſacrifice immolated, had run and communicated the tidings.

25. That commandant ſpurned and ſeverely reprimanded the barbarians, whoſe nocturnal Powwas he ſuddenly ended. Putnam did not want for feeling or gratitude. The French commander, fearing to truſt him alone with them, remained until he could deliver him in ſafety into the hands of his maſter.

26. The Savage approached his priſoner kindly, and ſeemed to treat him with particular affection. He offered him ſome hard biſcuit, but finding that he could not chew them, on account of the blow he had received from the Frenchman, this more humane ſavage ſoaked ſome of the biſcuit in water and made him ſuck the pulp-like part.

27. Determined, however, not to loſe his captive (the refreſhment being finiſhed) he took the mocaſons from his feet and tied them to one of his wriſts; then directing him to lie down on his back upon the bare ground, he ſtretched one arm to its full length, and bound it faſt to a young tree; the other arm was extended and bound in the ſame manner—his legs were ſtretched apart and faſtened to two ſaplings.

28. Then a number of tall, but ſlender poles were cut down; which, with ſome long buſhes, were laid acroſs his body from head to foot: on each ſide lay as many Indians as could conveniently find lodging, in order to prevent the poſſibility of his eſcape. In this diſagreeable and painful poſture he remained until morning.

29. During this night, the longeſt and moſt dreary conceivable, our hero uſed to relate that he felt a ray of cheerfulneſs come caſually acroſs his mind, and could not even refrain from ſmiling, when he reflected on this ludicrous groop for a painter, of which he himſelf was the principal figure.

30. The next day he was allowed his blanket and mocaſons, and permitted to march without carrying any pack, or receiving an y inſult. To allay his extreme hunger, a little bear's meat was given, which he ſucked through his teeth.— At night the party arrived at Ticonderoga and the priſoner was placed under the care of a French guard.

31. The ſavages who had been prevented from glutting their diabolical thirſt for blood, took every opportunity of manifeſting their malevolence for the diſappointment, by horrid grimaces and angry geſtures; but they were ſuffered no more to offer him violence or perſonal indignity.

32. After having been examined by the Marquis de Montcalm, Major Putnam was conducted to Montreal by a French officer, who treated him with the greatest indulgence and humanity.

THE FAITHFUL AMERICAN DOG.

1. AN Officer in the late American army, on his station at the westward, went out in the morning with his dog and gun, in quest of game. Venturing too far from the garrison, he was fired upon by an Indian who was lurking in the bushes, and instantly fell to the ground.

2. The Indian running to him, struck him on the head with his tomahawk in order to dispatch him; but the button of his hat fortunately warding off the edge, he was only stunned by the blow. With savage brutality he applied the scalping knife, and hastened away with this trophy of his horrid cruelty, leaving the officer for dead, and none to relieve or console him, but his faithful dog.

3. The afflicted creature gave every expression of his attachment, fidelity, and affection. He licked the wounds with inexpressible tenderness, and mourned the fate of his beloved master. Having performed every office which sympathy dictated, or sagacity could invent, without being able to remove his master from the fatal spot, or procure from him any signs of life, or his wonted expressions of affection to him, he ran off in quest of help.

4. Bending his course towards the river, where two men were fishing, he urged them by all the powers of native rhetoric to accompany him to the woods. The men were suspicious of a decoy to an ambuscade, and durst not venture to follow the dog; who finding all his caresses fail, returned to the care of his master; and, licking his wounds a second time, renewed all his tendernesses; but with no better success than before.

5 Again he returned to the men; once more to try his skill in alluring them to his assistance. In this attempt he was more successful than in the other. The men, seeing his solicitude, began to think the dog might have discovered some valuable game, and determined to hazard the consequences of following him.

6. Transported with his success, the affectionate creature

hurried them along by every expression of ardor. Presently they arrived at the spot, where behold—an officer wounded, scalped, weltering in his own gore, and faint with the loss of blood.

7. Suffice it to say he was yet alive. They carried him to the fort, where the first dressings were performed. A suppuration immediately took place, and he was soon conveyed to the hospital at Albany, where in a few weeks he entirely recovered, and was able to return to his duty.

8. This worthy officer owed his life, probably, to the fidelity of this sagacious dog. His tongue, which the gentleman afterwards declared gave him the most exquisite pleasure, clarified the wound in the most effectual manner, and his perseverance brought that assistance, without which he must soon have perished.

9. "My dog the trustiest of his kind,
With gratitude inflames my mind;
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my service copy Tray."

Volcanoes of Iceland.

Abridged from the Encyclopedia.

1. ICELAND is noted for volcanoes, which seem to be more furious there than in any other part of the world. They begin with a subterranean rumbling noise, with a roaring and cracking in the place from whence the fire is to burst forth. Fiery meteors also precede the eruption of fire, and sometimes shocks of earthquake.

2. The drying up of small lakes, streams and rivulets, is also considered as a sign of an approaching eruption; but the immediate forerunner is the bursting of the mass of ice on the mountains. Flames then issue from the earth, and lightning and fire balls from the smoke, and stones and ashes are thrown to a vast distance. In 1755, a stone of 290 pounds weight was thrown 24 miles.

3. The most tremendous eruption ever known was in 1783. Its first sign was perceived on the first of June, by a trembling of the earth in the western part of the province of Shapterfall; it continued and increased till the 11th day, when the inhabitants quitted their houses and lay in tents. A continual smoke was seen to arise out of the earth in the northern parts of the island, and three fire spouts broke forth in different places.

4. These spouts of fire ascended to a vast height, so as to be visible at the distance of 200 miles. Immense quantities of ashes, sand and other substances were cast up and spread over the country. The atmosphere was so filled with them, as to be rendered dark, and great damage was done by the pumice stones which fell red hot in large quantities.

5. The shower continued for many days. The fire sometimes appeared in a continual stream, and sometimes in flashes with a noise like thunder, which lasted the whole summer. At the same time fell vast quantities of rain impregnated with acid and salts, which corroded the face and hands of people; in other places there fell showers of hail which did much damage. In places near the fire, the grass and every green thing was destroyed; being covered with a crust of a sulphurous and sooty matter.

6. Such thick vapors were raised by this conflict of adverse elements, that the sun was obscured and appeared like blood; and the whole face of nature seemed to be changed. This dreadful scene lasted several days, and the whole country was laid waste. The inhabitants fled to the utmost parts of the island, to escape the terrible conflagration.

7. On the first eruption of fire, the river Skapta was considerably augmented, but on the 11th day, the waters were dried up. The next day, a prodigious stream of red hot lava was discharged from the earth and ran down the channel which the river had left, and overflowing the banks, rose to a great height and spread desolation over the whole adjacent country.

8. The fiery stream then ascended the channel, and mounting high, it destroyed the village of Ruland, tho situated on a hill, consuming the houses and every thing that stood in its way. It spread, till it had converted a tract of 36 miles of country, into a sea of fire. It then changed its course to the south, and after filling the channel of the Skapta for six miles, it burst upon a wide plain carrying flaming wood on its surface, and overwhelming the earth with torrents of liquid fire.

9. It continued thus to spread from June 12 to August 13, when it ceased to extend itself, but continued to burn. When any part of the surface acquired a crust by cooling, it was soon broken by the mass of fire below, and then tumbling among the melted substance, it was tossed about with prodigious noise and crackling, and small spouts of fire were continually shooting into the air.

10. When it left the channel of the Skapta, this mass of fire was 400 feet in depth. It ran in every direction where it could find a vent, and destroyed a number of villages. In one place, it came to a cataract of the river of 14 fathoms high, where it fell with a tremendous noise and terrible convulsions. In another, it stopped up the channel of a river, filled a large valley, and destroyed two villages tho it approached no nearer than 600 feet.

11. Other villages were inundated by the waters of rivers driven from their channels by the fiery torrent. At last, having filled all the valleys to the south, it changed its course to the north and spread over a tract of country 48 miles in length and 36 in bredth. It dried up several rivers and formed lakes of fire. At last on the 16th of August the eruption ceased.

12. The whole extent of ground on three sides covered by this dreadful inundation, was computed to be 90 miles long and 24 broad; and the depth of the lava from 100 to 120 feet. Twelve rivers were dried up—20 villages destroyed and a considerable number of people. The extent of ground covered on the north was not ascertained. Some hills were melted down—others covered, and the whole had the appearance of a sea of red hot melted metal.

13. After this eruption, two new Islands rose from the sea. One in February 1784 rose about 100 miles southwest of Iceland. It was about 3 miles in circumference and a mile in height. It burnt with great violence, sending forth podigious quantities of sand and pumice stones. Both Islands have since disappeared.

General Washington's Resignation.

Mr. President,

1. THE great events on which my resignation depended, having at length taken place, I have now the honor of offering my sincere congratulations to Congress, and of presenting myself before them, to surrender into their hands the trust committed to me, and to claim the indulgence of retiring from the service of my country.

2. Happy in the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, and pleased with the opportunity afforded the United States of becoming a respectable nation, I resign, with satisfaction, the appointment I accepted with diffidence; a

diffidence in my abilities to accomplish so arduous a task, which however, was superseded by a confidence in the rectitude of our cause, the support of the supreme power of the Union, and the patronage of Heaven.

3. The successful termination of the war has verified the most sanguine expectations; and my gratitude for the interposition of Providence, and the assistance I have received from my countrymen, increases with every review of the momentous contest.

4. While I repeat my obligations to the army in general, I should do injustice to my own feelings not to acknowledge, in this place, the peculiar services and distinguished merits of the gentlemen who have been attached to my person during the war.

5. It was impossible the choice of confidential officers to compose my family should have been more fortunate. Permit me, Sir, to recommend in particular those who have continued in the service to the present moment, as worthy of the favorable notice and patronage of Congress.

6. I consider it as an indispensable duty to close this last solemn act of my official life, by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendance of them, to his holy keeping.

7. Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theater of action; and, bidding an affectionate farewel to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission and take my leave of all the employments of public life.

G. WASHINGTON.

Dec. 23, 1783.

Singular instance of Patriotism.

1. EDWARD the third, king of England, after the battle of Cressy, laid siege to Calais. He had fortified his camp in so impregnable a manner, that all the efforts of France proved ineffectual to raise the siege, or throw succors into the city. The citizens, however, under the conduct of count Vienne, their gallant governor, made an admirable defense.

2. Day after day the English effected many a breach, which they repeatedly expected to storm by morning; but when morning appeared, they wondered to behold new ramparts

nightly raiſed, erected out of the ruins which the day had made.

3. France had now put her ſickle into her ſecond harveſt, ſince Edward, with his victorious army, ſet down before the town. The eyes of all Europe were intent on the iſſue. The Engliſh made their approaches and attacks without remiſſion, but the citizens were as obſtinate in repelling all their efforts.

4. At length, famin did more for Edward than arms. After the citizens had devoured the lean carcaſſes of their half ſtarved cattle, they tore up old foundations and rubbiſh, in ſearch of vermin; they fed on boiled lether and the weeds of exhauſted gardens: and a morſel of damaged corn was accounted matter of luxury.

5. In this extremity they reſolved to attempt the enemy's camp. They boldly ſallied forth; the Engliſh joined battle, and, after a long and deſperate engagement, count Vienne was taken priſoner; and the citizens, who ſurvived the ſlaughter, retired within their gates.

6. On the captivity of their governor, the command devolved upon Euſtace Saint Pierre, the mayor of the town, a man of mean birth, but of exalted virtue. Euſtace ſoon found himſelf under the neceſſity of capitulating, and offered to deliver to Edward the city, with all the poſſeſſions and wealth of the inhabitants, provided he would permit them to depart with life and liberty.

7. As Edward had long ſince expected to aſcend the throne of France, he was exaſperated to the laſt degree againſt theſe people, whoſe ſole valor had defeated his warmeſt hopes; he therefore determined to take an exemplary revenge, tho he wiſhed to avoid the imputation of cruelty.

8. He anſwered by Sir Walter Mauny, that they all deſerved capital puniſhment, as obſtinate traitors to him, their true and notable ſovereign; that, however, in his wonted clemency, he conſented to pardon the bulk of the plebians, provided they would deliver up to him ſix of their principal citizens, with halters about their necks, as victims of due atonement for that ſpirit of rebellion with which they had inflamed the common people.

9. All the remains of this deſolate city were convened in the great ſquare, and like men arraigned at a tribunal from whence there was no appeal, expected with throbbing hearts the ſentence of their conqueror. When Sir Walter had de-

clared his meſſage, conſternation and pale diſmay were impreſſed on every face, each looked upon death as his own inevitable lot; for how ſhould they deſire to be ſaved at the price propoſed? Whom had they to deliver up, ſave parents, brothers, kindred, or valiant neighbors, who had ſo often expoſed their lives in their defenſe?

10. To a long and dead ſilence, deep ſighs and groans ſucceeded, till Euſtace Saint Pierre, aſcending a little eminence, thus addreſſed the aſſembly: "My friends and fellow-citizens, you ſee the condition to which we are reduced; we muſt either ſubmit to the terms of our cruel and enſnaring conqueror, or yield up our tender infants, our wives and chaſte daughters to the bloody and brutal luſts of the violating ſoldiery."

11. "We well know what the tyrant intends by his ſpecious offers of mercy. It does not ſatiate his vengeance to make us merely miſerable, he would alſo make us criminal; he would make us contemptible: he will grant us life on no condition, ſave that of our being unworthy of it. Look about you, my friends, and fix your eyes on the perſons whom you wiſh to deliver up as the victims of your own ſafety."

12. "Which of theſe would you appoint to the rack, the ax, or the halter? Is there any here who has not watched for you, who has not fought for you, who has not bled for you? Who, through the length of this inveterate ſiege, has not ſuffered fatigues and miſeries a thouſand times worſe than death; that you and yours might ſurvive to days of peace and proſperity? Is it your preſervers then, whom you would deſtine to deſtruction?"

13. "You will not, you cannot do it. Juſtice, honor, humanity, make ſuch a treaſon impoſſible. Where then is our reſource. Is there any expedient left, whereby we may avoid guilt and infamy on one hand or the deſolation and horrors of a ſacked city on the other?"

14. "There is, my friends, there is one expedient left; a gracious, an excellent, a god-like expedient! Is there any hero to whom virtue is dearer than life! Let him offer himſelf an oblation for the ſafety of his people. He ſhall not fail of a bleſſed approbation from that power who offered up his only Son for the ſalvation of mankind."

15. He ſpoke, but an univerſal ſilence enſued. Each man

looked around for his example of that virtue and magnanimity in others, which all wished to approve in themselves though they wanted the resolution. At length Saint Pierre resumed.

16. "It had been base in me, my fellow citizens, to promote any matter of damage to others, which I myself had not been willing to undergo in my own person. But I held it ungenerous to deprive any man of that preference and estimation, which might attend a first offer on so signal an occasion; for I doubt not but there are many here as ready, nay more zealous for this martyrdom than I can be, however modesty and the fear of imputed ostentation may withhold them from being foremost in exhibiting their merits."

17. "Indeed, the station to which the captivity of count Vienne, has unhappily raised me, imports a right to be the first in giving my life for your sakes. I give it freely, I give it cheerfully: who comes next? Your son! exclaimed a youth not yet come to maturity—Ah my child! cried St. Pierre; I am then twice sacrificed.—But no—I have rather begotten thee a second time.—Thy years are few, but full, my son; the victim of virtue has reached the utmost purpose and goal of mortality.

18. Who next, my friends? This is the hour of heroes——Your kinsman, cried John de Aire! your kinsman, cried James Wissant! your kinsman, cried Peter Wissant!—"Ah!" exclaimed Sir Walter Mauny, bursting into tears, "why was I not a citizen of Calais?"

19. The sixth victim was still wanting, but was quickly supplied by lot, from numbers who were now emulous of so ennobling an example. The keys of the city were then delivered to Sir Walter. He took the six prisoners into his custody. He ordered the gates to be opened, and gave charge to his attendants to conduct the remaining citizens, with their families, through the camp of the English.

20. Before they departed, however, they desired permission to take their last adieu of their deliverers—What a parting! what a scene! they crouded with their wives and children about St. Pierre and his fellow prisoners. They embraced, they clung around, they fell prostrate before them. They groaned; they wept aloud; and the joint clamor of their mourning passed the gates of the city, and was heard throughout the camp.

21. At length, Saint Pierre and his fellow victims appeared under the conduct of Sir Walter and his guard. All the tents of the English were instantly emptied. The soldiers poured from all parts, and arranged themselves on each side to behold, to contemplate, to admire this little band of patriots as they passed.

22. They murmured their applause of that virtue which they could not but revere even in enemies; and they regarded those ropes which they had voluntarily tied about their necks, as ensigns of greater dignity than that of the British Garter.

23. As soon as they had reached the royal presence "Mauny," says the king, "are these the principal inhabitants of Calais!" "They are," says Mauny: "they are not only the principal men of Calais: they are the principal men of France, my lord, if virtue has any share in the act of ennobling."

24. "Were they delivered peaceably?" says Edward; "was there no resistance, no commotion among the people?" "Not in the least, my lord. They are self-delivered, self-devoted, and come to offer up their inestimable heads, as an ample equivalent for the ransom of thousands."

25. The king, who was highly incensed at the length and difficulty of the siege, ordered them to be carried away to immediate execution; nor could all the remonstrances and intreaties of his courtiers divert him from his cruel purpose.—But what neither a regard to his own interest and honor, what neither the dictates of justice, nor the feelings of humanity could effect, was happily accomplished by the more powerful influence of conjugal affection.

26. The queen, who was then pregnant, being informed of the particulars respecting the six victims, flew into her husband's presence, threw herself on her knees before him, and with tears in her eyes, besought him not to stain his character with an indelible mark of infamy, by committing such a horrid and barbarous deed.

27. Edward could refuse nothing to a wife whom he so tenderly loved, and especially in her condition; and the queen, not satisfied with having saved the lives of the six burghers, conducted them to her tent, where she applauded their virtue, regaled them with a plentiful repast, and having made them a present of money and clothes, sent them back to their fellow-citizens.

Extract from Dr. BELKNAP's Address to the Inhabitants of New Hampshire, at the close of his History of that State.

Citizens of New Hampſhire,

1. HAVING ſpent above twenty years of my life with you, and paſſed thro various ſcenes of peace and war within that time; being perſonally acquainted with many of you, both in your public and private characters; and having an earneſt deſire to promote your true intereſt, I truſt you will not think me altogether unqualified to give you a few hints by way of advice.

2. You are certainly a riſing ſtate; your numbers are rapidly increaſing; and your importance in the political ſcale will be augmented, in proportion to your improving the natural advantages which your ſituation affords you, and to your cultivating the intellectual and moral powers of yourſelves and your children.

3. The firſt article on which I would open my mind to you is that of *Education.* Nature has been as bountiful to you as to any other people, in giving your children genius and capacity; it is then your duty and your intereſt to cultivate their capacities, and render them ſerviceable to themſelves and the community.

4. It was the ſaying of a great orator and ſtateſman of antiquity, that "The loſs which the commonwealth ſuſtains, by a want of education, is like the loſs which the year would ſuffer by the deſtruction of the ſpring."

5. If the bud be blaſted, the tree will yield no fruit. If the ſpringing corn be cut down, there will be no harveſt. So if the youth be ruined through a fault in their education, the community ſuſtains a loſs which cannot be repaired; "for it is too late to correct them when they are ſpoiled."

6. Notwithſtanding the care of your legiſlators in enacting laws, and enforcing them by ſevere penalties: notwithſtanding the wiſe and liberal proviſion which is made by ſome towns, and ſome private gentlemen in the ſtate; yet there is ſtill in many places, "a great and criminal neglect of education."

7. You are indeed a very conſiderable degree better in this reſpect, than in the time of the late war; but yet much remains to be done. Great care ought to be taken, not only to provide a ſupport for inſtructors of children and youth; but

and enter with vigor into the manufacture of maple sugars, of which our forests would afford an ample supply, the demand for West India productions might be diminished; the plantations in the islands would not need fresh recruits from Africa; the planters would treat with humanity their remaining blacks; the market for slaves would become less inviting; and the navigation, which is now employed in the most pernicious species of commerce which ever disgraced humanity, would be turned into some other channel.

20. Were I to form a picture of happy society, it would be a town consisting of a due mixture of hills, vallies, and streams of water. The land well fenced and cultivated; the roads and bridges in good repair; a decent inn for the refreshment of travellers, and for public entertainments. The inhabitants mostly husbandmen; their wives and daughters domestic manufacturers; a suitable proportion of handicraft workmen, and two or three traders; a physician and lawyer, each of whom should have a farm for his support.

21. A clergyman of good understanding, of a candid disposition and exemplary morals; not a metaphysical nor a polemic, but a serious and practical preacher. A school master who should understand his business, and teach his pupils to govern themselves. A social library, annually increasing, and under good regulation.

22. A club of sensible men, seeking mutual improvement. A decent musical society. No intriguing politician, horse jocky, gambler or sot; but all such characters treated with contempt. Such a situation may be considered as the most favorable to social happiness of any which this world can afford.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

BARON HALLER, ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE, FROM "CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE."

1. SHALL I sing thy death, Marianne? What a theme! When my sighs interrupt my words, and one idea flies before the other! The pleasures thou didst bestow on me, now augment my sorrows. I open the wounds of a heart that yet bleeds and thy death is renovated to me.

2. But my passion was too violent—Thou didst merit it too

well; and thine image is too deeply engraven on my ſoul, to permit me to be ſilent. The expreſſions of thy love revivify, in ſome degree, my felicity: they afford me a tender recollection of our faithful union, as a remembrance thou wouldeſt have left to me.

3. Theſe are not lines dictated by wit; the artificial complaints of a poet. They are perturbed ſighs which eſcape from a heart not ſufficient for its anguiſh. Yes, I am going to paint my troubled ſoul, affected by love and grief, that only occupied by the moſt diſtreſſing images, wanders in a labyrinth of affliction.

4. I ſee thee yet, ſuch as thou waſt at death. I approached thee, touched by the moſt lively deſpair. Thou didſt call back thy laſt ſtrength to expreſs one word, which I yet aſked from thee. O ſoul, fraught with the pureſt ſentiments, thou didſt only appear diſturbed for *my* afflictions; thy laſt expreſſions were only thoſe of love and tenderneſs; and thy laſt actions only thoſe of reſignation.

5. Whither ſhall I fly? Where ſhall I find in this country an aſylum, which only offers to me objects of terror? This houſe in which I loſt thee; this ſacred dome in which repoſe thy aſhes; theſe children—Ah! my blood chills at the view of thoſe tender images of thy beauty, whoſe artleſs voices call for their mother. Whither ſhall I fly? Why cannot I fly to thee?

6. Does not my heart owe thee the ſincereſt tears? Here thou hadſt no other friend but me. It was I who ſnatched thee from the boſom of thy family; thou didſt quit them to follow me. I deprived thee of a country where thou waſt loved by relatives who cheriſhed thee, to conduct thee, alas, to the tomb.

7. In thoſe ſad adieus with which thy ſiſter embraced thee, while the country gradually fading from our eyes, ſhe loſt our laſt glances; then with a ſoftened kindneſs, mingled with a tender reſignation, thou didſt ſay, I depart with tranquility; what can I regret? My Haller accompanies me.

8. Can I recollect without tears, the day that united me to thee. Yet even now, ſoftened pleaſure mingles with my ſorrows, and rapture with my affliction. How tenderly loved heart! that heart which could forget every thing, birth, ity and wealth! and which, notwithſtanding the avowal I made of my fortune, only valued me for my ſentiments.

. Soon thou didſt reſign thy youth, and quit the world to

be entirely mine! Superior to ordinary virtue, thou waſt only beautiful for *me.* Thy heart was alone attached to mine: careleſs of thy fate, thou waſt alone troubled with my lighteſt ſorrows and enraptured with a glance that expreſſed content.

10. A will, detached from the vanity of the world and reſigned to heaven; content and a ſweet tranquility, that neither joy nor grief could diſturb; wiſdom in the education of thy children; a heart overflowing with tenderneſs, yet free from weakneſs; a heart made to ſoothe my ſorrows; it was this that formed my pleaſures, and that forms my griefs.

11. And thus I loved thee—more than the world could believe—more than I knew myſelf. How often in embracing thee with ardor, has my heart thought, with trembling, Ah! If I ſhould loſe her!—How often have I wept in ſecret!

12. Yes, my grief will laſt, even when time ſhall have dried my tears: the heart knows other tears than thoſe which cover the face. The firſt flame of my youth, the ſadly pleaſing recollection of thy tenderneſs, the admiration of thy virtue, are an eternal debt for my heart.

13. In the depth of the thickeſt woods, under the green ſhade of the beach, where none will witneſs my complaints, I will ſeek for thy amiable image, and nothing ſhall diſtract my recollection. There I ſhall ſee thy graceful mein, thy ſadneſs when I parted from thee, thy tenderneſs when I embraced thee, thy joy at my return.

14. In the ſublime abodes of the celeſtial regions I will follow thee; I will ſeek for thee beyond the ſtars that roll beneath thy feet. It is there that thy innocence will ſhine in the ſplendor of heavenly light; it is there that with new ſtrength thy ſoul ſhall enlarge its ancient boundaries.

15. It is there that accuſtoming thyſelf to the light of divinity, thou findeſt thy felicity in its councils; and that thou mingleſt thy voice with the angelic choir, and a prayer in my favor. There thou learneſt the utility of my affliction. God unfolds to thee the volume of fate; thou readeſt his deſigns in our ſeparation, and the cloſe of my career.

16. O ſoul of perfection, which I loved with ſuch ardor, but which I think I loved not enough, how amiable art thou in the celeſtial ſplendor that environs thee! A lively hope elevates me; refuſe not thyſelf to my vows; open thy arms, I fly to be united eternally with thee.

Story of Logan, a Mingo Chief.

1. IN the ſpring of the year 1774, a robbery and murder were committed on an inhabitant of the frontiers of Virginia by two Indians of the Shawaneſe tribe. The neighboring whites, according to their cuſtom, undertook to puniſh this outrage in a ſummary way. Colonel Creſap, a man infamous for the many murders he had committed on thoſe much injured people, collected a party, and proceeded down the Kanhaway in queſt of vengeance.

2. Unfortunately, a canooe of women and children, with one man only, was ſeen coming from the oppoſit ſhore unarmed, and unſuſpecting any hoſtile attack from the whites. Creſap and his party concealed themſelves on the bank of the river; and the moment the canooe reached the ſhore, ſingled out their objects, and at one fire killed every perſon in it.

3. This happened to be the family of Logan, who had long been diſtinguiſhed as the friend of the whites. This unworthy return provoked his vengeance. He accordingly ſignalized himſelf in the war which enſued.

4. In the autumn of the ſame year, a deciſive battle was fought at the mouth of the great Kanhaway, between the collected forces of the Shawaneſe, Mingoes, and Delawares, and a detachment of the Virginia militia. The Indians were defeated and ſued for peace.

5. Logan, however, diſdained to be ſeen among the ſuppliants; but, leſt the ſincerity of a treaty ſhould be diſturbed, from which ſo diſtinguiſhed a chief abſented himſelf, he ſent by a meſſenger, the following ſpeech, to be delivered to Lord Dunmore.

6. "I appeal to any white man to ſay, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him no meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the laſt long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace."

7. "Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they paſſed by, and ſaid, *Logan is the friend of white men*. I had even thought to have lived with you, had it not been for the injuries of one man. Colonel Creſap, the laſt ſpring in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even ſparing my women and children.

8. "There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of

any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it: I have killed many; I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace; but do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear.—Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

Speech of a Scythian Embassador to Alexander.

1. WHEN the Scythian embassadors waited on Alexander the great, they gazed on him a long time without speaking a word, being very probably surprized, as they formed a judgment of men from their air and stature, to find that his did not answer the high idea they entertained of him from his fame.

2. At last, the oldest of the embassadors addressed him thus. "Had the gods given thee a body proportioned to thy ambition, the whole universe would have been too little for thee. With one hand thou wouldst touch the East and with the other the West; and, not satisfied with this, thou wouldst follow the sun, and know where he hides himself.

3. But what have we to do with thee? We never set foot in thy country. May not those who inhabit woods be allowed to live without knowing who thou art, and whence thou comest? We will neither command over, nor submit to any man.

4. And that thou mayest be sensible what kind of people the Scythians are, know that we received from Heaven, as a rich present, a yoke of oxen, a plowshare, a dart, a javelian and a cup. These we make use of, both with our friends and against our enemies.

5. To our friends we give corn, which we procure by the labor of our oxen; with them we offer wine to the gods in our cup; and with regard to our enemies, we combat them at a distance with our arrows, and near at hand with our javelins.

6. But thou, who boasted thy coming to extirpate robbers, art thyself the greatest robber upon earth. Thou hast plundered all nations thou overcamest; thou hast possessed thyself of Lybia, invaded Syria, Persia, and Bactriana; thou art forming a design to march as far as India, and now thou comest hither to seize upon our herds of cattle.

7. The great possessions thou hast, only make thee covet the more eagerly what thou hast not. If thou art a god, thou

oughteſt to do good to mortals, and not deprive them of their poſſeſſions.

8. If thou art a mere man, reflect always on what thou art. They whom thou ſhalt not moleſt will be thy true friends; The ſtrongeſt friendſhips being contracted between equals; and they are eſteemed equals, who have not tried their ſtrength againſt each other. But do not ſuppoſe that thoſe whom thou conquereſt can love thee."

SINGULAR ADVENTURE OF GENERAL PUTNAM.

1. WHEN General Putnam firſt moved to Pomfret, in Connecticut, in the year 1739, the country was new and much infeſted with Wolves. Great havoc was made among the ſheep by a ſhe-wolf which, with her annual whelps, had for ſeveral years continued in that vicinity. The young ones were commonly deſtroyed by the vigilance of the hunters; but the old one was too ſagacious to be enſnared by them.

2. This wolf, at length, became ſuch an intolerable nuſance, that Mr. Putnam entered into a combination with five of his neighbors to hunt alternately until they could deſtroy her. Two, by rotation, were to be conſtantly in purſuit. It was known, that, having loſt the toes from one foot, by a ſteel-trap, ſhe made one track ſhorter than the other.

3. By this veſtige, the purſuers recognzied, in a light ſnow, the route of this pernicious animal. Having followed her to Connecticut river, and found ſhe had turned back in a direct courſe towards Pomfret, they immediately returned, and by ten o'clock the next morning the bloodhounds had driven her into a den, about three miles diſtant from the houſe of Mr. Putnam.

4. The people ſoon collected with dogs, guns, ſtraw, fire and ſulphur to attack the common enemy. With this apparatus ſeveral unſucceſsful efforts were made to force her from the den. The hounds came back badly wounded, and refuſed to return. The ſmoke of blazing ſtraw had no effect.—Nor did the fumes of burnt brimſtone, with which the cavern as filled, compel her to quit the retirement.

5. Wearied with ſuch fruitleſs attempts (which had brought e time to ten o'clock at night) Mr. Putnam tried once more make his dog enter, but in vain; he propoſed to his negro

man to go down into the cavern and ſhoot the wolf. The negro declined the hazardous ſervice.

6. Then it was that their maſter, angry at the diſappointment, and declaring that he was aſhamed at having a coward in his family, reſolved himſelf to deſtroy the ferocious beaſt, leſt ſhe ſhould eſcape through ſome unknown fiſcure of the rock.

7. His neighbors ſtrongly remonſtrated againſt the perilous enterpriſe; but he knowing that wild animals were intimidated by fire, and having provided ſeveral ſtrips of birch bark, the only combuſtible material which he could obtain, which would afford light in this deep and darkſome cave, prepared for his deſcent.

8. Having accordingly diveſted himſelf of his coat and waiſtcoat, and having a long rope faſtened round his legs, by which he might be pulled back, at a concerted ſignal, he entered, head foremoſt, with a blazing torch in his hand.

9. Having groped his paſſage till he came to a horizontal part of the den, the moſt terrifying darkneſs appeared in front of the dim circle of light afforded by his torch. It was ſilent as the houſe of death. None but monſters of the deſert had ever before explored this ſolitary manſion of horror.

10. He cautiouſly proceeding onward came to an aſcent, which he ſlowly mounted on his hands and knees, until he diſcovered the glaring eye-balls of the wolf, which was ſitting at the extremity of the cavern. Startled at the ſight of fire, ſhe gnaſhed her teeth and gave a ſullen growl.

11. As ſoon as he had made the neceſſary diſcovery, he kicked the rope as a ſignal for pulling him out. The people at the mouth of the den, who had liſtened with painful anxiety, hearing the growling of the wolf, and ſuppoſing their friend to be in the moſt imminent danger, drew him forth with ſuch celerity that he was ſtripped of his clothes, and ſeverely bruiſed.

12. After he had adjuſted his clothes, and loaded his gun with nine buck ſhot, holding a torch in one hand and the muſket in the other, he deſcended a ſecond time. When he drew nearer than before, the wolf aſſuming a ſtill more fierce and terrible appearance, howling, rolling her eyes, ſnapping her teeth, and dropping her head between her legs, was evidently, in the attitude and on the point of ſpringing at him.

13. At this critical inſtant, he levelled and fired at her head.

Stunned with the shock, and suffocated with the smoke, he immediately found himself drawn out of the cave. But having refreshed himself and permitted the smoke to dissipate, he went down the third time.

14. Once more he came within sight of the wolf, which appearing very passive, he applied the torch to her nose; and perceiving her dead, he took hold of her ears, and then kicking the rope (still tied round his legs) the people above, with no small exultation dragged them both out together.

The aged Prisoner released from the Bastil.

1. No where else on earth, perhaps, has human misery, by human means, been rendered so lasting, so complete or so remediless as in that despotic prison, the Bastil. This the' following case may suffice to evince; the particulars of which are translated from that elegant and energetic writer, Mr. Mercier.

2. The hainous offence which merited an imprisonment surpassing torture, and rendering death a blessing, was no more than some unguarded expressions, implying disrespect towards the late Gallic monarch, Louis fifteenth.

3. Upon the accession of Louis sixteenth to the throne, the ministers then in office, moved by humanity, began their administration with an act of clemency and justice. They inspected the registers of the Bastil, and set many prisoners at liberty.

4. Among those, there was an old man who had groaned in confinement for forty seven years, between four thick and cold stone walls. Hardened by adversity, which strengthens both the mind and constitution, when they are not overpowered by it, he had resisted the horrors of his long imprisonment, with an invincible and manly spirit.

5. His locks, white, thin, and scattered had almost acquired the rigidity of iron; whilst his body, environed for so long a time by a coffin of stone, had borrowed from it a firm and compact habit. The narrow door of his tomb, turning upon its grating hinges, opened not as usual by halves, and an unknown voice announced his liberty, and bade him depart.

6. Believing this to be a dream, he hesitated; but at length rose up and walked forth with trembling steps, amazed at the space he traversed. The stairs of the prison, the halls, the court seemed to him vast, immense, and almost without bounds.

7. He ſtopped from time to time, and gazed around like a bewildered traveller. His viſion was with difficulty reconciled to the clear light of day. He contemplated the heavens as a new object. His eyes remained fixed and he could not even weep.

8. Stupified with the newly acquired power of changing his poſition, his limbs, like his tongue, refuſed in ſpite of his efforts, to perform their office. At length he got through the formidable gates.

9. When he felt the motion of the carriage which was prepared to tranſport him to his former habitation, he ſcreamed out and uttered ſome inarticulate ſounds ; and as he could not bear this new movement, he was obliged to deſcend. Supported by a benevolent arm, he ſought out the ſtreet where he had formerly reſided ; he found it, but no trace of his houſe remained ; one of the public edifices occupied the ſpot where it had ſtood.

10. He now ſaw nothing which brought to his recollection, either that particular quarter, the city itſelf, or the objects with which he was formerly acquainted. The houſes of his neareſt neighbors, which were freſh in his memory, had aſſumed a new appearance.

11. In vain were his looks directed to all the objects around him ; he could diſcover nothing of which he had the ſmalleſt remembrance. Terrified, he ſtopped and fetched a deep ſigh. To him what did it import, that the city was peopled with living creatures ? None of them were alive to him ; he was unknown to all the world, and he knew nobody ; and whilſt he wept he regretted his dungeon.

12. At the name of the Baſtil, which he often pronounced and even claimed as an aſylum, and the ſight of his clothes which marked his former age, the croud gathered around him ; curioſity blended with pity excited their attention. The moſt aged aſked him many queſtions, but had no remembrance of the circumſtances which he recapitulated.

13. At length accident brought to his way an ancient domeſtic, now a ſuperannuated porter, who, confined to his lodge for fifteen years, had barely ſufficient ſtrength to open the gate. Even *he* did not know the maſter he had ſerved ; but informed him that grief and misfortune had brought his wife to the grave thirty years before ; that his children were

gone abroad to diſtant climes, and that of all his relations and friends, none now remained.

14. This recital was made with the indifference which people diſcover for events long paſſed and almoſt forgotten. The miſerable man groaned, and groaned alone. The croud around, offering only unknown features to his view, made him feel the exceſſes of his calamities, even more than he would have done in the dreadful ſolitude which he had left.

15. Overcome with ſorrow, he preſented himſelf before the miniſter, to whoſe humanity he owed that liberty which was now a burden to him. Bowing down, he ſaid, "Reſtore me again to that priſon from which you have taken me. I cannot ſurvive the loſs of my neareſt relations; of my friends; and in one word, of a whole generation. Is it poſſible in the ſame moment to be informed of this univerſal deſtruction, and not to wiſh for death?

16. "This general mortality, which to others comes ſlowly and by degrees, has to me been inſtantaneous, the operation of a moment. Whilſt ſecluded from ſociety, I lived with myſelf only; but here I can neither live with myſelf, nor with this new race, to whom my anguiſh and deſpair appear only as a dream."

17. The miniſter was melted; he cauſed the old domeſtic to attend this unfortunate perſon, as only *he* could talk to him of his family.

18. This diſcourſe was the ſingle conſolation which he received; for he ſhunned intercourſe with the new race, born ſince he had been exiled from the world; and he paſſed his time in the midſt of Paris in the ſame ſolitude as he had done whilſt confined in a dungeon for almoſt half a century.

19. But the chagrin and mortification of meeting no perſon who could ſay to him, "We were formerly known to each other," ſoon put an end to his life.

Description of the Falls of Niagara.

AMONG the many natural curioſities which this coun- affords, the cataract of Niagara is infinitely the greateſt. ›rder to have a tolerable idea of this ſtupendous fall of wa- ·it will be neceſſary to conceive that part of the country ·hich Lake Erie is ſituated, to be elevated above that :h contains Lake Ontario, about three hundred feet.

2. The ſlope which ſeparates the upper and lower country is generally very ſteep, and in many places almoſt perpendicular. It is formed by horizontal ſtrata of ſtone, great part of which is what we commonly call lime-ſtone. The ſlope may be traced from the north ſide of Lake Ontario, near the bay of Teronto, round the weſt end of the lake; thence its direction is generally eaſt, between Lake Ontario and Lake Erie; it croſſes the ſtrait of Niagara; and the Cheneſeco river; after which it becomes loſt in the country towards the Seneka Lake.

3. It is to this ſlope that our country is indebted, both for the cataract of Niagara and the great falls of the Cheneſeco. The cataract of Niagara, was formerly down at the northern ſide of the ſlope, near to that place which is now known by the name of the Landing; but from the great length of time added to the great quantity of water, and diſtance which it falls, the ſolid ſtone is worn away, for about ſeven miles, up towards Lake Erie, and a chaſm is formed which no perſon can approach without horror.

4. Down this chaſm, the water ruſhes with a moſt aſtoniſhing velocity, after it makes the great pitch. In going up the road near this chaſm, the fancy is conſtantly engaged in the contemplation of the moſt romantic and awful proſpects imaginable, until, at length, the eye catches the falls, the imagination is inſtantly arreſted, and you admire in ſilence! The river is about one hundred and thirty-five rods wide, at the falls, and the perpendicular pitch one hundred and fifty feet.

5. The fall of this vaſt body of water produces a ſound which is frequently heard at the diſtance of twenty miles, and a ſenſible tremulous motion in the earth for ſome rods round. A heavy fog, or cloud is conſtantly aſcending from the falls, in which rainbows may always be ſeen when the ſun ſhines.

6. This fog, or ſpray, in the winter ſeaſon, falls upon the neighboring trees where it congeals, and produces a moſt beautiful cryſtaline appearance. This remark is equally applicable to the falls of the Cheneſeco.

7. The difficulty which would attend levelling the rapids in the chaſm, prevented my attempting it; but I conjecture the water muſt deſcend at leaſt ſixty-five feet. The perpendicular pitch at the cataract is at leaſt one hundred and fifty feet; to theſe add fifty-eight feet, which the water falls in the laſt

half mile, immediately above the falls, and we have two hundred and ſeventy-three feet which the water falls in a diſtance of about ſeven miles and a half.

8. If either ducks, or geeſe, inadvertently alight in the rapids, above the great cataract, they are incapable of getting on the wing again, and are inſtantly hurried on to deſtruction. There is one appearance at this cataract, worthy of ſome attention, and which I do not remember to have ſeen noted by any writer.

9. Juſt below the great pitch, the water and foam may be ſeen puffed up in ſpherical figures nearly as large as common cocks of hay; they burſt at the top, and project a column of ſpray to a prodigious height; they then ſubſide and are ſucceeded by others, which burſt in like manner. This appearance is moſt conſpicuous about half way between the iſland that divides the falls, and the weſt ſide of the ſtrait, where the largeſt column of water deſcends.

Narrative of the Captivity of Mrs. Jemima Howe, taken by the Indians at Hinsdale, New-Hampshire, July 27, 1755.

1. As Meſſrs. Caleb Howe, Hilkiah Grout, and Benjamin Gaffield, who had been hoeing corn in the meadow, weſt of the river, were returning home a little before ſunſet to a place called Bridgman's Fort, they were fired upon by twelve Indians who had ambuſhed their path.

2. Howe was on horſeback, with two young lads, his children behind him. A ball, which broke his thigh, brought him to the ground. His horſe ran a few rods and fell likewiſe, and both the lads were taken. The Indians in their ſavage manner, coming up to Howe, pierced his body with a ſpear, tore off his ſcalp, ſtuck a hatchet in his head, and left him in this forlorn condition.

3. He was found alive the morning after, by a party of men from Fort Hinſdale; and being aſked by one of the party whether he knew him, he anſwered, Yes, I know you all. Theſe were his laſt words, though he did not expire until after his friends had arrived with him at Fort Hinſdale. Grout was ſo fortunate as to eſcape unhurt.

4. But Gaffield in attempting to wade through the river, at a certain place which was indeed fordable at that time, was

unfortunately drowned. Flushed with the success they had met with here, the savages went directly to Bridgman's Fort. There was no man in it, and only three women and some children, Mrs. Jemima Howe, Mrs. Submit Grout and Mrs. Eunice Gaffield.

5. Their husbands I need not mention again, and their feelings at this juncture I will not attempt to describe. They had heard the enemy's guns, but knew not what happened to their friends.

6. Extremely anxious for their safety, they stood longing to embrace them, until at length, concluding from the noise they heard without, that some of them were come, they unbarred the gate in a hurry to receive them; when lo! to their inexpressible disappointment and surprise, instead of their husbands, in rushed a number of hideous Indians, to whom they and their tender offsprings became an easy prey; and from whom they had nothing to expect, but either an immediate death, or a long and doleful captivity.

7. The latter of these, by the favor of Providence, turned out to be the lot of these unhappy women, and their still more unhappy, because more helpless children. Mrs. Gaffield had but one, Mrs. Grout had three, and Mrs. Howe seven. The eldest of Mrs. Howe's was eleven years old, and the youngest but six months.

8. The two eldest were daughters, which she had by her first husband, Mr. William Phips, who was also slain by the Indians, of which I doubt not you have seen an account in Mr. Doolittle's history. It was from the mouth of this woman that I lately received the foregoing account. She also gave me, I doubt not, a true though, to be sure, a very brief and imperfect history of her captivity, which I here insert for your perusal.

9. The Indians (she says) having plundered and put fire to the fort, we marched, as near as I could judge, a mile and a half into the woods, where we encamped that night.

10. When the morning came, and we had, advanced as much farther, six Indians were sent back to the place of our late abode, who collected a little more plunder, and destroyed some other effects that had been left behind; but they did not return until the day was so far spent, that it was judged best to continue where they were through the night.

11. Early the next morning, we set off for Canada, and continued our march eight days successively, until we had reached the place where the Indians had left their canooes, about fifteen miles from Crown Point. This was a long and tedious march; but the captives, by Divine assistance, were enabled to endure it with less trouble and difficulty than they had reason to expect.

12. From such savage masters, in such indigent circumstances, we could not rationally hope for kinder treatment than we received. Some of us, it is true, had a harder lot than others; and, among the children, I thought my son Squire had the hardest of any.

13. He was then only four years old, and when we stopped to rest our weary limbs, and he sat down on his master's pack, the savage monster would often knock him off; and some times too with the handle of his hatchet. Several ugly marks, indented in his head by the cruel Indians, at that tender age, are still plainly to be seen.

14. At length we arrived at Crown Point and took up our quarters there, for the space of near a week. In the mean time some of the Indians went to Montreal, and took several of the weary captives along with them, with a view of selling them to the French. They did not succeed however, in finding a market for any of them.

15. They gave my youngest daughter to the governor, de Vaudreuil, had a drunken frolic, and returned again to Crown Point, with the rest of their prisoners. From hence we set off for St. John's, in four or five canooes, just as night was coming on, and were soon surrounded with darkness.

16. A heavy storm hung over us. The sound of the rolling thunder was very terrible upon the waters, which at every flash of expansive lightning seemed to be all in a blaze. Yet to this we were indebted for all the light we enjoyed. No object could we discern any longer than the flashes lasted.

17. In this posture we sailed in our open, tottering canooes, almost the whole of that dreary night. The morning indeed had not yet begun to dawn, when we all went ashore; and having collected a heap of sand and gravel for a pillow, I laid myself down, with my tender infant by my side, not knowing where any of my other children were, or what a miserable condition they might be in.

18. The next day, however, under the wing of that ever-present and all powerful Providence, which had preserved us through the darkness and imminent dangers of the preceding night, we all arrived in safety at St. John's.

19. Our next movement was to St. Francois, the metropolis, if I may so call it, to which the Indians who led us captive belonged. Soon after our arrival at that wretched capital, a council, consisting of the chief Sachem and some principal warriors of the St. Francois tribe, was convened; and after the ceremonies usual on such occasions were over, I was conducted and delivered to an old squaw, whom the Indians told me I must call my mother.

20. My infant still continued to be the property of its original Indian owners. I was nevertheless permitted to keep it with me a while longer, for the sake of saving them the trouble of looking after it. When the weather began to grow cold, shuddering at the prospect of approaching winter, I acquainted my new mother, that I did not think it would be possible for me to endure it, if I must spend it with her, and fare as the Indians did.

21. Listening to my repeated and earnest solicitations, that I might be disposed of among some of the French inhabitants of Canada, she at length set off with me and my infant, attended by some male Indians upon a journey to Montreal, in hopes of finding a market for me there. But the attempt proved unsuccessful, and the journey tedious indeed.

22. Our provision was so scanty as well as insipid and unsavory; the weather was so cold, and the travelling so very bad, that it often seemed as if I must have perished on the way.

23. While we were at Montreal, we went into the house of a certain French gentleman, whose lady being sent for, and coming into the room where I was, to examin me, seeing I had an infant, exclaimed with an oath "I will not buy a woman who has a child to look after."

24. There was a swill-pail standing near me, in which I observed some crusts and crumbs of bread swimming on the surface of the greasy liquor it contained. Sorely pinched with hunger, I skimmed them off with my hands, and ate them; and this was all the refreshment which the house afforded me.

25. Somewhere in the course of this visit to Montreal, my Indian mother was so unfortunate as to catch the small-pox,

of which diſtemper ſhe died, ſoon after our return, which was by water to St. Francois. And now came on the ſeaſon when the Indians began to prepare for a winter's hunt.

26. I was ordered to return my poor child to thoſe of them who ſtill claimed it as their property. This was a ſevere trial. The babe clung to my boſom with all its might; but I was obliged to pluck it thence, and deliver it, ſhrieking and ſcreaming, enough to penetrate a heart of ſtone, into the hands of thoſe unfeeling wretches, whoſe tender mercies may be termed cruel.

27. It was ſoon carried off by a hunting party of thoſe Indians, to a place called Miſſiſko, at the lower end of Lake Champlain, whither, in about a month after, it was my fortune to follow them. And here I found it, it is true, but in a condition that afforded me no great ſatisfaction; it being greatly emaciated, and almoſt ſtarved.

28. I took it in my arms, put its face to mine, and it inſtantly bit me with ſuch violence, that it ſeemed as if I muſt have parted with a piece of my cheek. I was permitted to lodge with it that and the two following nights; but every morning that intervened, the Indians, I ſuppoſe on purpoſe to torment me, ſent me away to another wigwam, which ſtood at a little diſtance, though not ſo far from the one in which my diſtreſſed infant was confined, but that I could plainly hear its inceſſant cries, and heart-rending lamentations.

29. In this deplorable condition, I was obliged to take my leave of it on the morning of the third day after my arrival at the place. We moved down the lake ſeveral miles the ſame day; and the night following was remarkable on account of the *great earthquake* which terribly ſhook that howling wilderneſs.

30. Among the iſlands hereabouts, we ſpent the winter ſeaſon, often ſhifting our quarters, and roving about from one place to another; our family conſiſting of three perſons only, beſide myſelf, viz. my late mother's daughter, whom therefore I called my ſiſter, her ſanhop, and a pappoos.

31. They once left me alone two diſmal nights; and when they returned to me again, perceiving them ſmile at each other, I aſked what is the matter? They replied that two of my children were no more. One of which, they ſaid, died a natural death, and the other was knocked on the head,

32. I did nor utter many words, but my heart was ſorely pained within me, and my mind exceedingly troubled with ſtrange and awful ideas. I often imagined, for inſtance, that I plainly ſaw the naked carcaſſes of my deceaſed children hanging upon the limbs of the trees, as the Indians are wont to hang the raw hides of thoſe beaſts which they take in hunting.

33. It was not long, however, before it was ſo ordered by kind Providence, that I ſhould be relieved in a good meaſure from thoſe horrid imaginations; for as I was walking one day upon the ice, obſerving a ſmoke at ſome diſtance upon the land, it muſt proceed, thought I, from the fire of ſome Indian hut; and who knows but ſome of my poor children may be there.

34. My curioſity, thus excited, led me to the place, and there I found my ſon Caleb, a little boy between two and three years old, whom I had lately buried, in apprehenſion at leaſt; or rather imagined to have been deprived of life, and perhaps alſo denied a decent grave.

35. I found him likewiſe in tolerable health and circumſtances, under the protection of a fond Indian mother: and moreover had the happineſs of lodging with him in my arms one joyful night. Again we ſhifted our quarters, and when we had travelled eight or ten miles upon the ſnow and ice, came to a place where the Indians manufactured ſugar, which they extracted from the maple trees.

36. Here an Indian came to viſit us, whom I knew, and who could ſpeak Engliſh. He aſked me why I did not go to ſee my ſon Squire. I replied that I had lately been informed he was dead. He aſſured me that he was yet alive, and but two or three miles off, on the oppoſite ſide of the Lake.

37. At my requeſt, he gave me the beſt directions he could to the place of his abode. I reſolved to embrace the firſt opportunity that offered of endeavoring to ſearch it out. While I was buſy in contemplating this affair, the Indians obtained a little bread, of which they gave me a ſmall ſhare.

38. I did not taſte a morſel of it myſelf, but ſaved it all for my poor child, if I ſhould be ſo lucky as to find him. At length, having obtained of my keeper leave to be abſent for one day, I ſet off early in the morning, and ſteering, as well as I could, according to the directions which the friendly Indian had given me, I quickly found the place which he had ſo accurately marked out.

39. I beheld, as I drew nigh, my little ſon without the camp; but he looked, thought I, like a ſtarved and mangy puppy, that had been wallowing in the aſhes. I took him in my arms, and he ſpoke to me theſe words in the Indian tongue; "Mother are you come?"

40. I took him into the wigwam with me, and obſerving a number of Indian children in it, I diſtributed all the bread which I had reſerved for my own child, among them all; otherwiſe I ſhould have given great offenſe.

41. My little boy appeared to be very fond of his new mother, kept as near me as poſſible while I ſtayed; and when I told him I muſt go, he fell as though he had been knocked down with a club.

42. But having recommended him to the care of him who made him, when the day was far ſpent, and the time would permit me to ſtay no longer, I departed, you may well ſuppoſe, with a heavy load at my heart. The tidings I had received of the death of my youngeſt child, had a little before been confirmed to me beyond a doubt; but I could not mourn ſo heartily for the deceaſed, as for the living child.

43. When the winter broke up, we removed to St. John's; and through the enſuing ſummer, our principal reſidence was at no great diſtance from the fort at that place. In the mean time, however, my ſiſter's huſband having been out with a ſcouting party to ſome of the Engliſh ſettlements, had a drunken frolic at the fort when he returned.

44. His wife, who never got drunk, but had often experienced the ill effects of her huſband's intemperance, fearing what the conſequence might prove, if he ſhould come home in a moroſe and turbulent humor, to avoid his inſolence, propoſed that we ſhould both retire, and keep out of the reach of it, until the ſtorm abated.

45. We abſconded accordingly: but it ſo happened, that I returned, and ventured into his preſence, before his wife had preſumed to come nigh him. I found him in his wigwam and in a ſurly mood; and not being able to revenge upon his wife, becauſe ſhe was not at home, he laid hold of me, and hurried me to the fort; and, for a trifling conſideration, ſold me to a French gentleman, whoſe name was Saccapee.

46. It is an ill wind certainly that blows nobody any good. I had been with the Indians a year lacking fourteen days; and

if not for my sister, yet for me it was a lucky circumstance indeed, which thus in an unexpected moment, snatched me out of their cruel hands, and placed me beyond the reach of their insolent power.

47. After my Indian master had disposed of me in the manner related above, and the moment of sober reflection had arrived, perceiving that the man who bought me had taken the advantage of him in an unguarded hour, his resentment began to kindle, and his indignation rose so high, that he threatened to kill me if he should meet me alone; or if he could not revenge himself thus, that he would set fire to the fort.

48. I was therefore secreted in an upper chamber, and the fort carefully guarded, until his wrath had time to cool. My service in the family, to which I was advanced, was perfect freedom, in comparison with what it had been among the barbarous Indians.

49. My new master and mistress were both as kind and generous towards me as I could reasonably expect. I seldom asked a favor of either of them, but it was readily granted. In consequence of which I had it in my power, in many instances, to administer aid and refreshment to the poor prisoners of my own nation, who were brought into St. John's during my abode in the family of the above mentioned benevolent and hospitable Saccapee.

50. Yet even in this family, such trials awaited me as I had little reason to expect; but stood in need of a large stock of prudence, to enable me to encounter them. In this I was greatly assisted by the governor, and Col. Schuyler, who was then a prisoner.

51. I was moreover under unspeakable obligations to the governor on another account. I had received intelligence from my daughter Mary, the purport of which was, that there was a prospect of her being shortly married to a young Indian of the tribe of St. Francois with which tribe she had continued from the beginning of her captivity. These were heavy tidings, and added greatly to the poignancy of my other afflictions.

52. However, not long after I had heard this melancholy news, an opportunity presented of acquainting that huma and generous gentleman, the commander in chief, and my lustrious benefactor, with this affair also, who in compass

for my ſufferings, and to mitigate my ſorrows, iſſued his orders in good time, and had my daughter taken away from the Indians, and conveyed to the ſame nunnery where her ſiſter was then lodged, with his expreſs injunction, that they ſhould both of them together be well looked after, and carefully educated, as his adopted children.

53. In this ſchool of ſuperſtition and bigotry, they continued while the war in thoſe days between France and Great Britain laſted. At the concluſion of which war, the governor went home to France, took my oldeſt daughter along with him, and married her there to a French gentleman, whoſe name is Cron Lewis.

54. He was at Boſton with the fleet under Count d'Eſtaing, (1778) and one of his clerks. My other daughter ſtill continuing in the nunnery; a conſiderable time had elapſed after my return from captivity, when I made a journey to Canada, reſolving to uſe my beſt endeavors not to return without her.

55. I arrived juſt in time to prevent her being ſent to France. She was to have gone in the next veſſel that ſailed for that place. And I found it extremely difficult to prevail with her to quit the nunnery and go home with me.

56. Yea, ſhe abſolutely refuſed; and all the perſuaſions and arguments I could uſe with her were to no effect, until after I had been to the governor, and obtained a letter from him to the ſuperintendant of the nuns, in which he threatened, if my daughter ſhould not be delivered immediately into my hands, or could not be prevailed with to ſubmit to my parental authority, that he would ſend a band of ſoldiers to aſſiſt me in bringing her away.

57. But ſo extremely bigoted was ſhe to the cuſtoms and religion of the place, that after all, ſhe left it with the greateſt reluctance, and the moſt bitter lamentations, which ſhe continued as we paſſed the ſtreets, and wholly refuſed to be comforted. My good friend Major Small, whom we met with on the way, tried all he could to conſole her; and was ſo very kind and obliging as to bear us company, and carry my daughter behind him on horſeback.

58. But I have run on a little before my ſtory; for I have ... informed you of the means and manner of my own ... to the accompliſhing of which, the recovery of ... ſt mentioned, and the ranſoming of ſome of

my other children, ſeveral gentlemen of note contributed not a little; to whoſe goodneſs, therefore, I am greatly indebted, and ſincerely hope I ſhall never be ſo ungrateful as to forget it.

59. Col. Schuyler, in particular, was ſo very kind and generous as to advance 2700 livers to procure a ranſom for myſelf and three of my children. He accompanied and conducted us from Montreal to Albany, and entertained us in the moſt friendly and hoſpitable manner a conſiderable time, at his own houſe, and I believe, entirely at his own expenſe.

The Whistle.

1. WHEN I was a child at ſeven years old, ſays Dr. Franklin, my friends on an holiday filled my little pockets with coppers. I went directly to a ſhop where they ſold toys for children; and being charmed with the ſound of a Whiſtle, which I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered, and gave all my money for one.

2. I then came home, and went whiſtling all over the houſe, much pleaſed with my Whiſtle; but diſturbing all the family. My brothers and ſiſters and couſins, underſtanding the bargain I had made, told me, I had given four times as muc[illegible] as it was worth.

3. This put me in mind of what good things I might have bought with the reſt of the money. And they laughed at me ſo much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the Whiſtle gave me pleaſure.

4. This, however was afterwards of uſe to me; the impreſſion continuing on my mind, ſo that often when I was tempted to buy ſome unneceſſary thing, I ſaid to myſelf, *Don't give too much for the Whiſtle.* And ſo I ſaved my money.

5. As I grew up and came into the world, and obſerved the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, *who gave too much for the Whiſtle.*

6. When I ſaw one too ambitious of court favors, ſacrificing his time in attendance at levees, his repoſe, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends to obtain it, I have ſaid to myſelf, *This man gives too much for his Whiſtle.*

7. When I ſaw another fond of popularity, conſtantly employing himſelf in political buſtles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect, *He pays,* ſaid I, *too much for his Whiſtle.*

8. If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship for the sake of accumulating wealth, *Poor man*, said I, *you do indeed pay too much for the Whistle.*

9. When I meet with a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporeal sensations, and ruining his health in the pursuit; mistaken man, say I, you are providing pain for yourself in stead of pleasure; *you give too much for your Whistle.*

10. If I see one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine houses, fine equipage, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in prison; alass! say I *he has paid dear, very dear for his Whistle.*

11. In short I conceived that great part of the miseries of mankind were brought upon them by the false estimates they had made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their *Whistles.*

History of Pocahontas.

1. PERHAPS they who are not particularly acquainted with the history of Virginia, may be ignorant that Poc[illegible]ontas was the protectress of the English, and often sc[illegible] them from the cruelty of her father.

2. She was but twelve years old, when captain Smith, the bravest, the most intelligent, and the most humane of the first colonists, fell into the hands of the Savages.—He alre understood their language, had traded with them several tir and often appeased the quarrels between the Europeans them. Often had he been obliged also to fight them, and punish their perfidy.

3. At length however, under the pretext of commerce was drawn into an ambush, and the only two companions who accompanied him fell before his eyes; but though alone, by his dexterity he extricated himself from the troop which surrounded him; until, unfortunately imagining he could save himself, by crossing a morass, he stuck fast, so that the savages against whom he had no means of defending himself, at last took and bound him, and conducted him to Powhatan.

4. The king was so proud of having Captain Smith in his power, that he sent him in triumph to all the tributary princes,

and ordered that he ſhould be ſplendidly treated, till he returned to ſuffer that death which was prepared for him.

5. The fatal moment at laſt arrived. Captain Smith was laid upon the hearth of the ſavage king, and his head placed upon a large ſtone to receive the ſtroke of death; when Pocahontas, the youngeſt and darling daughter of Powhatan, threw herſelf upon his body, claſped him in her arms, and declared that if the cruel ſentence was executed, the firſt blow ſhould fall on her.

6. All ſavages (abſolute ſovereigns and tyrants not excepted) are invariably more affected by the tears of infancy, than the voice of humanity. Powhatan could not reſiſt the tears and prayers of his daughter.

7. Captain Smith obtained his life, on condition of paying for his ranſom a certain quantity of muſkets, powder, and iron utenſils; but how were they to be obtained? They would neither permit him to return to James-Town, nor let the Engliſh know where he was, leſt they ſhould demand him ſword in hand.

8. Captain Smith, who was as ſenſible as courageous, ſaid, that if Powhatan would permit one of his ſubjects to carry to James-Town a leaf which he took from his pocket book, he ſhou[illegible] under a tree, at the day and hour appointed, all the articles demanded for his ranſom.

9. Powhatan conſented; but without having much faith in his promiſes, believing it to be only an artifice of the Captain to prolong his life. But he had written on a leaf a few lines, ſufficient to give an account of his ſituation. The meſſenger returned. The king ſent to the place fixed upon, and was greatly aſtoniſhed to find every thing which had been demanded.

10. Powhatan could not conceive this mode of tranſmitting thoughts; and Captain Smith was henceforth looked upon as a great magician, to whom they could not ſhow too much reſpect. He left the ſavages in this opinion, and haſtened to return home.

11. Two or three years after, ſome freſh difference ariſing amidſt them and the Engliſh, Powhatan, who no longer thought them ſorcerers but ſtill feared their power, laid a horrid plan to get rid of them altogether. His project was to attack them in profound peace, and cut the throats of the whole colony.

12. The night of this intended conspiracy, Pocahontas took advantage of the obscurity; and in a terrible storm which kept the savages in their tents, escaped from her father's house, advised the English to be on their guard, but conjured them to spare her family; to appear ignorant of the intelligence she had given, and terminate all their differences by a new treaty.

13. It would be tedious to relate all the services which this angel of peace rendered to both nations. I shall only add, that the English, I know not from what motives, but certainly against all faith and equity, thought proper to carry her off. Long and bitterly did she deplore her fate; and the only consolation she had was Captain Smith, in whom she found a second father.

14. She was treated with great respect, and married to a planter by the name of Rolfe, who soon after took her to England. This was in the reign of James the first; and it is said, that the monarch, pedantic and ridiculous in every point, was so infatuated with the prerogatives of royalty, that he expressed his displeasure, that one of his subjects should dare to marry the daughter even of a savage king.

15. It will not perhaps be difficult to decide on this occasion, whether it was the savage king who derived honor from finding himself placed upon a level with the European prince, or the English monarch, who, by his pride and prejudices, reduced himself to a level with the chief of the savages.

16. Be that as it will, Captain Smith, who had returned to London before the arrival of Pocahontas, was extremely happy to see her again; but dared not treat her with the same familiarity as at James-Town. As soon as she saw him, she threw herself into his arms, calling him her father; but finding that he neither returned her caresses with equal warmth, nor the endearing title of daughter, she turned aside her head and wept bitterly; and it was a long time before they could obtain a single word from her.

17. Capt. Smith inquired several times what could be the cause of her affliction. "What! said she, did I not save thy life in America? When I was torn from the arms of my father, and conducted amongst thy friends, didst thou not promise to be a father to me? Didst thou not assure me, that if I went into thy country, thou wouldst be my father, and that I should be thy daughter? Thou hast deceived me, and behold me now here a stranger and an orphan."

18. It was not difficult for the captain to make his peace with this charming creature, whom he tenderly loved. He presented her to several people of the first quality; but never dared to take her to court, from which, however, she received several favors.

19. After a residence of several years in England, an example of virtue and piety, and attachment to her husband, she died, as she was on the point of embarking for America. She left an only son, who was married, and left none but daughters; and from these are descended some of the principal characters in Virginia.

Emilius, or Domestic Happiness.

1. THE government of a family depends on such various and opposit principles, that it is a matter of extreme delicacy. Perhaps there is no situation in life in which it is so difficult to behave with propriety, as in the contest between *parental authority* and *parental love.* This is undoubtedly the reason why we see so few happy families. Few parents are both loved and respected, because most of them are either the *dupes* or the *tyrants* of their children.

2. Some parents either from a natural weakness of mind, or an excess of fondness, permit, and even encourage their children, in a thousand familiarities, which render them ridiculous, and by diminishing the respect which is due to their age and station, destroy all their authority.

3. Others, ruled by a partial and blind affection, which can deny nothing to its object, indulge their children in all their romantic wishes, however trifling and foolish; however degrading to their dignity or injurious to their welfare.

4. Others, soured by misfortunes, or grown peevish and jealous by the loss of youthful pleasures, and an acquaintance with the deceit and folly of the world, attempt to restrain the ideas and enjoyments of youth by the rigid maxims of age.

5. The children of the first class often offend by silly manners and a kind of good natured disrespect. Those of the second are generally proud, whimsical and vicious. Those of the third, if they are subdued, when young, by the rigor of parental discipline, forever remain morose, illiberal and unsociable; or if, as it commonly happens, they find means to escape from restraint, they abandon themselves to every species of licentiousness.

6. To parents of these descriptions may be added another class, whose fondness blinds their eyes to the most glaring vices of their children; or invents such palliations, as to prevent the most salutary corrections.

7. The taste for amusements in young people, is the most difficult to regulate by the maxims of prudence. In this article parents are apt to err, either by extreme indulgence on the one hand, or immoderate rigor on the other.

8. Recollecting the feelings of their youth, they give unbounded licence to the inclinations of their children; or having lost all relish for amusements, they refuse to gratify their most moderate desires.

9. It is a maxim which universally holds true, that the best method of guarding youth from *criminal* pleasures, is to indulge them freely in those that are *innocent*. A person who has free access to reputable society, will have little inclination to frequent that which is vicious.

10. But those who are kept under constant restraint, who are seldom in amusements, who are perpetually awed by the frowns of a parent, or soured by a disappointment of their most harmless wishes, will at times break over all bounds to gratify their taste for pleasure, and will not be anxious to discriminate between the innocent and the criminal.

11. Nothing contributes more to keep youth within the limits of decorum, than to have their superiors mingle in their company at proper times, and participate of their amusements.

12. This condescension flatters their pride; at the sam time that respect for age, which no familiarities can wholl efface, naturally checks the extravagant sallies of mirth, an the indelicate rudenesses which young people are apt to indulge in their jovial hours.

13. That awful distance at which some parents keep their children, and their abhorrence of all juvenile diversions, which compel youth to sacrifice their most innocent desires, or veil the gratification of them with the most anxious secrecy, have as direct a tendency to drive young persons into a profligate life, as the force of vicious example.

14. It is impossible to give to the age of *twenty*, the feelings or the knowledge of *sixty*; as it would be folly to wish to clothe a child with gray hairs, or to stamp the fading a

Autumn on the bloom of May. Nature has given to every age some peculiar passions and appetites; to moderate and refine these, not to stifle and destroy, is the business of common prudence and parental care.

15. I was led into this train of reflections by an acquaintance with the family of Emilius, which is a rare instance of domestic felicity. Parents indulgent to their children, hospitable to their friends, and universally respected; their sons equally generous, modest and manly.

16. Emila, an only daughter, the pride of her parents, possessed of every accomplishment that can honor herself, or endear her to her friends; an easy fortune, and a disposition to enjoy and improve it for the purposes of humanity; perfect harmony of domestic life, and unaffected satisfaction in the pleasures of society. Such is the family of Emilius.

17. Such a family is a little paradise on earth; to envy their happiness is almost a virtue. Conjugal respect, parental tenderness, filial obedience, and brotherly kindness are so seldom united, in a family, that when I am honored with the friendship of such, I am equally ambitious to participate their happiness, and profit by the example.

18. Emila's situation must be peculiarly agreeable. Her parents delight to gratify her in innocent amusements: and contented with this, she knows no wish beyond the sacred bounds of honor. While by their indulgence she enjoys every rational pleasure, she rewards their generous care, by a dutiful behavior and unblemished manners.

19. By thus discharging the reciprocal duties of their respective stations, the happiness of each is secured. The solicitude of the parent and the obedience of the child, equally contribute to the bliss of the little society; the one calling forth every act of tenderness, and the other displayed in all the filial virtues.

20. Few families are destined to be so happy as that of Emilius. Were I to choose the situation where I could pass my life with most satisfaction, it would be in this domestic circle. My house would then be the residence of delight, unmingled with the anxieties of ambition or the regret of disappointment.

21. Every act would be dictated by love and respect: every countenance would wear the smile of complacence; and the

little unavoidable troubles, incident to the happieſt ſituation, would only ſerve to increaſe our friendſhip and improve our felicity, by making room for the exerciſe of virtue.

Emilia, or the Happiness of Retirement.

1. As I was converſing with Emilia, a few days paſt, I aſked whether ſhe was contented to live ſo remote from the reſort of company. She anſwered in the affirmative, and remarked further, that her ſituation enabled her to diſtinguiſh between *real* friends and *complimentary*; For if ſhe lived in a more public place, ſhe might be viſited by crowds of people, who were civil indeed, but had no motive for calling on her, but to ſpend an idle hour and gaze on the buſy multitude.

2. I was pleaſed with the remark, and was naturally led to conſider ſuch a retired ſituation as a fortunate circumſtance for a young lady of delicacy. Not only the happineſs of a family, but the character of young women, both in a moral and ſocial view, depends on a choice of proper company.

3. A perpetual throng of company, eſpecially if it furniſhes a variety of new objects, has a pernicious effect on the diſpoſitions of female minds. Women are deſtineſt by nature to preſide over domeſtic affairs. Whatever parade they may make abroad their *real* merit and *real* characters are known only at home.

4. The behavior of ſervants, the neatneſs of furniture, the order of a table, and the regularity of domeſtic buſineſs, are deciſive evidences of female worth. Perhaps ſweetneſs of temper does not contribute more to the happineſs of their partners and their families, than a proper attention to theſe articles.

5. For this reaſon, whatever has a tendency to divert the mind from theſe concerns, and give them a turn for empty ſhow, endleſs noiſe, and taſteleſs amuſements, ought to be carefully avoided by young ladies who wiſh for reſpect beyond the preſent moment.

6. Miſſes, who are perpetually ſurrounded with idle company, or even live in ſight of it, though they may be fortunate enough to preſerve their innocence, are ſtill in hazard of contracting ſuch a fondneſs for diſſipation and folly, as to unfit them for the ſuperintendance of a family.

7. Another danger to which young women possessed of personal charms are exposed in public places, is the flattery and admiration of men. The good opinion of a fop will hardly flatter a woman of discernment; much less ordinary compliments which are commonly without meaning.

8. But the heart is often so disguised, that it is difficult at first to distinguish between a coxcomb and a man of worth; or if it is easier for an accurate observer, yet there is great danger that vanity and inexperience will make young ladies overlook the distinction.

9. Few minds are effectually secured against the attacks of flattery. It is a poison the more fatal, as it seizes human nature in its weakest part. In youth, when the passions are in full vigor, and the judgment feeble, female minds are peculiarly liable to be corrupted by the contagious influence of pretty civilities and affected admiration.

10. With whatever scruples they may at first listen to the praises that are bestowed on their real or pretended charms, a constant strain of flattering addresses, accompanied with obsequious complasance, seldom fails of giving them too high an opinion of themselves. They are insensibly led to believe, that they are possessed of virtues to which they are really strangers.

11. This belief satisfies them without attempting any further improvement; and makes them to depend, for reputation in life, on good qualities, the fancied existence of which begins and ends with the falsehood of customary compliments.

12. Such ladies before marriage, are usually vain, pert, affected and silly; and after marriage, haughty, disappointed and peevish. The most perfect beauty must fade, and cease to command admiration; but in most instances, the nuptial hour puts a period to that excess of flattering attention which is the happiness of giddy females. The longest term of admiration must be short: That which depends solely on personal attractions is often momentary.

13. The more flattery is bestowed on young ladies, the less in general, are they solicitous to acquire virtues which shall insure respect when admiration shall cease. The more they are praised in youth, the more they expect it in advanced life, when they have less charms to command it. Thus the excessive complasance of admirers, which is extremely pleasing at *sixteen*, proves at *forty*, a source of mortification and discontent.

14. I would by no means insinuate that young ladies ought to be kept total strangers to company, and to rational professions of esteem. It is in company only that they can acquaint themselves with mankind, acquire an easy address, and learn numberless little decorums, which are essential and cannot be taught by precept. Without these a woman will sometimes deviate from that dignity and propriety of conduct, which in any situation, will secure the good will of her friends, and prevent the blushes of her husband.

15. A fondness for company and amusement is blameable only when it is indulged to excess, and permitted to absorb more important concerns. Nor is some degree of flattery always dangerous or useless. The good opinion of mankind we are all desirous to obtain; and to know that we *possess* it, often makes us ambitious to *deserve* it.

16. No passion is given to us in vain; the best ends are sometimes effected by the worst means; and even female vanity, properly managed, may prompt to the most meritorious actions. I should pay Emilia but a very ill compliment to ascribe her virtues to her local situation; for no person can claim, as a virtue, what she has been in no danger of losing.

17. But there is no retirement beyond the reach of temptation, and the whole tenor of her conduct, proves, that her unblemished morals and uniform delicacy, proceed from better principles than necessity or accident.

18. She is loved and flattered, but she is not vain; her company is universally coveted, and yet she has no airs of haughtiness and disdain.

19. Her cheerfulness in company shows that she has a relish for society; her contentment at home, and attention to domestic concerns, are early specimens of her happy disposition; and her decent unaffected abhorrence of every species of licentious behaviour, evinces, beyond suspicion, that the innocence of her heart is equal to the charms of her person.

JULIANA. *A real character.*

1. JULIANA is one of those rare women whose personal attractions have no rivals, but the sweetness of her temper and the delicacy of her sentiments. An elegant person, regular features, a fine complexion, a lively, expressive countenance, an easy address, and those blushes of modesty that soften the

ſoul of the beholder; theſe are the native beauties, which render her the object of univerſal admiration.

2. But when we converſe with her, and hear the melting expreſſions of unaffected ſenſibility and virtue that flow from her tongue, her perſonal charms receive new luſter, and irreſiſtibly engage the affections of her acquaintances.

3. Senſible that the great ſource of all happineſs, is purity of morals and an eaſy conſcience, Juliana pays conſtant and ſincere attention to the duties of religion. She abhors the infamous but faſhonable vice of deriding the ſacred inſtitutions of religion.

4. She conſiders a lady without virtue as a monſter on earth; and every accompliſhment, without morals, as polite deception. She is neither a hypocrit nor an enthuſiaſt; on the contrary, ſhe mingles ſuch cheerfulneſs with the religious duties of life, that even her piety carries with it a charm which inſenſibly allures the profligate from the arms of vice.

5. Not only the general tenor of her life, but in particular her behavior in church evinces the reality of her religion.—She eſteems it not only criminal in a high degree, but extremely unpolite, to behave with levity in a place conſecrated to the ſolemn purpoſe of devotion.

6. She cannot believe that any perſon, who is ſolicitous to treat all mankind with civility, can laugh in the temple of Jehovah, and treat their great benefactor with heedleſs neglect.

7. In polite life, the manners of Juliana are peculiarly engaging. To her ſuperiors, ſhe ſhows the utmoſt deference and reſpect. To her equals, the moſt modeſt complaſance and civility; while perſons of every rank experience her kindneſs and affability.

8. By this conduct ſhe ſecures the love and friendſhip of all degrees. No perſon can deſpiſe her, for ſhe does nothing that is rediculous; ſhe cannot be hated, for ſhe does injury to none; and even the malevolent whiſpers of envy are ſilenced, by her modeſt deportment and generous condeſcenſion.

9. Her converſation is lively and ſentimental; free from falſe wit, frivolous minuteneſs, and affectation of learning.—Altho her diſcourſe is always under the direction of prudence, yet it appears unſtudied; for her good ſenſe always furniſhes her with thoughts ſuited to the ſubject, and the puri- -f her mind renders any caution in expreſſing them almoſt ſſary.

10. She will not lead the conversation; much less can she stun the ears of company with perpetual chat, to interrupt the discourse of others. But when occasion offers, she acquits herself with ease and grace; without the airs of pertness or the confusion of bashfulness.

11. But if the conversation happens to turn upon the foibles of either sex, Juliana discovers her goodness by silence or by inventing palliations. She detests every species of slander.

12. She is sensible that to publish and aggravate human errors, is not the way to correct them; and reformation, rather than infamy, is the wish and the study of her life. Her own amiable example is the severest of all satires upon the faults and the follies of her sex, and goes farther in discountenancing both, than all the censures of malicious detraction.

13. Altho Juliana possesses every accomplishment that can command esteem and admiration; yet she has neither vanity nor ostentation. Her merit is easily discovered without show and parade.

14. She considers that haughtiness, and contempt of others, always proceed from meanness; that true greatness is ever accessible; and that self-recommendation and blustering pretensions, are but the glittering decorations of empty heads and trifling hearts.

15. However strong may be her desire of useful information, or however lively her curiosity, yet she restrains these passions within the bounds of prudence and good breeding. She deems it impertinent to the highest degree to be prying into the concerns of other people; much more impertinent and criminal does she deem it, to indulge an officious inquisitiveness, for the sake of gratifying private spleen in the propagation of unfavorable truths.

16. So exceedingly delicate is she in her treatment of her fellow creatures, that she will not read a paper nor hear a whisper, which a person does not wish to have known, even when she is in no danger of detection.

17. The same delicate attention to the feelings of others regulate her conduct in company. She would not for the price of her reputation, be found laughing or whispering with one in the company. All nods, grimaces, sly looks, and half speeches, the cause of which is not known, are carefully avoided by her, and reprobated as the height of ill breeding, and the grossest insult to the company.

18. Whenever this happens between two persons, the rest of the company have a just right to consider themselves the objects of their ridicule. But it is a maxim of Juliana that such conduct is a breach of politeness, which no oddities or mistakes that happen in public company, can excuse or palliate.

19. It is very common for persons who are destitute of certain accomplishments which they admire in other people, to endeavor to immitate them. This is the source of affectation, a fault that infallibly exposes a person to ridicule. But the ornaments of the heart, the dress and the manners of Juliana, are equally easy and natural.

20. She need not assume the *appearance* of good qualities which she possesses in *reality;* nature has given too many beauties to her person, to require the studied embellishments of fashon; and such are the ease and gracefulness of her behavior, that any attempt to improve them would lessen the dignity of her manners.

21. She is equally a stranger to that supercilious importance which affects to despise the small, but necessary concerns of life; and that squeamish false delicacy which is wounded with every trifle.

22. She will not neglect a servant in sickness because of the meanness of his employment; she will not abuse an animal for her own pleasure and amusement; nor will she go into fits at the distress of a favorite cat.

23. Her gentle soul is never disturbed with discontent, envy, or resentment; those turbulent passions which so often destroy the peace of society as well as of individuals. Her native firmness and serenity of mind forbid the intrusion of violent emotions; at the same time her heart, susceptible and kind, is the soft residence of every virtuous affection.

24. She sustains the unavoidable shocks of adversity, with a calmness that indicates the superiority of her soul; and with the smile of joy or tear of tenderness, she participates the pleasures or the sorrows of a friend.

25. But the discretion and generosity of Juliana are particularly distinguished by the number and sincerity of her attachments. Her friendships are few, but they are all founded on the principles of benevolence and fidelity. Such confidence do her sincerity, her constancy and her faithfulness inspire, that her friends commit to her breast, their most private concerns, without suspicion.

26. It is her favorite maxim, that a neceſſity of exacting promiſes of ſecrecy, is a burleſque upon every pretenſion to friendſhip. Such is the character of the young, the amiable Juliana.

27. If it is poſſible for her to find a man who knows her worth and has a diſpoſition and virtues to reward it, the union of their hearts muſt ſecure that unmingled felicity in life, which is reſerved for genuine love, a paſſion inſpired by ſenſibility, and improved by a perpetual intercourſe of kind offices.

Rules for Behavior.

1. NEVER let your mind be abſent in company. Command and direct your attention to the preſent object, and let diſtant objects be baniſhed from the mind. There is time enough for every thing in the courſe of the day, if you do but one thing at once; but there is not time enough in the year, if you will do two things at a time.

2. Never attempt to tell a ſtory with which you are not well acquainted; nor fatigue yor hearers with relating little trifling circumſtances. Do not interrupt the thread of diſcourſe with a thouſand *hems*, and by repeating often *ſays he*, and *ſaid I*. Relate the principal points with clearneſs and preciſion, and you will be heard with pleaſure.

3. There is a difference between modeſty and baſhfulneſs. Modeſty is the characteriſtic of an amiable mind; baſhfulneſs diſcovers a degree of meanneſs. Nothing ſinks a young man into low company ſo ſurely as baſhfulneſs.

4. If he *thinks* he ſhall not pleaſe, he moſt ſurely *will* not. Vice and ignorance are the only things we ought to be aſhamed of; while we keep clear of them we may venture any where without fear or concern.

5. Frequent good company—copy their manners—imitate their virtues and accompliſhments.

6. Be not very free in your remarks upon characters. There may be in all companies, more *wrong* heads than *right* ones; more people who will *deſerve*, than who will *bear* cenſure.

7. Never hold any body by the button of the hand, in order to be heard through your ſtory; for if the people are not willing to hear you, you had much better hold your *tongue* than hold *them*.

8. Never whiſper in company. Converſation is common

ſtock, in which all perſons preſent have a right to claim their ſhare. Always liſten when you are ſpoken to; and never interrupt a ſpeaker.

9. Be not forward in leading the converſation—this belongs to the oldeſt perſon in company. Diſplay your learning only on particular occaſions. Never oppoſe the opinion of another but with great modeſty.

10. On all occaſions avoid ſpeaking of yourſelf, if it is poſſible. Nothing that we can ſay of ourſelves will varniſh our *defects*, or add luſter to our *virtues*; but on the contrary, it will often make the former *more viſible*, and the latter, *obſcure*.

11. Be frank, open, and ingenuous in your behaviour; and always look people in the face when you ſpeak to them. Never receive nor retail ſcandal. In ſcandal, as in robbery, the receiver is as bad as the thief.

12. Never reflect upon bodies of men, either clergymen, lawyers, phyſicians, or ſoldiers: nor upon nations and ſocieties. There are good as well as bad, in all orders of men, and in all countries.

13. Mimickry is a common and favorite amuſement of low minds, but ſhould be deſpiſed by all great ones. We ſhould neither practice it ourſelves nor praiſe it in others. Let your expenſes be leſs than your income.

14. A *fool* ſquanders away without credit or advantage to himſelf, more than a *man of ſenſe* ſpends with both. A wiſe man employs his money, as he does his time, he never ſpends a ſhilling of the one, nor a minute of the other, but in ſomething that is either uſeful or rationally pleaſing. The fool buys what he does not want, but does not pay for what he ſtands in need of.

15. Form no friendſhips haſtily. Study a character well before you put confidence in the perſon. *Every* perſon is entitled to *civility*, but very *few* to *confidence*. The Spaniſh proverb ſays, "Tell me whom you live with, and I will tell you who you are." The Engliſh ſay, "A man is known by the company he keeps."

16. Good breeding does not conſiſt in low bows, and formal ceremony: But in on eaſy, civil, and reſpectful behavior.

17. A well bred man is polite to every perſon, but particularly to ſtrangers. In mixed companies every perſon who is [illegible]d, is ſuppoſed to be on a footing of equality with th[illegible] [illegible]l conſequently claims very juſtly every mark of civili[illegible]

18. Be very attentive to neatneſs. The hands, nails and teeth ſhould be kept clean. A dirty mouth is not only diſagreeable, as it occaſions an offenſive breath, but almoſt infallibly cauſes a decay and loſs of teeth.

19. Never put your fingers in your noſe or ears—it is a vulgar rudeneſs and an affront to company.

20. Be not a ſloven in dreſs, nor a fop. Let your dreſs be neat, and as faſhionable as your circumſtances and convenience will admit. It is ſaid that a man who is negligent at twenty years of age, will be a ſloven at forty, and intolerable at fifty.

21. It is *neceſſary* ſometimes to be in *haſte*; but always *wrong* to be in a *hurry*. A man in a hurry perplexes himſelf; he wants to do every thing at once, and does nothing at all.

22. Frequent and loud laughter, is the characteriſtic of folly and ill manners—it is the manner in which ſilly people expreſs their joy at ſilly things.

23. Humming a tune within yourſelf, drumming with your fingers, making a noiſe with the feet, whiſtling, and ſuch awkward habits, are all breaches of good manners, and indications of contempt for the perſons preſent.

24. When you meet people in the ſtreet, or in a public place, never ſtare them full in the face.

25. When you are in company with a ſtranger, never begin to queſtion him about his name, his place of reſidence, and his buſineſs. This impudent curioſity is the height of ill manners.

26. Some perſons apologize, in a good natured manner, for their inquiſitiveneſs, by an, "If I may be ſo bold;" "If I may take the liberty;" or, "Pray, Sir, excuſe my freedom," &c.— Theſe attempts to excuſe one's ſelf, imply, that a man thinks *himſelf* an impudent fellow—and if he does not, other people think he is, and treat him as ſuch.

27. Above all adhere to morals and religion, with immoveable firmneſs. Whatever effect outward ſhow and accompliſhments may have, in recommending a man to *others*, none but the *good* is really happy in *himſelf*.

F[illegible]ILY DISAGREEMENTS *the frequent cauſe of* IMMORAL CONDUCT.

1. AFTER all our complaints of the uncertainty of human a[illegible]rs, it is undoubtedly true, that more miſery is produced a[illegible]ng us by the irregularities of our tempers, than by real m[illegible]rtunes.

bedient and undutiful. Their love of pleasure operates so violently as often to destroy the source of filial affection.

18. A parent is stung to the heart by the ingratitude of a child. He checks his precipitancy, and perhaps with too little command of temper; for who can always hold the reins? Asperity produces asperity. But the child was the aggressor and therefore deserves a great part of the misery which ensues.

19. It is however, certain that the parent is often imprudent, as well as the child undutiful. He should endeavor to render home agreeable, by gentleness and reasonable indulgence; for man at every age, seeks to be pleased, but more particularly at the juvenile age.

20. He should indeed maintain his authority; but it should be like the mild dominion of a limited monarch, and not the iron rule of an austere tyrant. If home is rendered pleasing, it will not be long deserted. The prodigal will soon return, when his father's house is always ready to receive him with joy.

21. What is said of the consequences of domestic disunion to sons, is equally to be applied to daughters. Indeed, as the misconduct of daughters is more fatal to family peace, though perhaps not more hainous in a moral view, particular care should be taken to render them attached to the comforts of the family circle.

22. When their home is disagreeable, they will be ready to make any exchange; and will often lose their characters, virtue and happiness, in the pursuit of it. Indeed the female character and happiness are so easily injured, that no solicitude can be too great in their preservation. But prudence is necessary in every good cause, as well as zeal; and it is found by experience, that the gentlest method of government, if it is limited and directed by good sense, is the best.

23. It ought indeed to be steady, but not rigid; and every pleasure which is innocent in itself, and in its consequences, ought to be admitted, with a view to render less disagreeable that unwinking vigilance, which a delicate and sensible parent will judge necessary to be used in the care of a daughter.

24. To what wickedness as well as wretchedness matrimonial disagreements lead, every day's history will clearly inform us. When the husband is driven from his home by a termagant, he will seek enjoyment, which is denied him at home, in the haunts of vice, and in the riots of intemperance: Nor

can female corruption be wondered at, tho it muſt be greatly pitied and regretted, when, in the heart of a huſband, which love and friendſhip ſhould warm, hatred is found to rankle.

25. Conjugal infelicity not only renders life moſt uncomfortable, but leads to deſperate diſſoluteneſs and careleſſneſs in manners, which terminate in the ruin of health, peace and fortune.

26. But it avails little to point out evils without recommending a remedy. One of the firſt rules which ſuggeſts itſelf is, that families ſhould endeavor, by often and ſeriouſly reflecting on the ſubject, to convince themſelves that not only the enjoyments but the virtues of every individual, greatly depend on a cordial union.

27. When they are convinced of this, they will endeavor to promote it ; and it fortunately happens, that the very wiſh and attempt of every individual muſt infallibly ſecure ſucceſs. It may, indeed, be difficult to reſtrain the occaſional ſallies of temper ; but where there is, in the more diſpaſſionate moments, a ſettled deſire to preſerve domeſtic union, the tranſient violence of paſſion will not often produce a permanent rupture.

28. It is another moſt excellent rule, to avoid a groſs familiarity, even where the connection is moſt intimate. The human heart is ſo conſtituted as to love reſpect. It would indeed be unnatural in very intimate friends to behave to each other with ſtiffneſs ; but there is a delicacy of manner, and a flattering deference, that tend to preſerve that degree of eſteem which is neceſſary to ſupport affection, and which is loſt in contempt, when it deviates into exceſſive familiarity.

29. An habitual politeneſs of manners will prevent even indifference from degenerating to hatred. It will refine, exalt and perpetuate affection.

30. But the beſt and moſt efficacious rule is, that we ſhould not think our moral and religious duties are only to be practiced in public, and in the ſight of thoſe from whoſe applauſe we expect the gratification of our vanity, ambition or avarice ; But that we ſhould be equally attentive to our behaviour among thoſe who can only pay us by reciprocal love.

31. We muſt ſhew the ſincerity of our principles and profeſſions by acting conſiſtent with them, not only in the legiſlature, in the field, in the pulpit, at the bar, or in any public aſſembly, but at the fire-ſide.

Self-Tormenting.

1. "DON'T meddle with that gun, Billy," said a careful mother; "if it should go off, it would kill you." "It is not charged, mother," says Will. "Well! but may be," says the good old woman, "it will go off, even if it is n't charged.—" But there is no lock on it ma'am." "O dear Billy, I am afraid the hollow thing there, the barrel, I think you call it, will shoot, if there is no lock."

2. Don't laugh at the old lady. Two thirds of our fears and apprehensions of the evils and mischiefs of this life, are just as well grounded, as hers were in this case.

3. There are many unavoidable evils in life, which it becomes us as men and as christians, to bear with fortitude; and there is a certain period assigned to us all, and yet dreaded by most of us, wherein we must conflict with death and finally lose connection with all things beneath the sun. These things are beyond our utmost power to resist, or segacity to evade.

4. It is our wisest part, therefore, to prepare to encounter them in such a manner as shall do honor to our profession, and manifest a perfect conformity to that directory on which our profession stands. But why need we anticipate unavoidable evils, and "*feel* a thousand deaths in *fearing* one?"

5. Why need a woman be everlastingly burying her children, in her imagination, and spend her whole time in a fancied course of bereavment, because they are mortal, and must die sometime or other? A divine teacher says, "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof;" but we put new and unnecessary gall in all the bitter cups we have to drink in life, by artfully mixing, sipping, and smelling beforehand; like the squeamish patient, who, by viewing and thinking of his physic, brings a greater distress and burden on his stomach, before he takes it, than the physic itself could ever have done.

6. I would have people be more careful of fire arms than they are: But I do't take a gun barrel, unconnected with powder and lock, to be more dangerous than a broom stick.

7. Sergeant *Tremble* and his wife, during the time of general health, feel as easy and secure as if their children were immortal. Now and then a neighbor drops off with a consumption, or an apoplexy; but that makes no impression, as all their children are plump and hearty.

8. If there are no cancers, dysenteries, small pox, bladders in the throat, and such like things to be heard of, they almost bid defiance to death; but the moment information was given that a child six miles off, had the throat distemper, all comfort bade adieu to the house; and the misery then endured from dreadful apprehensions, lest the disease should enter the family, is unspeakable.

9. The old sergeant thought that when the wind blew from that quarter, he could smell the infection, and therefore ordered the children to keep house, and drink wormwood and rum, as a preservative against contagion. As for Mrs. Tremble, her mind was in a state of never ceasing agitation at that time: A specimen of the common situation of the family is as follows:

10. *Susy*, your eyes look heavy, you don't feel a sore throat, do you? Husband, I heard *Tommy* cough in the bed room just now. I'm afraid the distemper is beginning in his vitals, let us get up and light a candle. You don't begin to feel any sore on your tongue or your mouth, do you, my dear little chicken! It seems to me *Molly* did not eat her breakfast with so good a stomach this morning as she used to do. I'm in distress for fear she has got the distemper coming on.

11. The house was one day a perfect Bedlam; for having heard that rue and rum was an excellent guard in their present danger, the good lady dispensed the catholicon so liberally among her children one morning, that not a soul of them could eat all day; *Tom* vomited heartily; *Sue* looked as red as fire, and *Molly* as pale as death.

12. O! what terrors, and heart akings, till the force of the medicine was over! To be short, the child that had the distemper died; and no other child was heard of, in th[illegible]ose parts, to have it; so that tranquility and security we[illegible]e restored to Mr. *Tremble's* family, and their children re[illegible]garded as formerly, proof against mortality.

13. Mrs. *Foresight* keeps her min[illegible] in a continual state of distress and uneasiness, from a pr[illegible]ospect of awful disasters that she is forewarned of by dream[illegible], signs and omens. This, by the way, is affronting beh[illegible]vior to common sense, and implies a greater reflection upo[illegible] some of the divine perfections, than some well meaning [illegible]eople are aware of.

14. The go[illegible]d woman look'd exceedingly melancholy at

breakfast, one day last week, and appeared to have lost her appetite. After some inquiry into the cause of so mournful a visage, we were given to understand that she foresaw the death of some one in the family; having had warning in the night by a certain noise that she never knew fail; and then she went on to tell how such a thing happened, before the death of her father, and mother, and sister, &c.

15. I endeavored to argue her out of this whimsical, gloomy state of mind, but in vain; She insisted upon it, that though the noise lasted scarce a minute, it began like the dying shriek of an infant, and went on like the tumbling clods upon a coffin, and ended in the ringing of the bell.

16. The poor woman wept bitterly for the loss of the child that was to die; however, she found afterwards occasion for uneasiness on another account. The cat unluckily shut up in the buttery, and dissatisfied with so long confinement, gave forth that dying shriek, which first produced the good woman's consternation; and then by some sudden effort to get out at a grate at the upper part of the room, overset a large pewter platter; the platter in its way overset a large wooden bowl full of milk; and both together in their way knock'd down a white stone dish of salmon, which came with them into a great brass kettle that stood upon the floor.

17. The noise of the cat might easily be taken for that of a child, and the sound of a salmon upon a board, for that of a clod; and any mortal may be excused for thinking that a pewter platter and a great earthen dish broken in fifty pieces, both tumbling into a brass kettle, sound like a bell.

History of Columbus.

1. EVERY circumstance relating to the discovery and settlement of America, is an interesting object of enquiry. Yet it is presumed, from the present state of literature in this country, that many persons are but slightly acquainted with the character of that man, whose extraordinary genius led him to the discovery of the continent, and whose singular sufferings ought to excite the indignation of the world.

2. Christopher Columbus was born in the Republic of Genoa, about the year 1447; at a time when the navigation of Europe was scarcely extended beyond the limits of the Mediterranean.

3. The mariner's compafs had been invented, and in common ufe, for more than a century; yet, with the help of this fure guide, prompted by the moft ardent fpirit of difcovery, encouraged by the patronage of princes, the mariners of thofe days rarely ventured from the fight of land.

4. They acquired great applaufe by failing along the coaft of Africa and difcovering fome of the neighboring iflands; and after pufhing their refearches with the greateft induftry and perfeverance for more than half a century, the Portuguefe, who were the moft fortunate and enterprifing, extended their difcoveries fouthward no farther than the equator.

5. The rich commodities of the eaft had for feveral ages been brought into Europe by the way of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean; and it had now become the object of the Portuguefe to find a paffage to India, by failing round the fouthern extremity of Africa, and then taking an eaftern courfe.

6. This great object engaged the general attention of mankind, and drew into the Portuguefe fervice, adventurers from every maritime nation of Europe. Every year added to their experience in navigation, and feemed to promife a reward to their induftry.

7. The profpect, however, of arriving in the Indies, was extremely diftant; fifty years perfeverance in the fame track, had brought them only to the equator; and it was probable that as many more would elapfe before they could accomplifh their purpofe: But Columbus, by an uncommon exertion of genius, formed a defign no lefs aftonifhing to the age in which he lived, than beneficial to pofterity.

8. This defign was to fail to India by taking a weftern direction. By the accounts of travellers who had vifited India, that country feemed almoft without limits on the eaft: and by attending to the fpherical figure of the earth, Columbus drew this conclufion, that the Atlantic Ocean muft be bounded on the weft, either by India itfelf, or by fome great continent not far diftant from it.

9. This extraordinary man, who was now about twenty-feven years of age, appears to have united in his character, every trait, and to have poffeffed every talent requifit to form and execute the greateft enterprifes.

10. He was early educated in all the ufeful fciences that were taught in that day. He had made great proficiency in

geography, astronomy and drawing, as they were necessary to his favorite pursuit of navigation. He had now been a number of years in the service of the Portuguese, and had acquired all the experience that their voyages and discoveries could afford.

11. His courage and perseverance had been put to the severest test, and the exercise of every amiable and heroic virtue rendered him universally known and respected. He had married a Portuguese lady by whom he had two sons, Diego and Ferdinand; the younger of whom is the historian of his life.

12. Such was the situation of Columbus, when he formed and thoroughly digested a plan, which in its operation and consequences, unfolded to the view of mankind one half of the globe, diffused wealth and dignity over the other, and extended commerce and civilization through the whole.

13. To corroborate the theory which he had formed of the existence of a western continent, his discerning mind, which always knew the application of every circumstance that fell in his way, had observed several facts, which by others would have passed unnoticed. In his voyages to the African islands, he had found floating ashore after a long western storm, pieces of wood carved in a curious manner, canes of a size unknown in that quarter of the world, and human bodies with very singular features.

14. Fully confirmed in the opinion that a considerable portion of the earth was still undiscovered, his genius was too vigorous and persevering to suffer an idea of this importance to rest merely in speculation, as it had done in the minds of Plato and Seneca, who appeared to have had conjectures of a similar nature.

15. He determined, therefore, to bring his favorite theory to the test of actual experiment. But an object of that magnitude required the patronage of a Prince; and a design so extraordinary met with all the obstructions, delay and disappointments, which an age of superstition could invent, and which personal jealousy and malice could magnify and encourage.

16. Happily for mankind, in this instance, a genius capable of devising the greatest undertakings, associated in itself a degree of patience and enterprise, modesty and confidence, which rendered him superior not only to these misfortunes, but to all the future calamities of his life.

17. Prompted by the moſt ardent enthuſiaſm to be the diſcoverer of new continents; and fully ſenſible of the advantages that would reſult to mankind from ſuch diſcoveries, he had the mortification to waſte away eighteen years of his life, after his ſyſtem was well eſtabliſhed in his own mind, before he could obtain the means of executing his deſigns.

18. The greateſt part of this period was ſpent in ſucceſſive and fruitleſs ſolicitations, at Genoa, Portugal and Spain. As a duty to his native country, he made his firſt propoſal to the Senate of Genoa; where it was ſoon rejected.

19. Conſcious of the truth of his theory and of his own ability to execute his deſign, he retired without dejection from a body of men who were incapable of forming any juſt ideas upon the ſubject; and applied with freſh confidence to John the ſecond, King of Portugal, who had diſtinguiſhed himſelf as a great patron of navigation, and in whoſe ſervice Columbus had acquired a reputation which entitled him and his project to general confidence and approbation.

20. But here he ſuffered an inſult much greater than a direct refuſal. After referring the examination of his ſcheme to the council who had the direction of naval affairs; and drawing from him his general ideas of the length of the voyage and the courſe he meant to take, that great monarch had the meanneſs to conſpire with the council to rob Columbus of the glory and advantage he expected to derive from his undertaking.

21. While Columbus was amuſed with this negociation, in hopes of having his ſcheme adopted and patronized, a veſſel was ſecretly diſpatched, by order of the king, to make the intended diſcovery. Want of ſkill and perſeverance in the pilot rendered the plot unſucceſsful: And Columbus, on diſcovering the trechery, retired with an ingenuous indignation, from a court capable of ſuch duplicity.

22. Having now performed what was due to the country that gave him birth, and to the one that adopted him as a ſubject, he was at liberty to court the patronage of any prince who ſhould have the wiſdom and juſtice to accept his propoſals.

23. He had communicated his ideas to his brother Bartholomew, whom he ſent to England to negociate with Henry the ſeventh; at the ſame time that he went himſelf into Spain, to apply in perſon to Ferdinand and Iſabella, who governed the United Kingdoms of Arragon and Caſtile.

24. The circumſtances of his brother's application in England, which appears to have been unſucceſsful, it is not to my purpoſe, to relate; and the limits preſcribed to this ſketch, will prevent the detail of all the particulars relating to his own negociation in Spain.

25. In this negociation Columbus ſpent eight years in the various agitations of ſuſpenſe, expectation and diſappointment; till at length his ſcheme was adopted by Iſabella, who undertook as queen of Caſtile, to defray the expenſes of the expedition; and declared herſelf, ever after, the friend and patron of the hero who projected it.

26. Columbus, who, during all his ill ſucceſs in the negociation, never abated any thing of the honors and emoluments which he expected to acquire in his expedition, obtained from Ferdinand and Iſabella a full ſtipulation of every article contained in his firſt propoſals.

27. He was conſtituted high Admiral and Viceroy of all the Seas, Iſlands and Continents which he ſhould diſcover, with power to receive one tenth of the profits ariſing from their productions and commerce. Theſe offices and emoluments were to be hereditary in his family.

28. Theſe articles being adjuſted, the preparations for the voyage were brought forward with rapidity, but they were by no means adequate to the importance of the expedition. Three ſmall veſſels, ſcarcely ſufficient in ſize to be employed in the coaſting buſineſs, were appointed to traverſe the vaſt Atlantic; and to encounter the ſtorms and currents that might be expected in ſo lengthy a voyage, through diſtant and unknown ſeas.

29. Theſe veſſels, as might be expected in the infancy of navigation, were ill conſtructed, in a poor condition and manned by ſeamen unaccuſtomed to diſtant voyages. But the tedious length of time which Columbus had ſpent in ſolicitation and ſuſpenſe, and the proſpect of being able ſoon to obtain the object of his wiſhes, induced him to overlook what he could not eaſily remedy, and led him to diſregard thoſe circumſtances which would have intimidated any other mind.

30. He accordingly equipped his ſmall ſquadron with as much expedition as poſſible, manned with ninety men, and victualled for one year. With theſe, on the third of Auguſt,

1492, amidſt a vaſt crowd of anxious ſpectators, he ſet ſail on an enterpriſe, which, if we conſider the ill condition of his ſhips, the inexperience of his ſailors, the length and uncertainty of his voyage, and the conſequences that flowed from it, was the moſt daring and important that ever was undertaken.

31. He touched at ſome of the Portugueſe ſettlements in the Canary Iſles, where, altho he had but a few days run, he found his veſſels needed refitting. He ſoon made the neceſſary repairs, and took his departure from the weſtermoſt Iſlands that had hitherto been diſcovered. Here he left the former track of navigation, and ſteered his courſe due weſt.

32. Not many days after he had been to ſea, he began to experience a new ſcene of difficulty. The ſailors now began to contemplate the dangers and uncertain iſſue of a voyage, the nature and length of which was left entirely to conjecture.

33. Beſides the fickleneſs and timidity, natural to men unaccuſtomed to the diſciplin of a ſeafaring life, ſeveral circumſtances contributed to inſpire an obſtinate and mutinous diſpoſition, which required the moſt conſummate art as well as fortitude in the admiral to control.

34. Having been three weeks at ſee, and experienced the uniform courſe of the trade winds, which always blow in a weſtern direction, they contended, that, ſhould they continue the ſame courſe for a longer period, the ſame wind would never permit them to return to Spain.

35. The magnetic needle began to vary its direction. This being the firſt time that phenomenon was ever diſcovered, it was viewed by the ſailors with aſtoniſhment, and conſidered as an indication that nature itſelf had changed her courſe, and that Providence was determined to puniſh their audacity, in venturing ſo far beyond the ordinary bounds of man.

36. They declared that the commands of their ſovereign had been fully obeyed in their proceeding ſo many days in the ſame direction, and ſo far ſurpaſſing the attempts of all former navigators, in queſt of new diſcoveries. Every talent, requiſit for governing, ſoothing and tempering the paſſions of men, is conſpicuous in the conduct of Columbus on this occaſion.

37. The dignity and affability of his manners, his ſurpriſing knowledge and experience in naval affairs, his unwearied

and minute attention to the duties of his command, gave him a complete ascendency over the minds of his men, and inspired that degree of confidence which would have maintained his authority in almost any possible circumstances.

38. But here, from the nature of the undertaking, every man had leisure to feed his imagination with all the gloominess and uncertainty of the prospect. They found, every day, that the same steady gales carried them with great rapidity from their native country, and indeed from all countries of which they had any knowledge.

39. Notwithstanding all the variety of management with which Columbus addressed himself to their passions, sometimes by soothing them with the prognostics of discovering land, sometimes by flattering their ambition and feasting their avarice with the glory and wealth they would acquire from discovering those rich countries beyond the Atlantic, and sometimes by threatening them the displeasure of their sovereign, should timidity and disobedience defeat so great an object, their uneasiness still increased.

40. From secret whispering, it arose to open mutiny and dangerous conspiracy. At length they determined to rid themselves of the remonstrances of Columbus, by throwing him into the sea. The infection spread from ship to ship, and involved officers as well as common sailors.

41. They finally lost all sense of subordination, and addressed their commander in an insolent manner, demanding to be conducted immediately back to Spain; or, they assured him, they would seek their own safety by taking away his life. Columbus, whose sagacity and penetration had discovered every symptom of the disorder, was prepared for this last stage of it, and was sufficiently apprised of the danger that awaited him. He found it vain to contend with passions he could no longer control.

42. He therefore proposed that they should obey his orders for three days longer; and, should they not discover land in that time, he would then direct his course for Spain.

43. They complied with this proposal; and, happily for mankind, in three days they discovered land. This was a small island, to which Columbus gave the name of San Salvador. Their first interview with the natives was a scene of amusement and compassion on the one part, and of astonishment and adoration on the other.

44. The natives were entirely naked, simple and timorous; and they viewed the Spaniards as a superior order of beings, descended from the sun, which, in that Island, and in most parts of America, was worshipped as a Deity. By this it was easy for Columbus to perceive the line of conduct proper to be observed toward that simple and inoffensive people.

45. Had his companions and successors, of the Spanish nation possessed the wisdom and humanity of that discoverer, the benevolent mind would feel no sensations of regret, in contemplating the extensive advantages arising to mankind, from the discovery of America.

46. In this voyage, Columbus discovered the islands of Cuba and Hispaniola; on the latter of which, he erected a small fort, and having left a garrison of thirty-eight men, under the command of an officer by the name of Araua; he set sail for Spain. Returning across the Atlantic, he was overtaken by a violent storm, which lasted several days, and increased to such a degree, as baffled all his naval skill, and threatened immediate destruction.

47. In this situation, when all were in a state of despair, and is was expected that every sea would swallow up the crazy vessel, he manifested a serenity and presence of mind perhaps never equalled in cases of like extremity. He wrote a short account of his voyage, and the discoveries he had made, wrapped it in an oiled cloth, enclosed it in a cake of wax, put it into an empty cask, and threw it overboard; in hopes that some accident might preserve a deposit of so much importance to the world.

48. The storm however abated, and he at length arrived in Spain; after having been driven, by stress of weather, into the port of Lisbon, where he had an opportunity, in an interview with the King of Portugal, to prove the truth of his system, by arguments more convincing than those he had before advanced, in the character of an humble and unsuccessful suitor.

49. He was received every where in Spain with royal honors, his family was ennobled, and his former stipulations, respecting his offices and emoluments, were ratified in the most solemn manner by Ferdinand and Isabella; while all Europe resounded his praises and reciprocated their joy and congratulations on the discovery of a new world.

50. The immediate consequence of this was a second voy-

age; in which Columbus took charge of a squadron of seventeen ships of considerable burthen. Volunteers of all ranks and conditions solicited to be employed in this expedition. He carried over 1500 persons, together with all the necessaries for establishing a colony, and extending the discoveries.

51. In this voyage he explored most of the West-India islands; but on his arrival at Hispaniola, he found the garrison he had left there, had been totally destroyed by the natives, and the fort demolished. He however proceeded in the planting of his colony; and by his prudent and humane conduct towards the natives, he effectually established the Spanish authority in that island.

52. But while he was thus laying the foundations of their future grandeur in South America, some discontented persons, who had returned from the colony to Spain, together with his former enemies in that kingdom, conspired to accomplish his ruin.

53. They represented his conduct in such a light at court, as to create an uneasiness and distrust in the jealous mind of Ferdinand, and made it necessary for Columbus again to return to Spain, in order to counteract their machinations, and to obtain such further supplies as were necessary to his great political and benevolent purposes.

54. On his arrival at court, and stating with his usual dignity and confidence the whole history of his transactions abroad, every thing wore a favorable appearance. He was received with usual honors, and again solicited to take charge of another squadron, to carry out further supplies, to pursue his discoveries, and in every respect to use his discretion in extending the Spanish Empire in the New World. In this third voyage he discovered the continent of America, at the mouth of the river Oronoke.

55. He rectified many disorders in his government of Hispaniola, which had happened in his abscence; and every thing was going on in a prosperous train, when an event was announced to him, which completed his own ruin, and gave a fatal turn to the Spanish policy and conduct in America. This was the arrival of Francis de Bovadilla, with a commission to supersede Columbus in his government; and with power to arraign him as a criminal, and to judge of his former admini-

56. It seems that by this time the enemies of Columbus, despairing to complete his overthrow by groundless insinuations of misconduct, had taken the more effectual method of exciting the jealousy of their sovereigns.

57. From the promising samples of gold and other valuable commodities brought from America, they took occasion to represent to the King and Queen, that the prodigious wealth and extent of the countries he had discovered, would soon throw such power into the hands of the Viceroy, that he would trample on the royal authority, and bid defiance to the Spanish power.

58. These arguments were well calculated for the cold and suspicious temper of Ferdinand, and they must have had some effect upon the mind of Isabella. The consequence was, the appointment of Bovadilla, who had been the inveterate enemy of Columbus, to take the government from his hands. This first tyrant of the Spanish nation in America, began his administration by ordering Columbus to be put in chains on board a ship, and sending him prisoner to Spain.

59. By relaxing all disciplin, he introduced disorder and licentiousness throughout the colony. He subjected the natives to a most miserable servitude, and apportioned them out in large numbers among his adherents. Under this severe treatment perished, in a short time, many thousands of those innocent people.

60. Columbus was carried in his fetters to the Spanish court, where the King and Queen either feigned or felt a sufficient regret at the conduct of Bovadilla towards this illustrious prisoner. He was not only released from confinement, but treated with all imaginable respect.

61. But altho the King endeavored to expiate the offense, by censuring and recalling Bovadilla, yet we may judge of his sincerity from his appointing Nicholas de Ovando, another bitter enemy of Columbus, to succeed in the government and from his ever after refusing to reinstate Columbus, or to fulfil any of the conditions on which the discoveries were undertaken.

62. After two years solicitation for this or some other employment, he at length obtained a squadron of four small vessels, to attempt new discoveries. He now set out with the ardor and enthusiasm of a young adventurer, in quest of what

was always his favorite object, a passage into the South Sea, by which he might sail to India. He touched at Hispaniola, where Ovando, the governor, refused him admittance on shore, even to take shelter during a hurricane, the prognostics of which his experience had taught him to discern.

63. By putting into a small creek, he rode out the storm and then bore away for the continent. Several months in the most boisterous season of the year, he spent in exploring the coast round the gulf of Mexico, in hopes of finding the intended navigation to India. At length he was shiprecked and driven ashore, on the Island of Jamaica.

64. His cup of calamities seemed now completely full.—He was cast upon an island of savages, without provisions, without any vessel, and thirty leagues from any Spanish settlements. But the greatest providential misfortunes are capable of being embittered by the insults of our fellow-creatures.

65. A few of his hardy companions generously offered, in two Indian canooes, to attempt a voyage to Hispaniola, in hopes of obtaining a vessel for the relief of the unhappy crew. After suffering every extremity of danger and hardship, they arrived at the Spanish colony in ten days. Ovando, through personal malice and jealousy of Columbus, after having detained these messengers eight months, dispatched a vessel to Jamaica, in order to spy out the condition of Columbus and his crew, with positive instructions to the captain not to afford them any relief.

66. This order was punctually executed. The captain approached the shore, delivered a letter of empty compliments from Ovando to the Admiral, received his answer and returned. About four months afterwards a vessel came to their relief; and Columbus worn out with fatigues and broken with misfortunes, returned for the last time to Spain.

67. Here a new distress awaited him, which he considered as one of the greatest he had suffered in his whole life. This was the death of Queen Isabella, his last and greatest friend.

68. He did not suddenly abandon himself to despair. He called upon the gratitude and justice of the king, and, in terms of dignity demanded the fulfilment of the former contract.

69. Notwithstanding his age and infirmities, he even solicited to be further employed in extending the career of discovery, without a prospect of any other reward but the con-

sciousness of doing good to mankind. But Ferdinand, cold, ungrateful, and timid, dared not to comply with a single proposal of this kind, lest he should increase his own obligations to a man whose services he thought it dangerous to reward.

70. He therefore delayed and avoided any decision on these subjects, in hopes that the declining health of Columbus would soon rid the court of the remonstrances of a man, whose extraordinary merit was in their opinion, a sufficient occasion of destroying him.

71. In this they were not disappointed. Columbus languished a short time, and gladly resigned a life, which had been worn out in the most essential services that perhaps were ever rendered, by any human character, to an ungrateful world.

Description of a Marriage-Feast at Georgia, in Asia, from Chardin's Travels.

1. THE nuptial feast was celebrated upon a terrace of the palace, surrounded with estrades, which are beds of state, about six feet in depth, and elevated about two feet above the floor. The terrace was covered with a large pavilion, fixed upon five pillars, twenty feet high. The lining was of cloth of gold and silver, velvet and painted cloth, so neatly and artificially intermixed, that by the light of the tapers, it appeared like a wainscot of flowers and moresco work.

2. In the midst of this room of state, stood a jet, or fountain of water. The floor was covered with handsome carpets, and forty branches of lights illuminated the room. The four branches which hung nearest the prince, were of gold; the rest were of silver. Each branch supported a bowl of pure tallow, which supplied two matches which gave a great light.

3. The guests were seated on the estrades. The prince in the center had an estrade somewhat higher than the others, and covered with a canopy. His sons and brothers were on his right hand; the bishops on his left, and the bridegroom was seated between them. The music stood at the lower end.

4. Soon after the guests were seated, the bridegroom was introduced by the patriarch, and was saluted first by the princes' relations, and afterwards by other guests, who successively paid him their compliments. Then some presents were made, consisting of gold, silver and small cups.

5. After this ceremony, the guests took their seats and were served with supper. Before each one were spread table

cloths, as large as the estrades; then bread was served of three kinds; one as thin as a wafer; another of the thickness of the finger; and the third was sweetened with sugar.

6. The meat was served in large covered silver dishes, each weighing, with the cover, four or five hundred ounces. These dishes were set upon a table at the entrance of the room; then certain attendants placed them before the carvers, who sent pieces of the meat to each guest in plates, beginning first with the princes.

7. The feast consisted of three courses, each containing sixty of the large dishes. The first course consisted of boiled rice, and meat of three different colors. The yellow was boiled with sugar, cinnamon and saffron—the red, with the juice of pomegranates—but the white or natural color was the best.

8. The second course consisted of meats baked, stewed and fricaseed; with a variety of ragooes. The third course consisted of roasted meats. To all which were added fish, eggs and sallads, for the ecclesiastics. The feast was conducted without the least noise, and with perfect order; every attendant performing his duty without uttering a word.

9. The cupboard contained a hundred and twenty drinking vessels, consisting of bowls, cups, horns, flaggons and jugs. Some were of polished gold, others of enamelled gold, others of silver, or set with precious stones. The horns were those of the rhinosceros or of deer, elegantly formed and embellished. After the third course, eight bowls were filled and presented to the four persons nearest to the prince, four on each side. They rose when they drank—those on the right hand first drank a health, being pledged by those on the left—then the others on the left—Then the same eight bowls were filled for the next eight guests, and in their order the whole company was served.

An Account of a famous GROTTO *in the Island of Antiparos, in the Egean Sea, by an Italian Traveller.*

1. HAVING been informed that in the island of Antiparos, about two miles from Paros, a gigantic statue is to be seen at the mouth of a cavern, it was resolved that we should pay it a visit. In pursuance of this resolve, we landed on the island, and after walking about four miles over beautiful plains and sloping woodlands, we came to a little hill,

on the ſide of which yawned a moſt horrid cavern, which with its gloom at firſt ſtruck us with terror, and almoſt repreſſed curioſity.

2. Recovering from the firſt ſurpriſe however, we entered boldly, and had not proceeded above twenty paces, when the ſuppoſed ſtatue of the giant preſented itſelf to our view. We quickly perceived that what the ignorant natives had been terrified at as a giant, was nothing more than a ſparry concretion, formed by the water dropping from the roof of the cave, and by degrees hardening into a figure, that their fears had formed into a monſter.

3. Incited by this extraordinary appearance, we were induced to proceed ſtill further, in queſt of new adventures in this ſubterraneous cavity. As we proceeded, new wonders offered themſelves; the ſpars formed into trees and ſhrubs, preſented a kind of grove of petrifactions; ſome white, ſome green, and all receding in due perſpective. Theſe ſtruck us with the more amazement, as we knew them to be mere productions of nature, who had, in her playful moments, dreſſed the ſolitary ſcene, as if for her own amuſement.

4. But we had as yet ſeen a few only of the wonders of the place; being introduced only into the portico of this amazing temple. In one corner of this half illuminated receſs, there appeared an opening of about three feet wide, which ſeemed to lead to a place totally dark, and one of the natives aſſured us it contained nothing more than a reſervoir of water. Upon this we made an experiment, by throwing down ſome ſtones, which rumbling down the ſides of the deſcent for ſome time, the ſound ſeemed at laſt quaſhed in a bed of water. In order however to be more certain, we ſent in a Levantine mariner, who, by the promiſe of a good reward, with a flamboe in his hand, ventured into this narrow aperture.

5. In about fifteen minutes, he returned, bringing ſome beautiful pieces of white ſpar, which art could neither imitate nor equal. Upon being informed by him that the place was full of theſe beautiful incruſtations, I ventured to accompany the mariner into the opening, about fifty paces, anxiouſly and cautiouſly deſcending by a ſteep and dangerous way.

6. Finding however that we came to a precipice which led into a ſpacious amphitheater, if I may ſo call it, ſtill deeper than any other part, we returned, and being furniſhed with a

ladder, flamboes and other things to expedite our descent, our whole company, man by man, ventured into the same opening, and descending one after another, we at last saw ourselves all together in the most magnificent part of the cavern.

7. Our candles being now all lighted, and the whole place completely illuminated, never could the eye be presented with a more splendid scene. The roof was all hung with glittering icicles, transparent as glass, yet solid as marble. The eye could scarce reach the lofty and noble ceiling; the sides were regularly formed with spars; and the whole represented a magnificent theater illuminated with an immense profusion of lights.

8. The floor consisted of solid marble; and in several places magnificent columns, thrones, altars and other objects appeared, as if nature had intended to mock the curiosities of art. Our voices, upon speaking or singing, were redoubled to a thundering loudness; and upon the firing of a gun, the noise and reverberations were almost deafening.

9. In the midst of this grand and picturesk scenery, rose a concretion of about fifteen feet high, which, in some measure resembled an altar, from which taking a hint, we caused mass to be celebrated. The beautiful columns that shot up round the altar, appeared like candlesticks; and many other natural objects represented the customary ornaments of this sacrament.

10. Below this spacious grotto, there seemed another cavern, down which I ventured with my guide, and descended by means of a rope, about fifty paces. Here I found a small spot of level earth, consisting of soft clay, yielding to pressure, and in which I thrust a stick to about the depth of six feet. In this however, as in the apartment above, were formed numbers of the most elegant crystals, one of which resembled a table.

11. Upon our leaving this cavern, we discovered an inscription in Greek upon a rock at the mouth, but so far obliterated by time as not to be legible. It seemed to import that one Antipater, in the time of Alexander, had visited this place; but whether he had penetrated into the depth of the cavern we could not collect from the inscription.

Extraordinary Bells in Russia.

1. The Ruſſians have a great fondneſs for bells of an enormous ſize, and diſtinguiſh the ſanctity of different days, by the different peals, or manner of ringing them. Theſe bells are hung in belfreys detached from the churches ; and do not ſwing like our bells, but are fixed immoveably to beams, and rung by a rope tied to the clapper, and pulled ſideways.

2. One of theſe bells in the tower of St. John's church weighs one hundred and twenty ſeven thouſand pounds, or more than ſixty three tons. It is deemed a meritorious act of religion to preſent a church with a bell, and the piety of the donor is eſtimated by the ſize of the preſent.

3. The Emperor Boris gave to the Cathedral of Moſcow, a bell weighing two hundred and eighty eight thouſand pounds, or a hundred and forty four tons. The empreſs Ann, determining not to be ſurpaſſed in this kind of piety, procured a bell to be caſt, which weighed four hundred and thirty two thouſand pounds, or two hundred and ſixteen tons.

4. This bell was nineteen feet long and its circumference at the large end twenty one yards and eleven inches—Its greateſt thickneſs was twenty three inches. The beam ſupporting this enormous bell being burnt by accident, it fell and a fragment was broke out, which left an aperture ſufficiently large to admit two men abreaſt, without ſtooping.

The Villa of Prince Zartoriski, in Poland, from Coxe's Travels.

1. The villa of prince Zartoriſki is about three miles from Warſaw in the midſt of a foreſt. The ſituation is almoſt a level, with here and there a gentle ſlope, which affords an agreeable variety. A river runs through the grounds, which are laid out in the Engliſh manner, with a beautiful intermixture of lawn and wood. Walks are cut through the wood, and carried along the ſide of the water.

2. The houſe, which ſtands upon a gentle riſe, has the appearance of a cottage, conſtructed like thoſe of the peaſants, with trunks of trees piled upon each other, and thatched with ſtraw. Beſide the principal building, occupied by the prince and princeſs, there are ſeparate cottages for the children and attendants, each of which has its incloſures and ſmall garden. The whole groop appears like a village of ſcattered hu

3. Other buildings such as summer houses, pavilions, and rustic sheds, are dispersed over the grounds, and the stables are constructed in the form of a half demolished amphitheater. Several romantic bridges, rudely composed of the trunks and bent branches of trees, contribute to diversify the rustic scenery.

4. Upon our arrival, we repaired to the principal cottage, where the princess was ready to receive us. We expected to find the inside furnished in the simple style of a peasant's hovel; but was surprized to see every species of elegant magnificence, which riches and taste could collect.

5. All the apartments are decorated in the most costly manner; but the splendor of the bath-room was peculiarly striking. The sides are covered from top to bottom, with small square pieces of the finest Dresden China, each ornamented with an elegant sprig, and the border and cieling are painted with beautiful festoons.

6. After we had surveyed all the apartments, we proceeded to an inclosure near the house, surrounded with large blocks of granit heaped one upon another, and fallen trees placed in the most natural and picturesk shapes. From thence we repaired to the several cottages occupied by the children, each of which is fitted up in a different style, but all with equal elegance,—the whole exhibiting a striking contrast of simplicity, and magnificence.

7. We next walked round the gardens, which are handsomely laid out. We then repaired to a Turkish tent of rich and curious workmanship, pitched in a beautiful retired field near the stables. This tent belonged to the Grand Vizier, and was taken in the late war between the Russians and Turks. Under it was a settee and a carpet spread upon the ground.

8. Here we staid conversing until the dusk of the evening, when the princess led us through the house to a small spot of rising ground, where we were suddenly struck with a most splendid illumination. A rustic bridge, consisting of a single arch over a broad piece of water, was studded with several thousand lamps of different colors.

9. The reflection of this illuminated bridge upon the water, was so strong as to deceive the eye, and gave to the whole the appearance of a brilliant circle suspended in the air. The effect was splendid beyond description, and greatly heightened

by the gloom of the forest in the back ground. While we were admiring this delightful scene, a band of music struck up at a little distance, and amused us with an excellent concert.

10. We were led from this enchanting spot, across the illuminated bridge to a thatched pavilion, open at the sides and supported by pillars, ornamented with garlands and twisted festoons of flowers. We found within a cold collation, and sat down to a table covered with all sorts of delicacies, with the most costly wines, and every species of fruit which nature and art could furnish.

11. The evening was pleasant, the scenery delightful, the fare delicious, and the company in fine spirits; for who could be otherwise, when every circumstance which the taste and ingenuity of our fair hostess could invent, conspired to heighten the entertainment.

12. The collation being ended, we rose from table, which I concluded to be the close of the entertainment, but was agreeably disappointed; the gardens were suddenly illuminated; we ranged about as fancy dictated, and were gratified with the sound of wind instruments, played by persons dispersed in different parts of the garden.

13. Repassing the bridge, we returned to the cottage, when the two eldest daughters of the princess, in Grecian dresses of a most elegant simplicity, performed a Polish and a Cossac dance; the former serious and graceful, the latter comic and lively. The eldest son, then eight years of age, danced a hornpipe with wonderful agility, and afterwards, a dance in the manner of the Polish peasants with much humor.

14. It was now past two in the morning; we seemed as if we could stay forever, but as there must be an end of all sublunary joys, we took our leave, expressing our gatitude in language unequal to our feelings. I am satisfied, that it seldom falls to the lot of any person, twice in his life, to partake of such a pleasing entertainment.

Source of the Danube.

THE Danube, one of the largest rivers in Europe, has its source in the court yard of a palace belonging to the prince of Furstenberg in Swabia. It proceeds from some small springs bubbling from the ground, and forming a bason of clear water about thirty feet square, from which issues a

a little brook which is the Danube. Continually augmented by additional ſtreams from the mountains of Switzerland, it ſwells to a mighty river, on which ſhips of war may ſail, and fleets engage in battle. It pours its waters into the Euxine ſea.

Fall of the Rhine.

THE Rhine has its ſources among the Alps, in the country of the Griſons. At Lauffen, is a cataract, where the water tumbles over a rock and falls perpendicularly about ſixty feet. A ſcaffolding is erected within the very ſpray of the fall, where the traveller may view this intereſting ſcene. A ſea of foam ruſhing down the precipice—a cloud of ſpray riſing and ſpreading to a diſtance—the roar of the tumbling waters and the magnificence of the ſcenery ſurpaſs the powers of deſcription.

2. On one ſide of the river is the caſtle of Lauffen, upon the edge of the precipice and projecting over the river ; near it is a church and ſome cottages ; a cluſter of ruſtic dwellings near the fall ; in the back ground, rocks clothed with vines or tufted with hanging wood ; a beautiful hamlet upon the ſummit, ſkirted with trees ; the body of water which ſeems to ruſh from the bottom of the rocks ; two crags lifting their heads from the midſt of the cataract, their tops ſprinkled with ſhrubs, and reſting ſecure on their baſe, mocking the force of the raging current.—Such are the objects which add beauty and grandeur to this ſtupendous ſcene.

Lake of Constance.

1. THE Lake called Conſtance is one of the boundaries between Germany and Switzerland ; fifteen leagues in length and ſix in bredth. It is of an oval form, its waters of a greeniſh hue, and its borders conſiſt of gently riſing hills. It is deeper in ſummer, than in winter, being ſwelled by ſtreams from the melting ſnow of the Alps. It abounds with fiſh, and eſpecially with a large ſpecies of trout larger than a ſalmon, of a deep blue color on the back and ſides, and beneath of a ſilvery white. In ſpring and ſummer, the fleſh is of a fine red color, and very delicate food.

2. Near this Lake is the town of Conſtance, in which is ſtill ſeen the room in which ſat the council which condemned, to the ſtake John Huſs, the reformer. Here is alſo the dun-

geon in which he was impriſoned, and the ſtone to which he was chained. But reaſon has triumphed over bigotry, and this place is now the ſeat of freedom and liberality.

Bridge of Shaffhausen.

1. THE Rhine at Shaffhauſen is rapid and had deſtroyed ſeveral ſtone bridges of the firmeſt conſtruction. A carpenter of Appenzel offered to throw a bridge of a ſingle arch over the river, which is near four hundred feet wide. The magiſtrates however would not permit the attempt, but required that it ſhould conſiſt of two arches, with a pier in the middle. The architect obeyed, but conſtructed the bridge in ſuch a manner as to render it uncertain whether the pier aids in ſupporting the bridge. His deſcendants ſay that it does not; but more probably it does.

2. This is a hanging bridge of two arches; one of a hundred and ninety feet chord, the other of a hundred and ſeventy two feet.—The road is not over the arches, but on a horizontal line, ſuſpended from the timbers above.—The bridge trembles under the feet of the traveller, but has ſtood a great number of years, and ſuſtains the heavieſt loads.

Model of Switzerland.

1. General Pfiffer, a native of Lucern, has formed a model of the moſt mountainous parts of Switzerland, repreſenting in miniature all the mountains, hills, valleys, lakes, rivers, roads, cottages and the like. The compoſition is a mixture of clay, lime, charcoal, a little pitch, and a thin coat of wax. It is painted ſo as to repreſent every object as it exiſts in nature. Even the different ſorts of trees are diſtinguiſhed, as well as the ſtratums of rocks, which have been ſhaped on the ſpot and compoſed of granit, gravel, calcarious ſtone or ſuch other ſubſtances as compoſe the real mountains.

2. This model contains one hundred and forty two compartments, of different forms and ſizes, all numbered, and they may be taken apart and put together with as much eaſe diſſected map, uſed by children in learning geography. omprehends a ſpace of about fifty five miles by thirty three. e dimenſions of the model are twenty feet by twelve; each of the model repreſenting about two miles and a quarter erritory. An inch of elevation in the model repreſents e hundred feet of elevation in a mounta[illegible] he

highest point of the model is about ten inches, representing mountains of nine thousand feet high, above the level of the lake of Lucern which is the central object.

3. The general began this curious work at the age of fifty, and was employed most of his time till seventy, in completing it. To make it perfect, he visited every place which he meant to represent, obtaining an accurate knowledge of every object, and laying down every part in exact proportion. Being suspected as a spy, he was obliged, in some of the Cantons, to work by moonlight to avoid the notice of the peasantry. When obliged to ascend mountains where no provision could be procured, he used to drive a few goats along, and subsist on their milk. In this manner, with immense industry, patience and skill, he finally brought his model to be an exact representation of nature.—

Singular State of Property.

ON a promontory extending from the western shore of the lake Zug, the property of the soil belongs to the canton of Lucern, the timber to Zug, and the leaves of the trees to Shwitz.

Happy condition of Society.

ON the road that runs along the valley of Muotta in Shwitz, there are several ranges of shops filled with goods, the prices of which are marked. The owners do not attend these shops, but leave them open; and when any person wants an article, he takes it and leaves the price on the counter. In the evening, the owner visits his shop and takes his money. Such an instance of moral rectitude in a society, and of confidence between men, is probably without a parrellel in the history of nations.

Account of a Salt Mine in Poland, from Coxe's Travels.

1. IN Welitska, a village about eight miles from Cracow, in Poland, is a celebrated mine sunk in a solid bed of salt. It is at the northern extremity of a spur of the Carpathian mountains.

2. "Having fastened hammocs to a large rope, which is used to draw up salt, we seated ourselves in a convenient manner, and were let down gently, without any apprehension of

danger, about one hundred and ſixty yards below the firſt layer of ſalt.

3. Quitting our hammocs, we paſſed along a gradual deſcent, in ſome parts of which were broad paſſages or galleries capable of admitting ſeveral carriages abreaſt; in other parts we deſcended by ſteps cut in the ſolid ſalt, which had the grandeur and commodiouſneſs of the ſtair-caſe of a palace.

4. Each of us carried a light, and ſeveral guides preceded us with lamps, whoſe light, ſhining upon the glittering ſides of the mine, was extremely beautiful, but did not caſt that luminous ſplendor, which ſome writers have compared to the luſter of precious ſtones.

5. The ſalt dug from this mine is of an iron gray color; when pounded, it is of a dirty aſh color, like what we call brown ſalt. Its quality improves in proportion to the depth of the mine. Towards the ſides and ſurface, it is mixed with earthy or ſton y particles; lower down it is ſaid to be perfectly pure; but probably is not ſo, for it has leſs ſtrength than common ſea-ſalt.

6. Being almoſt as hard as ſtone, this ſalt is hewed with pick-axes and hatchets into large blocks, many of which weigh ſix or ſeven hundred pounds. Theſe are raiſed by a windlas; but ſmaller pieces are carried up by horſes along a winding gallery, which reaches to the ſurface of the earth.

7. Beſides gray ſalt, the miners ſometimes find ſmall cubes of white ſalt as tranſparent as cryſtal, but not in any conſiderable quantity. They ſometimes alſo dig up pieces of coal and petrified wood incloſed in this maſs of ſalt.

8. The mine already extends to the depth of ſeven hundred and fifty feet. It is more than eleven hundred feet in bredth, and nearly a mile in length. This body of foſſil ſalt is ſuppoſed to branch out in various directions, but its extent is not aſcertainable.

9. The greateſt curioſity in this mine is, ſeveral chapels formed in the boſom of this immenſe body of ſalt. One of theſe is thirty feet long and twenty-five broad; the altar, the crucifix, the ornaments of the church, and the ſtatues of ſeveral ſaints, are carved out of ſolid ſalt, and here maſs is ſaid on certain days in the year.

10. Many of the excavations or chambers are of an immenſe ſize; ſome are ſupported by timber; others by vaſt

pillars of ſalt left ſtanding for this purpoſe; and ſome are left unſupported. One of theſe I judged to be eighty feet high, and it was ſo long as to appear, in the ſubterraneous gloom, without limits.

11. The vaſt ſize of theſe chambers, with the ſpacious paſſages or galleries, together with the chapels, and a few ſheds for horſes, which are ſoddered below, probably gave riſe to the accounts of ſome travellers, that this mine contains villages inhabited by colonies of miners who never ſee the light. But there is no truth in theſe accounts. The miners remain below not more than eight hours, and are then relieved by others.

12. This mine is as dry as an apartment above the earth. We obſerved only one ſmall ſpring of water running through the ſalt. There is certain evidence that this mine has been worked more than ſix hundred years, and how much longer is not known.

13. Formerly the kings of Poland derived from it an annual revenue of more than three millions of florins. But when Poland was diſmembered, this mine fell to the Emperor, whoſe commiſſioners, by raiſing the price, loſt a great part of the market for ſalt, which could be imported by the Viſtula and ſold at a lower price.

14. Such a maſs of rock ſalt is a ſtupendous phenomenon in the ſtructure of this globe. But ſimilar maſſes of ſolid ſalt are found in every quarter of the earth, either in beds beneath the ſurface, or in mountains. A mountain of this kind in Spain is five hundred feet high, and ſeveral leagues in circuit. The like are found in Aſia and Africa.

15. Similar maſſes of ſalt are found in America, impregnating numerous ſprings of water, as at Onandago, in Kentucky and Louiſiana. And as theſe beds of ſalt are uſually at a great diſtance from the ſea, they evince the wiſdom of the Creator, who ſeems to have intended theſe inexhauſtible magazines of a neceſſary article, to accommodate thoſe inhabitants of the globe, who cannot be ſupplied with it by means of navigation.

Market for moveable Houses in Russia.

1. AMONG the curioſities of Moſcow, is the market for the ſale of houſes. This is held in a large open ſpace, in one of the ſuburbs, and exhibits a great variety of *ready made houſes*, thickly ſtrewed upon the ground.

2. The purchaser who wants a dwelling, repairs to this spot, mentions the number of rooms which he requires, examines the different timbers, which are numbered, and bargains for the frame which suits him. The house is sometimes paid for on the spot, and taken away by the purchaser; and sometimes the vender contracts to transport and erect the frame on the spot where it is designed to stand.

3. It may appear incredible, that a dwelling house may be thus bought, removed, raised and inhabited, within the space of a week; but we shall conceive it practicable, by considering that these ready made houses are, in general, merely trunks of trees mortised and tenoned together at the extremities, so that they are easily taken apart and transported from place to place.

4. This summary mode of building is not peculiar to the meaner hovels, but wooden edifices of large dimensions and handsome appearance are occasionally formed in Russia, with incredible expedition. An addition to a palace for the Empress, containing a magnificent suit of apartments, was begun and finished in six weeks. At her majesty's departure, the materials were taken apart, and re-constructed into a sort of imperial villa, near Moscow.

Description of the Glaciers, in Switzerland.

1. The Alps, which are the highest mountains in Europe, rise to twelve and fifteen thousand feet above the level of the ocean. The highest peaks are therefore in the region of perpetual frost, where the rays of the sun never dissolve the ice and snow, even in the midst of summer. The most elevated summits are forever clothed with a body of snow, or a mixture of snow, hail and ice.

2. On the vast tops of less elevated mountains, are extensive valleys or hollows, which are filled with compact snow and ice, which are called glaciers or fields of ice. Some of these rest on the declivities, being formed by masses of snow precipitated from the steeper cliffs above, and sliding down, till their progress is interrupted by rocks. In some instances these snow-slips are precipitated so suddenly, as to overwhelm the cottages below, and bury men and cattle in promiscuous ruin.

3. In other cases, these fields of ice rest on valleys or on level earth, forming vast plains of solid ice, from one hundred

to five hundred feet in depth, and many miles in le
bredth. Over these the traveller may pass in safe
on the declivities, the ice is thrown into steep prec
parted by fissures which form chasms of a hideous dep
render a passage difficult and extremely dangerous.
wary traveller, who slides into one of these, is lost b
covery.

4. The borders of the glacier of Montanvert a
skirted with trees, toward its base, a vast arch of ic
near a hundred feet; under which rushes the river
with considerable force. From the appearance o
near this glacier, it is evident that this body of ice
increases, pushing forward and prostrating the tree
diminished in a course of time, and young trees sp
the ground from which it has retired.

5. The ice and snow, which are in the lower
the mountains, are subject to be dissolved by the he
mer, and in some cases, are seen fields of corn grov
a few yards of a glacier. These masses of ice, al
earth which is of its natural temperature, and w
frost, are perpetually, tho slowly dissolving, and
perennial springs and streams. On the Alps spring
largest rivers in Europe, the Rhine, the Rhone, t
and the Po, which roll their waters to the Atlanti
iterranean and the Euxine.

STUPENDOUS BRIDGE OF OSIERS IN PERU, FI
CILLASSO.

1. WHEN the Spaniards first landed in Peru,
the people considerably advanced in the arts of ci
Yet the use of iron was not known, but instead of
tives used tools made of copper; and instead of n
were used to bind timbers together. In this sta
knowledge, the celebrated Inca or prince who
many improvements and much order among the
invented and executed a bridge of Osiers over the
imac, which is two hundred paces, or about six h
wide.

2. In constructing this bridge, a twist of three p
of Osier was first formed, to which was added a tv
twigs, and three of these were twisted into one

length sufficient to stretch across the river. By means of a float or by swimming, some persons crossed the river, carrying a line to which was fastened the great rope, and by which they hauled the end of it to the other side of the river, where it was made fast to a rock.

3. To secure the ends of this immense band, it was fastened at one end to a huge rock in its natural state. At the other end, the Peruvians were under the necessity of hewing a column out of a solid rock. These rocks were perforated, and the rope let into the holes, and made fast to beams on the other side. The better to secure these abutments, a thick wall of stone was raised against them.

4. Three of these Osier ropes formed the foundation of the bridge, and two others were used, one on each side, as a railing or wall. The floor of this bridge, which was six feet wide, was formed of boards laid across the principal ropes, with battens or cleats to prevent horses from slipping. This bridge of astonishing art and workmanship, was so useful, as to be kept in repair by a tax on the neighboring provinces, and continued for a long period of time, until after the conquest of Peru by the Spaniards.

STORY OF SERRANO, WHO WAS CAST ON A DESERT ISLAND, FROM GARCILLASSO.

1. IN the voyage of a Spanish fleet to America, a ship foundered in the gulf of Mexico, and one of the men named Serrano saved his life by smimming to an island, which still bears his name. This island is a barren sand, without water, wood, plants or stones. On this dismal spot he was compelled to find subsistence, or submit to perish by hunger.

2. Serrano's ingenuity soon found the means of sustaining life. On the shore he found cockles, shrimps, and other sea animals, which he at first eat raw, for he had no fire. He then caught turtles by turning them on their backs; and cutting their flesh into slices, he dried it in the heat of the sun; using the blood for drink, until he could procure fresh water, which he did by saving the falling rain in the shells of sea animals.

3. His next object was to obtain fire, and was a business of immense difficulty, for want of iron or flint. There was not a stone on the island, but by diving in various places, he at length found two large pebbles, which be brought to an edge

by rubbing. He then scraped some threads of his shirt into lint, and with the stones he struck fire, which he enkindled with dry sea weed and some fragments of ships which had been driven ashore. The fire he preserved by carefully sheltering it from the rain. But still he was without a shed for himself, and exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, he was often obliged to seek relief by plunging in the water.

4. In this wretched state, he lived three years, in which time he felt the anguish of seeing several ships pass the island, without being able to let them know his distress. At length another man was shipwrecked near the island, and saved his life by swimming to land in the night. What was the astonishment of these men at meeting! Serrano was covered with hair like a beast—his figure was frightful, and he was frightened himself at the sight of a human being. But the use of speech, dispelled their fears, brought them together, and they embraced each other with sighs and lamentations.

5. In this hopeless condition, these partners in common misery, formed an agreement to divide the labor of procuring subsistence; each taking his turn or a certain part of the service. Yet who will believe the fact? These hopeless wretches, who had every possible need of mutual aid and comfort, and stood as it were upon the brink of the grave, could not live together in peace and amity! O man, how frail thy nature! how feeble the powers of thy mind! how little canst thou rely on the strength of reason, or the goodness of thy principles!

6. Yes, it is too true; two men, solitary and forlorn, soon found little jealousies disturbing their harmony, and they were upon the point of fighting! Let this fact teach us how *little* of our peace and security depends on *reason*, and how *much* on *religion* and *government!* Mutual hatred and resentment parted these forlorn wretches, and for a time they separated. At length, their wants impelled them to a reconciliation, and taught by necessity to value the advantages of society, they lived together in friendship.

7. Four long years were these outcasts doomed to pick up a scanty living on this barren spot, when a ship discovered them by a smoke, and came to their relief. The last who was shipwrecked died on his voyage to Spain; but Serrano lived to reach his native country. Covered as he was with

hair, he refused to be shaved till he had travelled to Germany where the Emperor resided, and had exhibited himself to his prince in his savage dress. Here he recounted his adventures to the Emperor, and received from him a liberal pension. He then suffered himself to be shaved; but returning to America, to enjoy his pension, he soon died at Panama.

Bull Fights in Spain.

1. AMONG the remains of barbarism in Europe is the practice of fighting bulls for public amusement. On certain days, a sort of theater is erected in the open air, with seats and boxes for the accommodation of a great multitude of spectators, arranged round a spacious plain where the combat is to be exhibited. The bulls intended for the combat are selected and fed for the purpose, as horses are for the races in this country.

2. When the time of exhibition has arrived, the champions who are to engage the bulls, first appear, and walk in a kind of procession round the square; then two officers on horseback, dressed in wigs and black robes, gravely advance to the president of the combat, to ask for an order to begin, and the signal is immediately given.

3. A bull is suddenly turned out of an inclosure, and received with loud acclamations, by the populace. At first he is attacked by the horsemen, dressed in the ancient Spanish manner, and armed with lances. With these they wound and provoke him—he sometimes attempts to escape—the horsemen pursue and goad him, till grown furious, he turns and fiercely repels their attacks.

4. When the bull flies or falls without much opposition, he is hissed, like a bad player on a stage; when he boldly returns the charge, and threatens the horse or his rider with instant death, the spectators redouble their shouts. The utmost joy is expressed when the enraged animal gores a horse and compels his rider to seek safety by flight.

- Sometimes great dogs are let loose upon the bull; these seize him by the neck and ears; the angry bull makes at [them] with fury, and with his horns, throws his enemies yelping [into the a]ir; they fall stunned and lacerated, but quickly return [to the] charge, and often lay the huge bull bellowing on the [ground. If h]e perishes ignobly, he is hissed as a coward. If

he sustains the combat with courage, when he falls, he falls *covered with glory*, and the air resounds with his praises.

6. When the bull has the good fortune to gore a horse and dismount the rider, he will often pursue him, and impelled by rage, will leap over the fence among the spectators. Then terrible is the alarm, and to avoid his fury, crouds rush on crouds, and pressing to places of safety, trample great numbers under their feet.

7. If the champion does not succeed in killing his antagonist, the poor animal, after being tormented to the satisfaction of the spectators, is slain by a person appointed for the purpose. Cruel as this diversion is, it is one of the most popular entertainments in Spain. The days are appointed, and the names of the combatants are announced previously in the public prints, in the manner the English advertise the horses which are to run for a purse or plate. On each day, six bulls sacrificed constitute the entertainment of the morning, and twelve, that of the afternoon.

The manner of feeding Sheep in Spain.

1. SPAIN has been always celebrated for the temperature of its climate, and for rearing some of the best animals of particular species. Among these are its sheep, whose wool is the finest of any that is known, and forms a considerable part of the materials of the best French and English broad cloths.

2. But the manner of subsisting the sheep, is a still greater singularity. The sheep are owned by a few great proprietors, and a great company, called the Mesta, composed of the grandees, who have particular privileges. Some of the sheep are kept in stationary flocks—but some millions of them are driven every autumn from the mountainous regions of Old Castile, to winter on the more temperate plains of Andalusia and Estramadura.

3. The number of sheep there driven is from three to five millions; and it is remarkable that the owners have the right of pasturage for these sheep, on every common upon the road, to the distance of ninety varas, or about two hundred and forty feet from the highway. Spain feeds from twelve to fifteen millions of sheep, including travelling and stationary flocks, each of which produces about five pounds of wool on an average. But a considerable part of this wool, instead of giving

employment to her own people, is exported to France and England.

Remarkable instance of FASTING, *from the Philosophical Transactions.*

1. IN Scotland, about forty years ago, lived a woman in Rosshire, who subsisted many years almost wholly without food. When fifteen years of age, she had an epileptic fit—and after an interval of four years of health, a second fit of long duration, which occasioned a fever that lasted for several weeks, and deprived her of the use of her eyelids.

2. She continued in tolerable health for some years, and then had another fit, which was succeeded by a fever. Before her recovery, she stole out of the house and bound some sheaves of corn in a field, which occasioned an indisposition, that confined her to the bed for five years. During this time she seldom spoke, and took scarcely food enough to sustain an infant, and this not without compulsion.

3. At last she refused every kind of food or drink—her jaw was locked, so that her father could only open her mouth a little, to inject a little water or gruel, and this she appeared not to swallow. At one time they gave her a little water from a medicinal spring, which seemed to revive her, and she spoke intelligibly, calling for more water, which was given her.

4. She spoke no more intelligibly for a year, and continued without drink or food—when making some signs, her sister forced her teeth apart, and she drank a pint of water. She then spoke, and on being asked why she did not make signs for what she wanted, she replied, "Why should I, when I have no desire?" It was now supposed she had regained the use of speech, but she soon became silent again.

5. She now continued speechless, and without food or drink for four years—attempts were made to force some liquid into her mouth; but it ran out again, and nothing like swallowing could be perceived. Notwithstanding this want of food, she was not greatly emaciated; she slept much, and in sleep was quiet; but when awake made a constant whimpering like an infant, and appeared to have her senses.

6. At length she began to recover, and took a little food and drink; when her parents returning one day from their labors

in the field, were furprized to find her fetting on her hank, at her mother's wheel, fpinning. In this condition fhe took a little food in this manner—fhe broke a piece of oatmeal cake in her hand, in fmall crumbs, as perfons would to feed chickens, and put thefe crumbs into an opening made by the lofs of two teeth, which had been forced out, in attempting to open her mouth.

7. After her effort to fpin, fhe became pale and emaciated in her whole body, and her phyfician advifed to keep her confined. In this ftate fhe continued for fome years, taking a little food every day, but not without extreme reluctance and even cries. But to the aftonifhment of all who knew her, fhe flowly recovered.

Annual Flood in the Nile.

1. IN Egypt there is no rain in fummer, and the fertility of its lands depends on the floods in the celebrated Nile. This great river, which is nearly half a mile in width, has its fources in the mountains of Abyffinia, called mountains of the moon. The rife of its waters is owing to the abundant rains, which fall annually in fpring within the tropics.

2. The Nile begins to rife in Egypt about the middle of June or a few days later; the plague, if ever fo general and deftructive, then ceafes fuddenly and joy and health are diffused through Egypt. The water rifes till September, then gradually fubfides, and in October and November the ground is fit for fowing. The whole rife of water, is from fourteen to eighteen cubits.

3. As the overflowing of this river is effential to the crops in Egypt, and as the river muft rife to about fixteen cubits, to overflow the cultivated grounds, it is a law of Egypt that no tax or tribute for the Grand Senior can be laid upon the people, unlefs the water rifes to that height. If the flood falls much fhort of that altitude, a famin follows. If the water rifes to eighteen cubits, a fcarcity is the confequence, as the ground is not dry in feafon for fowing. But this feldom happens.

4. The great importance of the annual flood in the Nile, has rendered it neceffary to afcertain precifely the rife of the water. Accordingly, on an ifland oppofite to Cairo, is placed a mark, in which is a bafon communicating with the Nile.

In this stands a pillar, callest Mikias which is a nilometer, on which is marked the exact rise of water every day. After the water has risen six cubits, a cryer is employed to make proclamation daily of the rise of the water.

5. When the river has swelled to sixteen cubits, as marked on the nilometer, the people become liable to pay the public tax, as a good crop is insured. And then is performed the ceremony of cutting the mound of the great canal at Cairo, to let in the water. This is attended with much solemnity. The Bashaw gives the first stroke, in presence of his officers, and a crowd of spectators: and the ceremony is accompanied with music, bonfires, illuminations and every demonstration of joy.

PRESENT STATE OF JERUSALEM.

1. THE celebrated city of Jerusalem stands about thirty miles east of the Mediterranean, on a rocky mountain, with steep ascents on all sides, except on the north. It does not occupy the same ground, as the ancient city, for the hill of Sion which used to be included, is now without the city, and mount Calvary, which was formerly without the city, became so much reverenced after the crucifixion of our Savior, as gradually to draw the inhabitants and pilgrims around it, and it is now near the center of the city.

2. Jerusalem was formerly much larger than at present. It is now about three miles in circumference, inclosed with walls of no great strength, and having six gates. The private buildings are poor, the streets narrow and crooked, and containing the ruins of ancient edifices. The whole is thinly inhabited, and it contains much unoccupied ground.

3. A Turkish officer resides in the city to collect a tribute, protect the pilgrims and preserve peace. Great numbers of pilgrims resort annually to this city, to perform their devotions at the holy sepulcher. This is upon mount Calvary, where a church is erected for the accommodation of pilgrims. The Latins have the exclusive right to say mass in the holy Sepulcher, but other christians have the privilege of entering it for their private devotions.

4. The Sepulcher was formerly under ground, but the rock is hewed away at the sides, so as to leave the Sepulcher in the form of a little chapel, above ground. It is a sort of grotto,

hewn out of solid rock, about eight feet square, and lined with white marble. The entrance is by an opening of three feet high and two feet wide. From regard to the sanctity of the place, every person who enters must be bare-footed. In this tomb, lamps are kept continually burning. On the outside, the chapel is surrounded by ten beautiful pillars of white marble, adjoining the wall and sustaining a cornish.

5. Jerusalem stands on a rugged barren soil remote from any sea port or great road, and is almost destitute of water. The present inhabitants are estimated at about fourteen thousand, christians, jews and mahometans. These subsist chiefly by the pilgrims, about fifteen hundred or two thousand of whom annually visit the holy city. This zeal to visit Jerusalem gave rise to the crusades in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when the princes of Europe, with millions of their subjects, travelled to that city, and numerous armies were employed to wrest it out of the hands of infidels; by which some European kingdoms were greatly impoverished. But pilgrimages from Europe have almost ceased; and few are seen to visit this city but Greeks, Armenians and other Asiatics.

6. The chief traffick of Jerusalem consists in the sale of beads, crosses, and sacred relics to the pilgrims. The fabrication of these articles procures subsistence for the greatest part of the inhabitants. Men, women and children are employed in carving and turning wood and coral, or embroidering silk, with pearls and gold and silver thread. The convent of the holy-land alone lays out fifty thousand piasters in these wares. These commodities, rendered saleable by a superstitious veneration for relics, are exported to Turkey, Italy, Portugal and Spain.

Temples in Jerusalem.

THE temple designed by David and finished by Solomon, was one of the most magnificent buildings ever erected. It was not a single edifice, like a modern church, but a number of courts connected. It stood on the top of mount Moriah, and made an exact square of eight hundred cubits, about fourteen hundred and sixty feet, on each side, and fronting the four cardinal points.

2. To secure the walls of this immense structure, it was necessary to begin the foundation at the bottom of the moun-

tain, so that the walls were above six hundred feet high. The stones were of the largest sizes, and so mortised into each other that the joints could not be seen, and so wedged into the rocks, as to be immoveable. The whole was surrounded with a battlement of five feet thickness, in which were windows formed with gold wire. Immediately within this, was a terrace walk of ninety feet width, into which strangers were permitted to enter, and here was a sort of exchange or place for buying and selling.

3. The temple, properly so called, was about a hundred and fifty feet in length, and a hundred in bredth. This consisted of three parts, the porch, the sanctuary, and the holy of holies. Over the porch was a tower a hundred and twenty cubits high. The sanctuary or nave of the temple contained the altar of incense and the table of shew-bread; the holy of holies, a square of twenty cubits, contained the ark of the covenant, in which were the two tables of stone on which were engraved the ten commandments.

4. This vast edifice which employed one hundred and eighty thousand men for seven years in its construction, was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzer, four hundred and twenty four years, after it was built. After the seventy years of captivity, the Jews returned and built a second temple; but inferior to the first in magnificence. This was destroyed when the city was taken by Titus, and the Jews ceased to be a nation.—

Mount Sinai.

1. At the extremity of the valley of Faran, in Arabia, is a range of mountains, called by the Arabians, Gibbel Mousa, the mountains of Moses. One eminence is called *Tursina*, and is supposed to be the Sinai of the scripture. About seven miles from the foot of this mountain stands the convent of St. Catherine, an edifice of a hundred and twenty feet in length, and nearly square. The whole is of hewn stone.

2. In front stands a small building, in which is the only gate of the convent, which is always shut, except when the bishop is present. At other times, whatever is introduced, whether persons or provisions, is raised to the roof in a basket by a pulley. Yet the Arabs say the monks enter by a subterranean passage. Before the convent is a large garden.

3. No stranger is permitted to enter without permission of

the Bishop who usually resides at Cairo. The monks are supported chiefly by alms, and their provisions, which are collected in Cairo, are often stolen on the way, by the Arabs. The Arabs also fire upon the convent from the neighboring rocks, and often seize the monks when abroad, and make them pay for their ransom.

4. On the side of this hill is a huge stone, which the Arabs say, is that which Moses divided with his sword to procure water. In this vicinity there are many springs of good water. Fifteen hundred paces above the convent, stands a chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and five hundred paces above this, two others situated on a plain. The whole mountain is ascended by fourteen hundred stone steps, and on the top is a christian church and a Turkish mosk. From this spot there is a noble view of the valley of Rephidim and the Red Sea.

RUINS OF PALMYRA.

1 IN the barren plains of Syria, south east of Aleppo, and nearly at an equal distance between the Mediterranean and the Euphrates, are to be seen the stupendous ruins of the magnificent city of Palmyra. This city, it is conjectured, was the Tadmor of the wilderness, built or more probably enlarged and fortified by Solomon. It stood at the point formed by the approach of two converging hills, which furnish two springs of water, without which the place would not be habitable.

2. It is probable that this city was built and supported by the profits of a lucrative trade carried on by caravans between Syria, and the Persian gulf. It rose to a state of unequalled splendor and wealth, as is evident from its ruins. It was reduced under the power of the Romans by the Emperor Trajan. It revolted under its prince Odenathus—but this prince being slain by his nephew, the sovereignty devolved on Zenobia, his wife, a woman of remarkable intrepidity, who withstood for a time the power of Rome. But Zenobia was at last conquered, and taken prisoner, and a Roman garrison left in Palmyra. A second revolt provoked Aurelian to destroy the city, and in this catastrophy perished the elegant critic, Longinus.

3. As the traveller approaches these ruins, he is struck with astonishment at the number, size and beauty of the white marble columns, some of them standing, others fallen or defaced,

which form a range of twenty six hundred yards. In one place, he sees the walls of a ruined palace; in another, the peristyle of a temple, half destroyed; on one side, a portico, a gallery or triumphal arch; on the other, a groop of magnificent columns. On all sides, he is surrounded with subverted shafts, some entire, others broken; the earth is strewed with vast stones half buried, with broken entablatures, damaged capitals, mutilated frizes, violated tombs, and altars defiled with dust.

4. But the spectator's curiosity will be arrested by the majestic remains of the Temple of the Sun. This noble edifice covered a square of two hundred and twenty yards. It was encompassed with a stately wall, built with large square stones, and adorned with pilasters, within and without, to the number of sixty two. Within the court are the remains of two rows of marble pillars, thirty seven feet high, with capitals of exquisit workmanship. Of these fifty eight remain entire. This edifice stands in the direction of the meridian, and on the west is a magnificent entrance, on the sides of which are vines and clusters of grapes, carved in the most masterly imitation of nature.

5. North of this place is an obelisk, about fifty feet high, consisting of seven large stones, besides its capital. About a hundred paces from the obelisk, is a magnificent entry to a piazza, forty feet broad, and more than half a mile in length, inclosed with two rows of marble pillars, twenty six feet high and each nine feet in compass. Of these one hundred and twenty nine remain, and by computation, the whole number must have been five hundred and sixty. Such majestic ruins, in the midst of a desert, and inhabited only by a few miserable Arabs, whose huts are scattered among vast and splendid columns of marble, awaken in the mind the most melancholy reflections upon the instability of all human greatness.

Of the Pyramids in Egypt.

1. ABOUT twelve miles from Cairo, the metroplis of Egypt, and on the opposit or west side of the Nile, stand the pyramids, about ten miles from the site of the ancient Memphis. The large ones are three in number, situated upon a ridge of rocky hills, on the border of the Lybian desert.— This ridge rises from the plains of Egypt about one hundred feet.

2. The largeſt of theſe ſtupendous works, is ſix hundred ſeet ſquare at the baſe, and five hundred feet high, compoſed of ſoft calcareous ſtone, which alſo forms the hill where it ſtands. The whole area covered by this maſs of ſtone is about eleven acres of ground. On the outſide are ſteps by which a perſon may aſcend, but not without danger, as the ſteps are much decayed, except on the ſouth ſide. On the top is a level platform, ſixteen feet ſquare, where a perſon may repoſe and enjoy one of the moſt extenſive proſpects on earth.

3. Sixteen ſteps above the baſe, there is an entrance into this pyramid, about three feet ſquare; from which is a ſteep deſcent of ninety-two feet. Within, are ſpacious galleries, halls and chambers, lined with Thebaic marble, or porphyry, in ſtones of a vaſt ſize. Within one of theſe apartments is a tomb of one entire piece of marble, hollowed and uncovered at the top, conjectured to have been the ſepulcher of the founder. This tomb, like the pyramid, ſtands exactly north and ſouth. At what time, by what prince and for what purpoſe, this and the other pyramids were erected, are queſtions that are left to conjecture. The common idea is, that they were intended for the tombs of Kings. At any rate, mankind agree that they are durable monuments of the extreme folly, as well as deſpotiſm of their founders, and of the miſerable ſlavery of their ſubjects.

Of Joseph's Well in Cairo.

1. ON the ſouth ſide of Cairo, is a rocky hill, on which ſtands a Caſtle, within which is an extraordinary well, which ſupplies the caſtle with water. This well is dug into a ſoft rock, to the depth of two hundred and ſeventy feet. A winding ſtaircaſe is cut out of the ſame rock, about ſix feet wide, but ſeparated from the well by a thickneſs of half a yard of the rock, to prevent perſons from falling into the well, or even looking in, except by ſmall holes made to let in light.

2. The ſteps are broad and the deſcent eaſy; but perſons deſcending are incommoded by dirt. At the depth of one hundred and fifty feet, is a large chamber or apartment, where oxen are employed to raiſe the water by means of wheels and machinery. The water being raiſed to this place, is carried to the top by other wheels, worked alſo by oxen. From this

place, the deſcent is more difficult, the ſtairs being narrow, and not ſeparated from the ſhaft of the well by a partition. The water raiſed from this well is diſtributed in pipes to different parts of the caſtle.

Extract from the Oration of Thomas Dawes, Esq. delivered at Boston, July 4, 1787.

1. THAT Education is one of the deepeſt princicles of independence, need not be be labored in this aſſembly. In arbitrary governments, where the people neither make the laws nor chooſe thoſe who legiſlate, the more ignorance the more peace.

2. But in a government where the people fill all the branches of the ſovereignty, *intelligence* is the life of liberty. An American would reſent his being denied the uſe of his muſket; but he would deprive himſelf of a ſtronger ſafeguard, if he ſhould want that *learning* which is neceſſary to a knowledge of his conſtitution.

3. It is eaſy to ſee that our agrarian law and the law of education were calculated to make republicans; to make *men*. Servitude could never long conſiſt with the habits of ſuch citizens. Enlightened minds and virtuous manners lead to the gates of glory. The ſentiments of independence muſt have been *connatural* in the boſoms of Americans; and ſooner or later, muſt have blazed out into public action.

4. Independence fits the ſoul of her reſidence for every noble enterprize of humanity and greatneſs. Her radient ſmile lights up celeſtial ardor in poets and orators, who ſound her praiſes through all ages; in legiſlators and philoſophers, who fabricate wiſe and happy governments as dedications to her fame; in patriots and heroes, who ſhed their lives in ſacrifice to her divinity.

5. At this idea, do not our minds ſwell with the memory of thoſe whoſe godlike virtues have founded her moſt magnificent temple in America? It is eaſy for us to maintain her doctrins, at this late day, when there is but *one* party on the bject, an immenſe people. But what tribute ſhall we beſtow, hat ſacred peean ſhall we raiſe over the tombs of thoſe who red, in the face of unrivalled power, and within the reach majeſty, to blow the blaſt of freedom throughout a ſubject ntinent?

6. Nor did those brave countrymen of ours only *express* the emotions of glory; the nature of their principles inspired them with the power of *practice;* and they offered their bosoms to the shafts of battle. Bunker's awful mount is the capacious urn of their ashes; but the flaming bounds of the universe could not limit the flight of their minds.

7. They fled to the union of kindred souls; and those who fell at the straits of Thermopylæ, and those who bled on the heights of Charlestown, now reap congenial joys in the fields of the blessed.

ELOCUTION.

Extract from an ORATION, *delivered at* Boston, *March 5, 1772, by Dr.* JOSEPH WARREN.

1. WHEN we turn over the historic page, and trace the rise and fall of states and empires; the mighty revolutions which have so often varied the face of the world, strike our minds with solemn surprise, and we are naturally led to search for the cause of such astonishing changes.

2. That man is formed for *social life*, is an observation, which, upon our first enquiry presents itself to our view. Government has its origin in the weakness of individuals, and hath for its end the *strength* and *security* of all; and so long as the means of effecting this important end are thoroughly known, and religiously attended to, government is one of the richest blessings to mankind, and ought to be held in the highest veneration.

3. In young and new formed communities, the grand design of this institution, is most generally understood, and most strictly regarded; the motives which urged to the social compact cannot be at once forgotten, and *that* equality which is remembered to have subsisted so lately among them, prevents those who are clothed with authority from attempting to invade the freedom of their brethren, or, if such an attempt is made, it prevents the community from suffering the offender to go unpunished.

4. Every member feels it to be his interest, and knows it to be his duty, to preserve inviolate the constitution on which the public safety depends, and is equally ready to assist the *magistrate* in the execution of the laws, and the *subject* in the defense of his right. So long as the noble attachment to a

constitution, founded on free and benevolent principles, exists in full vigor, in any state, that state must be flourishing and happy.

5. It was this noble attachment to a free constitution which raised ancient Rome from the smallest beginnings, to that bright summit of happiness and glory to which she arrived; and it was the loss of *this* which plunged her from *that* summit, into the black gulf of infamy and slavery.

6. It was *this* attachment which inspired her senators with wisdom; it was *this* which glowed in the breast of her heroes; it was *this* which guarded her liberties, and extended her dominions, gave peace at home, and commanded respect abroad; and when *this* decayed, her magistrates lost their reverence for justice and laws, and degenerated into tyrants and oppressors—her senators forgetful of their dignity, and seduced by base corruption, betrayed their Country—her soldiers, regardless of their relation to the community, and urged *only* by the hopes of plunder and rapine, unfeelingly committed the most flagrant enormities; and hired to the trade of death, with relentless fury, they perpetrated the most cruel murders; by which the streets of imperial Rome were drenched with her *noblest* blood.

7. Thus *this empress* of the world lost her dominions abroad, and her inhabitants, dissolute in their manners, at length became contented *slaves*; and she stands to this day, the scorn and derision of nations, and a monument of this eternal truth, that *public happiness depends on a virtuous and unshaken attachment to a free constitution.*

8. It was *this* attachment to a constitution founded on free and benevolent principles, which inspired the first settlers of this country;—they saw with grief the daring outrages committed on the free constitution of their native land; they knew that nothing but a civil war could at that time restore its pristine purity.

9. So hard was it to resolve to embrue their hands in the blood of their brethren, that they chose rather to quit their fair possessions, and seek another habitation in a distant clime. When they came to this new world, which they fairly purchased of the Indian natives, the only rightful proprietors, they cultivated the then barren soil, by their incessant labor, and defended their dear bought possessions with the fortitude of the Christian, and the bravery of the hero.

Extracts from an ORATION, *delivered at the North-Church in Hartford, at the meeting of the Connecticut Society of the Cincinnati, July 4th,* 1787, *in commemoration of the Independence of the United States. By* Joel Barlow, *Esq. Published by desire of said Society.*

Mr. President, Gentlemen of the Society and fellow-Citizens,

1. ON the anniversary of so great an event as the birth of the Empire in which we live, none will question the propriety of passing a few moments in contemplating the various objects suggested to the mind by the important occasion.

2. But at the present period, while the blessings claimed by the sword of victory, and promised in the voice of peace, remain to be confirmed by our future exertions; while the nourishment, the growth, and even the existence of our empire, depend upon the united efforts of an extensive and divided people; the duties of this day ascend from amusement and congratulation, to a serious patriotic employment.

3. We are assembled, my friends, not to boast, but to realize; not to inflate our national vanity by a pompous relation of past atchievments in the council or in the field; but from a modest retrospect of the truly dignified part already acted by our countrymen, from an accurate view of our present situation, and from an anticipation of the scenes that remain to be unfolded; to discern and familiarize the duties that still await us as citizens, as soldiers, and as men.

4. Revolutions in other countries have been effected by accident. The faculties of human reason, and the rights of human nature, have been the sport of chance and the prey of ambition. And when indignation has burst the bands of slavery, to the destruction of one tyrant, it was only to impose the manacles of another.

5. This arose from the imperfection of that early stage of society, which necessarily occasioned the foundation of empires, on the eastern continent, to be laid in ignorance, and which induced a total inability of foreseeing the improvements of civilization, or of adapting the government to a state of social refinement.

6. I shall but repeat a common observation, when I remark, that on the western continent the scene was entirely different, and a new task, totally unknown to the legislatures of other

nations, was impofed upon the fathers of the American empire.

7. Here was a people thinly fcattered over an extenfive territory, lords of the foil on which they trod, commanding a prodigious length of coaft, and an equal bredth of frontier; a people habituated to liberty, profeffing a mild and benevolent religion, and highly advanced in fcience and civilization. To conduct fuch a people in a revolution, the addrefs muft be made to reafon as well as to the paffions. And to reafon, to the clear underftanding of thefe varioufly affected colonies, the folemn addrefs was made.

8. A people thus enlightened and capable of difcerning the connection of caufes with their remoteft effects, waited not the experience of oppreffion in their own perfons; which they well knew would render them lefs able to conduct a regular oppofition.

9. But in the moment of their greateft profperity, when every heart expanded with the increafing opulence of the Britifh American dominions, and every tongue united in the praifes of the parent ftate and her patriot king, when many circumftances concurred which would have rendered an ignorant people fecure and inattentive to their future interefts; at this moment the eyes of the American argus were opened to the firft and moft plaufible invafion of the colonial rights.

10. In what other age, or nation, has a laborious and agricultural people, at eafe upon their own farms, fecure and diftant from the approach of fleets and armies, tide waiters and ftamp mafters, reafoned before they had felt, and from the dictates of duty and confcience, encountered dangers, diftrefs and poverty, for the fake of fecuring to pofterity a government of independence and peace?

11. The toils of ages, and the fate of millions, were to be fuftained by a few hands. The voice of unborn nations called upon them for fafety; but it was a ftill, fmall voice, the voice of rational reflection. Here was no Cromwell to inflame the people with bigotry and zeal, no Cæfar to reward his followers with the fpoils of vanquifhed foes, and no territory to be acquired by conqueft.

12. Ambition, fuperftition and avarice, thefe univerfal torches of war, never illumed an American field of battle. But the permanent principles of fober policy fpread through the colonies, roufed the people to affert their rights, and conducted the revolution.

Extract from Mr. AMES's Speech in Congress on the subject of executing the Treaty between the United States and Great-Britain.

1. THE consequences of refusing to make provision for the treaty are not all to be foreseen. By rejecting, vast interests are committed to the sport of the winds. Chance becomes the arbiter of events, and it is forbidden to human foresight to count their number, or measure their extent. Before we resolve to leap into this abyss, so dark and so profound, it becomes us to pause and reflect upon such of the dangers as are obvious and inevitable. If this assembly should be wrought into a temper to defy these consequences, it is vain, it is deceptive to pretend that we can escape them. It is worse than weakness to say, that as to public faith our vote has already settled the question. Another tribunal than our own is already erected. The public opinion, not merely of own country, but of the enlightened world, will pronounce a judgment that we cannot resist, that we dare not even affect to despise.

2. Well may I urge it to men who know the worth of character, that it is no trivial calamity to have it contested. Refusing to do what the treaty stipulates shall be done, opens the controversy. Even if we should stand justified at last, a character that is vindicated is something worse than it stood before, unquestioned, and unquestionable. Like the plaintiff in an action of slander, we recover a reputation disfigured by invective, and even tarnished by too much handling. In the combat for the honor of the nation, it may receive wounds, which, though they should heal, will leave scars. I need not say, for surely the feelings of every bosom have anticipated, that we cannot guard this sense of national honor, this aver living fire which alone keeps patriotism warm in the heart, with a sensibility too vigilant and jealous.

3. If, by executing the treaty, there is no possibility of dishonor, and if, by rejecting, there is some foundation for doubt and for reproach, it is not for me to measure, it is for your own feelings to estimate, the vast distance that divides the one side of the alternative from the other.

4. To expatiate on the value of public faith may pass with some men for declamation—to such men I have nothing to say. To others I will urge, can any circumstance mark upon

a people more turpitude and debasement? Can any thing tend more to make men think themselves mean, or degrade to a lower point their estimation of virtue and their standard of action.

5. It would not merely demoralize mankind, it tends to break all the ligaments of society, to dissolve that mysterious charm which attracts individuals to the nation, and to inspire in its stead a repulsive sense of shame and disgust.

6. What is patriotism? Is it a narrow affection for the spot where a man was born? Are the very clods where we tread intitled to this ardent preference because they are greener? No, sir, this is not the character of the virtue, and it soars higher for its object. It is an extended self-love, mingling with all the enjoyments of life, and twisting itself with minutest filaments of the heart. It is thus we obey the laws of society, because they are the laws of virtue. In their authority we see, not the array of force and terror, but the venerable image of our country's honor. Every good citizen makes that honor his own, and cherishes it not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defence, and is conscious that he gains protection while he gives it. For what rights of a citizen will be deemed inviolable when a state renounces the principles that constitute their security? Or, if his life should not be invaded, what would its enjoyments be in a country odious in the eyes of strangers, and dishonored in his own? Could he look with affection and veneration to such a country as his parent? The sense of having one would die within him, he would blush for his patriotism, if he retained any, and justly, for it would be a vice. He would be a banished man in his native land.

7. I see no exception to the respect that is paid among nations to the law of good faith. If there are cases in this enlightened period, when it is violated, there are none when it is decried. It is the philosophy of politics, the religion of governments. It is observed by barbarians—a whiff of tobacco smoke or a string of beads gives not merely binding force but sanctity to treaties. Even in Algiers, a truce may be bought for money, but when ratified, even Algiers, is too wise or too just to disown and annul its obligation. Thus we see neither the ignorance of savages, nor the principles of an association for piracy and rapine, permit a nation to despise its

engagements. If, sir, there could be a resurrection from the foot of the gallows, if the victims of justice could live again collect together and form a society, they would, however loth, soon find themselves obliged to make justice, that justice under which they fell, the fundamental law of their state. They would perceive it was their interest to make others respect, and they would therefore soon pay some respect themselves to the obligations of good faith.

8. It is painful, I hope it is superfluous, to make even the supposition that America should furnish the occasion of this opprobium. No, let me not even imagin, that a republican government, sprung as our own is, from a people enlightened and uncorrupted, a government whose original right, and whose daily disciplin is duty, can, upon solemn debate, make its option to be faithless—can dare to act what despots dare not avow, what our own example evinces, the states of Barbary are unsuspected of. No, let me rather make the supposition that Great Britain refuses to execute the treaty, after we have done every thing to carry it into effect. Is there any language of reproach pungent enough to express your commentary on the fact? What would you say, or rather, what would you not say? Would you not tell them, wherever an Englishman might travel, shame would stick to him—he would disown his country. You would exclaim, England, proud of your wealth, and arrogant in the possession of power—blush for these distinctions, which become the vehicles of your dishonor. Such a nation might truly say, to corruption, Thou art my father, and to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister. We should say of such a race of men, their name is a heavier burden than their debt.

9. The refusal of the posts (inevitably if we reject the treaty) is a measure too decisive in its nature to be neutral in its consequences. From great causes we are to look for great effects. A plain and obvious one will be, the price of the western lands will fall. Settlers will not chuse to fix their habitation on a field of battle. Those who talk so much of the interest of the United States should calculate how deeply it will be affected by rejecting the treaty—how vast a tract of wild land will almost cease to be property. This loss, let it be observed, will fall upon a fund expressly devoted to sink the national debt. What then are we called upon to do? How-

ever the form of the vote and the proteſtations of many may diſguiſe the proceeding, our reſolution is in ſubſtance, and it deſerves to wear the title of a reſolution to prevent the ſale of the weſtern lands and the diſcharge of the public debt.

10. Will the tendency to Indian hoſtility be conteſted by any one ? Experience gives the anſwer. The frontiers were ſcourged with war till the negociation with Great Britain was far advanced, and then the ſtate of hoſtility ceaſed. Perhaps the public agents of both nations were innocent of fomenting the Indian war, and perhaps they are not. We ought not however to expect that neighboring nations, highly irritated againſt each other, will neglect the friendſhip of the ſavages, the traders will gain an influence, and will abuſe it—and who is ignorant that their paſſions are eaſily raiſed and hardly reſtrained from violence ? Their ſituation will oblige them to chuſe between this country and Great Britain, in caſe the treaty ſhould be rejected.—They will not be our friends and at the ſame time the friends of our enemies.

11. If any, againſt all theſe proofs ſhould maintain that the peace with the Indians will be ſtable without the poſts, to them I will urge another reply. From arguments calculated to produce conviction, I will appeal directly to the hearts of thoſe who hear me, and aſk whether it is not already planted there ? I reſort eſpecially to the conviction of the weſtern gentlemen whether, ſuppoſing no poſts and no treaty, the ſettlers will remain in ſecurity ? Can they take it upon them to ſay, that an Indian peace under theſe circumſtances, will prove firm ? No, ſir, it will not be a peace but ſword ; it will be no better than a lure to draw victims within the reach of the tomahawk.

12. On this theme, my emotions are unutterable : If I could find words for them, if my powers bore any proportion to my zeal, I would ſwell my voice to ſuch a note of remonſtrance; it ſhould reach every log-houſe beyond the mountains. I would ſay to the inhabitants, wake from your falſe ſecurity. Your cruel dangers, your more cruel apprehenſions are ſoon to be renewed ; the wounds, yet unhealed, are to be torn open again. In the day time, your path through the woods will be ambuſhed. The darkneſs of midnight will glitter with the blaze of your dwellings. You are a father—the blood of your ſons ſhall fatten on your corn-fields —You are a mother—the war-hoop ſhall wake the ſleep of the cradle.

13. On this ſubject you need not ſuſpect any deception on your feelings. It is a ſpectacle of horror which cannot be overdrawn. If you have nature in your hearts, they will ſpeak a language compared with which all I have ſaid, or can ſay, will be poor and frigid.

14. Who will accuſe me of wandering out of the ſubject? Who will ſay that I exaggerate the tendencies of our meaſures? Will any one anſwer by a ſneer, that all this is idle preaching? Will any one deny that we are bound, and I would hope to good purpoſe, by the moſt ſolemn ſanctions of duty for the vote we give? Are deſpots alone to be reproached for unfeeling indifference to the tears and blood of their ſubjects? Are republicans unreſponſible? Have the principles on which you ground the reproach upon cabinets and kings no practical influence, no binding force? Are they merely themes of idle declamation, introduced to decorate the morality of a newſpaper eſſay, or to furniſh pretty topics of harrangue from the windows of that ſtate-houſe? I truſt it is neither too preſumptuous nor too late to aſk, can you put the deareſt intereſts of ſociety at riſk without guilt and without remorſe?

15. By rejecting the poſts, we light the ſavage fires, we bind the victims. This day we undertake to render account to the widows and orphans whom our deciſion will make, to the wretches who will be roaſted at the ſtake, to our country, and I do not deem it too ſerious to ſay, to conſcience and to God. We are anſwerable—and if duty is any thing more than a word of impoſture, if conſcience is not a bugbear, we are preparing to make ourſelves as wretched as our country.

16. There is no miſtake in this caſe; there can be none. Experience has already been the prophet of events, and the cries of our future victims have already reached us. The weſtern inhabitants are not a ſilent and uncomplaining ſacrifice. The voice of humanity iſſues from the ſhade of their wilderneſs. It exclaims, that while one hand is held up to reject this treaty, the other graſps a tomahawk. It ſummons our imagination to the ſcenes that will open. It is no great effort of the imagination to conceive that events ſo near are already begun. I can fancy that I liſten to the yells of ſavage vengeance and the ſhrieks of torture. Already they ſeem to ſigh in the weſt winds—already they mingle with every echo from the mountains.

17. Look again at this ſtate of things—On the ſea coaſt, vaſt loſſes uncompenſated—On the frontier, Indian war, actual encroachment on our territory. Every where diſcontent—reſentments tenfold more fierce becauſe they will be impotent and humbled. National diſcord and abaſement.

18. The diſputes of the old treaty of 1783, being left to rankle, will revive the almoſt extinguiſhed animoſities of that period. Wars in all countries, and moſt of all in ſuch as are free, ariſe from the impetuoſity of the public feelings. The deſpotiſm of Turkey is often obliged by clamor to unſheath the ſword. War might perhaps be delayed, but could not be prevented. The cauſes of it would remain, would be aggravated, would be multiplied, and ſoon become intolerable.—More captures, more impreſſments, would ſwell the liſt of our wrongs, and the current of our rage. I make no calculation of the arts of thoſe whoſe employment it had been, on former occaſions, to fan the fire. I ſay nothing of the foreign money and emiſſaries that might foment the ſpirit of hoſtility, becauſe the ſtate of things will naturally run to violence.—With leſs than their former exertion, they would be ſucceſsful.

19. Will our government be able to temper and reſtrain the turbulence of ſuch a criſis? The government, alas, will be in no capacity to govern. A divided people; and divided councils! Shall we cheriſh the ſpirit of peace or ſhow the energies of war? Shall we make our adverſary afraid of our ſtrength, or diſpoſe him, by the meaſures of reſentment and broken faith, to reſpect our rights? Do gentlemen rely on the ſtate of peace becauſe both nations will be worſe diſpoſed to keep it? Becauſe injuries, and inſults ſtill harder to endure, will be mutually offered?

20. Such a ſtate of things will exiſt, if we ſhould long avoid war, as will be worſe than war. Peace without ſecurity, accumulation of injury without redreſs, or the hope of it, reſentment againſt the aggreſſor, contempt for ourſelves, inteſtine diſcord and anarchy. Worſe than this need not be apprehended, for if worſe could happen, anarchy would bring it. Is this the peace gentlemen undertake with ſuch fearleſs confidence, to maintain? Is this the ſtation of American dignity, which the high ſpirited champions of our *national independence and honor* could endure—nay, which they are anxious and almoſt violent to ſeize for the country? What is there in the

treaty that could humble us so low? Are they the men to swallow their resentments, who so lately were choaking with them? If in the case contemplated by them, it should be peace, I do not hesitate to declare it ought not to be peace.

21. Is there any thing in the prospect of the interior state of the country, to encourage us to aggravate the dangers of a war? Would not the shock of that evil produce another, and shake down the feeble and then unbraced structure of our government? Is this the chimera? Is it going off the ground of matter of fact to say, the rejection of the appropriation proceeds upon the doctrin of a civil war of the departments? Two branches have ratified a treaty, and we are going to set it aside. How is this disorder in the machine to be rectified? While it exists, its movements must stop, and when we talk of a remedy, is that any other than the formidable one of a revolutionary interposition of the people? And is this, in the judgment even of my opposers, *to execute, to preserve* the constitution, and the public order? Is this the state of hazard, if not of convulsion, which they can have the courage to contemplate and to brave, or beyond which their penetration can reach and see the issue? They seem to believe, and they act as if they believed that our union, our peace, our liberty are invulnerable and immortal—as if our happy state was not to be disturbed by our dissension, and that we are not capable of falling from it by our unworthiness. Some of them have no doubt better nerves and better discernment than mine. They can see the bright aspects and happy consequences of all this array of horrors. They can see intestine discords, our government disorganized, our wrongs aggravated, multiplied and unredressed, peace with dishonor, or war without justice, union or resources in, "*the calm lights of mild philosophy.*"

22. Let me cheer the mind, weary, no doubt, and ready to despond on this prospect, by presenting another which it is yet in our power to realize. Is it possible for a real American to look at the prosperity of this country without some desire for its continuance, without some respect for the measures which, many will say, produced and all will confess have preserved it? Will he not feel some dread that a change of system will reverse the scene? The well grounded fears of our citizens in 1794 were removed by the treaty, but are not forgotten.—Then they deemed war nearly inevitable, and would not this

adjuſtment have been conſidered at that day as a happy eſcape from the calamity? The great intereſt and the general deſire of our people was to enjoy the advantages of neutrality. This inſtrument, however miſrepreſented, affords America that ineſtimable ſecurity. The cauſes of our diſputes are either cut up by the roots, or referred to a new negociation, after the end of the European war. This was gaining every thing, becauſe it confirmed our neutrality by which our citizens are gaining every thing. This alone would juſtify the engagements of the government. For, when the fiery vapors of the war lowered in the ſkirts of our horizon, all our wiſhes were concentered in this one, that we might eſcape the deſolation of the ſtorm. This treaty, like a rainbow on the edge of the cloud, marked to our eyes the ſpace where it was raging, and afforded at the ſame time the ſure prognoſtic of fair weather. If we reject it, the vivid colors will grow pale, it will be a baleful meteor portending tempeſt and war.

23. Let us not heſitate then to agree to the appropriation to carry it into a faithful execution. Thus we ſhall ſave the faith of our nation, ſecure its peace, and diffuſe the ſpirit of confidence and enterprize that will augment its proſperity.—The progreſs of wealth and improvement is wonderful, and ſome will think, too rapid. The field for exertion is fruitful and vaſt, and if peace and good government ſhould be preſerved, the acquiſitions of our citizens are not ſo pleaſing as the proof of their induſtry, as the inſtruments of their future ſucceſs. The rewards of exertion go to augment its power. Profit is every hour becoming capital. The vaſt crop of our neutrality is all ſeed-wheat, and is ſown again to ſwell, almoſt beyond calculation, the future harveſt of proſperity. And in this progreſs, what ſeems to be fiction, is found to fall ſhort of experience.

24. I roſe to ſpeak under impreſſions that I would have reſiſted if I could. Thoſe who ſee me will believe that the reduced ſtate of my health has unfitted me, almoſt equally, for much exertion of body or mind. Unprepared for debate by careful reflection in my retirement, or by long attention here, I thought the reſolution I had taken to ſit ſilent was impoſed by neceſſity and would coſt me no effort to maintain. With a mind thus vacant of ideas, and ſinking, as I really am, under a ſenſe of weakneſs, I imagined the very deſire of ſpeaking

was extinguiſhed by the perſuaſion that I had nothing to ſay. Yet when I come to the moment of deciding the vote, I ſtart back with dread from the edge of the pit into which we are plunging. In my view, even the minutes I have ſpent in expoſtulation have their value becauſe they protract the criſis, and the ſhort period in which alone we may reſolve to eſcape it.

25. I have thus been led by my feelings to ſpeak more at length than I had intended. Yet I have perhaps as little perſonal intereſt in the event as any one here. There is, I believe, no member who will not think his chance to be a witneſs of the conſequence greater than mine. If however the vote ſhould paſs to reject, and a ſpirit ſhould riſe, as it will, with the public diſorders to make confuſion worſe confounded, even I, ſlender and almoſt broken as my hold upon life is, may outlive the government and conſtitution of my country.

From CICERO'S *Oration againſt* VERRES.

1. THE time is come, Fathers, when that which has long been wiſhed for towards allaying the envy your order has been ſubject to, and removing the imputations againſt trials, is (not by human contrivance but ſuperior direction) effectually put in our power.

2. An opinion has long prevailed, not only here at home, but likewiſe in foreign countries, both dangerous to you, and pernicious to the ſtate, viz. that in proſecutions men of wealth are always ſafe, however clearly convicted?

3. There is now to be brought upon his trial before you, to the confuſion I hope of the propagators of this ſlanderous imputation, one whoſe life and actions condemn him in the opinion of all impartial perſons, but who according to his own reckoning and declared dependence upon his riches, is already acquitted: I mean Caius Verres.

4. If that ſentence is paſſed upon him which his crimes deſerve, your authority, fathers, will be venerable and ſacred in the eyes of the public. But if his great riches ſhould bias you in his favour, I ſhall ſtill gain one point, viz. to make it apparent to all the world, that what was wanting in this caſe was not a criminal, nor proſecutor, but juſtice and adequate puniſhment.

5. To paſs over the ſhameful irregularities of his youth, what does his queſtorſhip, the firſt public employment he held,

what does it exhibit, but one continued ſcene of villanies? Cneus Carbo plundered of the public money by his own treaſurer, a conſul ſtripped and betrayed, an army deſerted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of a people violated.

6. The employment he held in Aſia Minor and Pamphylia, what did it produce, but the ruin of thoſe countries? in which houſes, cities and temples, were robbed by him.—What was his conduct in his pretorſhip here at home? Let the plundered temples, and the public works, neglected, that he might embezzle the money intended for carrying them on, bear witneſs. But his pretorſhip in Sicily crowns all his works of wickedneſs, and furniſhes a laſting monument to his infamy.

7. The miſchiefs done by him in that country, during the three years of his iniquitous adminiſtration, are ſuch, that many years, under the wiſeſt and beſt of pretors, will not be ſufficient to reſtore things to the condition in which he found them.

8. For it is notorious, that during the time of his tyranny, the Sicilians neither enjoyed the protection of their original laws, of the regulations made for their benefit by the Roman ſenate upon their coming under the protection of the commonwealth, nor of the natural and unalienable rights of men.

9. His nod has decided all cauſes in Sicily theſe three years; and his deciſions have broken all law, all precedent, all right. The ſums he has, by arbitrary taxes and unheard of impoſitions, extorted from the induſtrious poor, are not to be computed. The moſt faithful allies of the commonwealth have been treated as enemies.

10. Roman citizens, have, like ſlaves, been put to death with tortures. The moſt atrocious criminals, for money have been exempted from deſerved puniſhments; and men of the moſt unexceptionable characters condemned and baniſhed unheard.

11. The harbors, though ſufficiently fortified, and the gates of ſtrong towns, opened to pirates and ravagers; the ſoldiery and ſailors belonging to a province under the protection of the commonwealth, ſtarved to death; whole fleets, to the great detriment of the province ſuffered to periſh; the ancient monuments of either Sicilian or Rome greatneſs, the ſtatues of heroes and princes, carried off; and the temples ſtripped of their images.

12. The infamy of his lewdness has been such as decency forbids me to describe; nor will I by mentioning particulars, put those unfortunate persons to fresh pain, who have not been able to save their wives and daughters from his impurity.

13. And these his atrocious crimes, have been committed in so public a manner, that there is no one who has heard of his name, but could reckon up his actions. Having, by his iniquitous sentences, filled the prisons with the most industrious and deserving of the people, he then proceeded to order numbers of Roman citizens to be strangled in the gaols; so that the exclamation, "I am a citizen of Rome," which has often, in the most distant regions and among the most barbarous people, been a protection, was of no service to them, but on the contrary, brought upon them a speedier and more severe punishment.

14. I ask now, Verrès, what you have to advance against this charge? Will you pretend to deny it? Will you pretend that any thing false, that even any thing aggravated is alleged against you? Had any prince, or any state committed the same outrage against the privilege of Roman citizens, should we not think we had sufficient ground for declaring immediate war against them.

15. What punishment then ought to be inflicted upon a tyrannical and wicked pretor, who dared, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion, that unfortunate and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cosanus, only for his having asserted his privilege of citizenship, and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against a cruel oppressor, who had unjustly confined him in prison, at Syracuse, from whence he had just made his escape.

16. The unhappy man, arrested as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked pretor. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he orders the helpless victim of his rage to be stripped, and rods to be brought; accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion, of having come to Sicily as a spy.

17. It was in vain that the unhappy man cried out, "I am a Roman citizen—I have served under Lucius Pretius, who now at Panormus, and will attest my innocence." The

blood thirſty pretor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defenſe, ordered the infamous puniſhment to be inflicted. Thus, fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with ſcourging, whilſt the only words he uttered amidſt his cruel ſufferings, were, "I am a Roman citizen!"

18. With theſe he hoped to defend himſelf from violence and infamy: But of ſo little ſervice was this privilege to him, that while he was thus aſſerting his citizenſhip, the order was given for his execution—for his execution upon the croſs!

19. O liberty!—O ſound, once delightful to every Roman ear!—O ſacred privilege of Roman citizenſhip! Once ſacred, now trampled upon! But what then? Is it come to this?

20. Shall an inferior magiſtrate, a governor who holds his own power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within ſight of Italy, bind, ſcourge, torture with fire and red hot plates of iron, and at laſt put to the infamous death of the croſs, a Roman citizen?

21. Shall neither the cries of innocence, expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying ſpectators, nor the majeſty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the juſtice of his country, reſtrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monſter, who in confidence of his riches, ſtrikes at the root of liberty, and ſets mankind at defiance?

22. I conclude with expreſſing my hopes that your wiſdom, and juſtice, fathers, will not, by ſuffering the atrocious and unexampled inſolence of Caius Verres to eſcape due puniſhment, leave room to apprehend the danger of a total ſubverſion of authority, and introduction of general anarchy and confuſion.

SPEECH *of* CANULEIUS, *a Roman tribune to the Conſuls; in which he demands that the Plebians may be admitted into the conſulſhip; and that the Law prohibiting Patricians and Plebians from intermarrying, may be repealed.*

1. WHAT an inſult upon us is this! If we are not ſo rich as the Patricians, are we not citizens of Rome as well as they? Inhabitans of the ſame country? members of the ſame community? The nations bordering upon Rome and even ſtrangers more remote, are admitted not only to marriages with us, but to what is of much greater importance, the freedom of the city.

2. Are we because we are commoners, to be worse treated than strangers! and when we demand that the people may be free to bestow their offices and dignities on whom they please, do we ask any thing unreasonable or new? Do we claim more than their original inherent right? What occasion then for all this uproar, as if the universe was falling to ruin? They were just going to lay violent hands upon me in the senate house.

3. What! must this empire then be unavoidably overturned? Must Rome of necessity sink at once, if a plebian, worthy of the office, should be raised to the consulship? The patricians, I am persuaded, if they could, would deprive you of the common light.

4. It certainly offends them that you breathe, that you speak, that you have the shapes of men. Nay, but to make a commoner a consul, would be, say they, a most enormous thing. Numa Pompilius, however, without being so much as a Roman citizen, was made king of Rome.

5. The elder Tarquin, by birth not even Italian, was nevertheless placed upon the throne. Servius Tullius, the son of a captive woman (nobody knows who his father was) obtained the kingdom as the reward of his wisdom and virtue.

6. In those days, no man, in whom virtue shone conspicuous, was rejected or despised on account of his race and descent. And did the state prosper the less for that? Were not these strangers the very best of our kings? And supposing now, that a plebian should have their talent and merit, must not he be suffered to govern us?

7. But, "we find upon the abolition of the legal power, no commoner was chosen to the consulate." And what of that? Before Numa's time there were no pontiffs in Rome. Before Servius Tullius' day, there was no census, no division of the people into classes and centuries. Who ever heard of consuls before the expulsion of Tarquin the proud? Dictators, we all know, are of modern invention; and so are the offices of tribunes, ediles, questors.

8. Within these ten years we have made decemvirs, and we have unmade them. Is nothing to be done but what has been done before? That very law, forbidding marriages of patricians and plebians, is not that a new thing? Was there any such law before the decemvirs enacted it? And a most shameful one it is, in a free state.

9. Such marriages, it ſeems, will taint the pure blood of the nobility! Why, if they think ſo, let them take care to match their ſiſters and daughters with men of their own ſort. No plebian will do violence to the daughter of a patrician.—Thoſe are exploits for our prime nobles.

10. There is no need to fear that we ſhall force any body into a contract of marriage. But to make an expreſs law to prohibit marriages of patricians with plebians, what is this but to ſhow the utmoſt contempt of us, and to declare one part of the community to be impure and unclean?

11. They talk to us of the confuſion there will be in families, if this ſtatute ſhould be repealed. I wonder they don't make a law againſt a commoner's living near a nobleman or going the ſame road that he is going; or being preſent at the ſame feaſt, or appearing in the ſame market place.

12. They might as well pretend that theſe things make confuſion in families, as that intermarriages will do it.—Does not every one know that their children will be ranked according to the quality of their father, let them be a patrician or a plebian? In ſhort it is manifeſt enough that we have nothing in view but to be treated as men and citizens; nor can they, who oppoſe our demand, have any motive to do it, but the love of domineering.

13. I would fain know of you, conſuls and patricans, is the ſovereign power in the people of Rome, or in you? I hope you will allow, that the people can at their pleaſure, either make a law or repeal one.

14. And will you, then, as ſoon as any law is propoſed to them, pretend to inliſt them immediately for the war and hinder them from giving their ſuffrages by leading them into the field?

15. Hear me, conſuls. Whether the news of the war you talk of is true, or whether it is only a falſe rumor ſpread abroad for nothing but a color to ſend the people out of the city, I declare as tribune, that this people who have already ſo often ſpilt their blood in our country's cauſe, are again ready to arm for its defence and its glory, if they may be reſtored to their natural rights, and you will no longer treat us like ſtrangers in our own country.

16. But if you account us unworthy of your alliance by intermarriages, if you will not ſuffer the entrance to the chief

offices in the ſtate to be open to all perſons of merit indifferently, but will confine your choice of magiſtrates to the ſenate alone; talk of wars as much as ever you pleaſe; paint, in your ordinary diſcourſes, the league and power of our enemies, ten times more dreadful than you do now, I declare, that this people whom you ſo much deſpiſe, and to whom you are nevertheleſs indebted for all your victories, ſhall never more inliſt themſelves; not a man of them ſhall take arms! not a man of them ſhall expoſe his life for imperious lords, with whom he can neither ſhare the dignities of the ſtate, nor in private life have any alliance by marriage.

SPEECH of PUBLIUS SCIPIO *to the* ROMAN ARMY, *before the battle of the Ticin.*

1. WERE you, ſoldiers, the ſame army which I had with me in Gaul, I might well forbear ſaying any thing to you at this time; for what occaſion could there be to uſe exhortation to cavalry that had ſo ſignally vanquiſhed the ſquadrons of the enemy upon the Rhone; or to legions, by whom that ſame enemy, flying before them to avoid a battle, did in effect confeſs themſelves conquered?

2. But, as theſe troops having been enrolled for Spain are there with my brother Cneus, making war under my auſpices (as was the will of the ſenate and people of Rome) I, that you might have a conſul for your captain againſt Hannibal and the Carthagenians, have freely offered myſelf for this war. You then have a new general; and I a new army. On this account, a few words from me to you will be neither improper nor unſeaſonable.

3. That you may not be unappriſed of what ſort of enemies you are going to encounter, or of what is to be feared from them; they are the very ſame, whom in a former war you vanquiſhed both by land and ſea; the ſame from whom you took Sicily and Sardinia, and who have been theſe twenty years your tributaries.

4. You will not I preſume march againſt theſe men with only that courage with which you are wont to face other enemies; but with a certain anger and indignation, ſuch as you would feel if you ſaw your ſlaves on a ſudden riſe up againſt you.

5. Conquered and enſlaved, it is not boldneſs, but neceſſity

that urges them to battle; unleſs you can believe that thoſe, who avoided ſighting when their army was entire, have acquired better hope by the loſs of two thirds of their horſe and foot in paſſing the Alps.

6. But you have heard perhaps, that though they are few in number they are men of ſtout hearts, and robuſt bodies; heroes of ſuch ſtrength and vigor as nothing is able to reſiſt. Mere effigies! nay, ſhadows of men! wretches, emaciated with hunger and benumbed with cold! bruiſed and battered to pieces among the rocks and craggy cliffs! their weapons broken and their horſes weak and foundered! Such are the cavalry and ſuch the infantry, with which you are going to contend; not enemies but the fragments of enemies.

7. There is nothing which I more apprehend, than that it will be thought Hannibal was vanquiſhed by the Alps before we had any conflict with him.

But, perhaps, it was fitting it ſhould be ſo; and that, with a people and a leader who had violated leagues and covenants, the Gods themſelves, without man's help, ſhould begin the war, and bring it to a near concluſion; and that we, who next to the gods, have been injured and offended, ſhould happily finiſh what they have begun.

8. I need not be in any fear that you ſhould ſuſpect me of ſaying theſe things merely to encourage you, while inwardly I have different ſentiment. What hindered me from going to Spain? That was my province, where I ſhould have had the leſs dreadful Aſdrubal, not Hannibal to deal with.

9. But, hearing, as I paſſed along the coaſt of Gaul, of this enemy's march, I landed my troops, ſent the horſe forward, and pitched my camp upon the Rhone. A part of my cavalry encountered and defeated that of the enemy. My infantry not being able to overtake theirs, which fled before us, I returned to my fleet; and, with all the expedition I could uſe in ſo long a voyage by ſea and land, am come to meet them at the foot of the Alps.

Was it, then, my inclination to avoid a conteſt with tl[illegible]emendous Hannibal? And have I met with him only by a[illegible]t and unawares? Or am I come on purpoſe to challenge h[illegible] the combat?

I would gladly try whether the earth, within theſe tv[illegible] years has brought forth a new kind of Carthagenians;

or whether they be the same sort of men who fought at the Ægates, and whom at Eryx, you suffered to redeem themselves at eighteen denarii a-head; whether this Hannibal, for labors and journeys is, as he would be thought, the rival of Hercules; or whether he is what his father left him, a tributary, a vassal, a slave of the Roman people.

12. Did not the consciousness of his wicked deed at Saguntum torment him and make him desperate, he would have some regard, if not to his conquered country, yet surely to his own family, to his father's memory, to the treaty written with Amilcar's own hand. We might have starved him in Eryx? we might have passed into Africa with our victorious fleet; and in a few days have destroyed Carthage. At their humble supplication we pardoned them, we released them, when they were closely shut up without a possibility of escaping; we made peace with them when they were conquered.

13. When they were distressed by the African war, we considered them, we treated them as a people under our protection: And what is the return they make us for all these favors? Under the conduct of a hair-brained young man, they come hither to overturn our state, and lay waste our country.

14. I could wish indeed, that it were not so; and that the war we are now engaged in concerned only our own glory and not our preservation. But the contest at present is not for the possession of Sicily and Sardinia, but of Italy itself; nor is there behind us another army, which if we should not prove conquerors, may make head against our victorious enemies.

15. There are no more Alps for them to pass which might give us leisure to raise new forces: No, soldiers; here you must take your stand, as if you were just now before the walls of Rome. Let every one reflect, that he is now to defend not his own person only, but his wife, his children, his helpless infants.

16. Yet let not private considerations alone possess our minds; let us remember that the eyes of the senate and people of Rome are upon us; and that as our force and courage shall now prove, such will be the fortune of that city and of the Roman empire.

CAIUS MARIUS *to the Romans; shewing the absurdity of their hesitating to confer on him the rank of general, merely on account of his extraction.*

1. IT is but too common, my countrymen, to obſerve a material difference between the behavior of thoſe who ſtand candidates for places of power and truſt, before and after their obtaining them.

2. They ſolicit them in one manner, and execute them in another. They ſet out with a great appearance of activity, humility, and moderation; and they quickly fall into ſloth, pride, and avarice.

3. It is, undoubtedly, no eaſy matter to diſcharge, to the general ſatisfaction, the duty of a ſupreme commander in troubleſome times.

4. To carry on, with effect, an expenſive war, and yet be frugal of the public money; to oblige thoſe to ſerve, whom it may be delicate to offend; to conduct, at the ſame time a complicated variety of operations; to concert meaſures at home, anſwerable to the ſtate of things abroad; and to gain every valuable end, in ſpite of oppoſition from the envious, the factious, and the diſaffected—to do all this, my countrymen, is more difficult than is generally thought.

5. But, beſides the diſadvantages which are common to me with all others in eminent ſtations, my caſe is, in this reſpect, peculiarly hard; that, whereas a commander of patritian rank, if he is guilty of a neglect or breach of duty, has his great connections, the antiquity of his family, the important ſervices of his anceſtors, and the multitudes he has, by power, engaged in his intereſt, to ſcreen him from condign puniſhment—my whole ſafety depends upon myſelf, which renders it the more indiſpenſibly neceſſary for me to take care that my conduct be clear and unexceptionable.

6. Beſides I am well aware, my countrymen, that the eye of the public is upon me; and that, tho the impartial, who prefer the real advantage of the commonwealth to all other conſiderations, favor my pretentions, the patricians want nothing ſo much as an occaſion againſt me.

7. It is therefore my fixed reſolution to uſe my beſt endeav[ors] that you be not diſappointed in me, and that their indirect [desig]ns againſt me may be defeated.

[8.] I have from my youth, been familiar with toils and with [dang]ers. I was faithful to your intereſt, my countrymen, [when] I ſerved you for no reward but that of honor. It is not

my deſign to betray you, now that you have conferred upon me a place of profit.

9. You have committed to my conduct the war againſt Jugurtha. The patricians are offended at this. But where would be the wiſdom of giving ſuch a command to one of their honorable body? A perſon of illuſtrious birth, of ancient family, of innumerable ſtatues, but—of no experience.

10. What ſervice would his long line of dead anceſtors or his multitude of motionleſs ſtatues do his country in the day of battle? What could ſuch a general do, but in his trepidation and inexperience, have recourſe to ſome inferior commander for direction in difficulties to which he was not himſelf equal? Thus your patrician general would in fact have a general over him; ſo that the acting commander would ſtill be a plebian.

11. So true is this, my countrymen, that I have myſelf known thoſe who have been choſen conſuls, begin then to read the hiſtory of their own country, of which, till that time, they were totally ignorant; that is, they firſt obtained the employment, and then bethought themſelves of the qualifications neceſſary for the proper diſcharge of it.

12. I ſubmit to your judgment, Romans, on which ſide the advantage lies when a compariſon is made between patrician haughtineſs and plebian experience. The very actions which they have only read, I have partly ſeen and partly myſelf achieved. What they know by reading, I know by action. They are pleaſed to ſlight my mean birth; I deſpiſe their mean characters. Want of birth and fortune is the objection againſt me; want of perſonal worth againſt them.

13. But are not all men of the ſame ſpecies? What can make a difference between one man and another, but the endowments of the mind? For my part I ſhall always look upon the braveſt man as the nobleſt man. Suppoſe it were inquired of the fathers of ſuch patricians as Albinus and Beſtia, whether if they had their choice, they would deſire ſons of their character or of mine? What would they anſwer, but that they ſhould wiſh the worthieſt to be their ſons? If the patricians have reaſon to deſpiſe me, let them likewiſe deſpiſe their anceſtors, whoſe nobility was the fruit of their virtue. Do ——— envy the honors beſtowed upon me, let them envy like- v labors, my abſtinence, and the dangers I have un- for my country, by which I have acquired them.

14. But those worthless men lead such a life of inactivity, as if they despised any honors, you can bestow; whilst they aspire to honors, as if they had deserved them by the most industrious virtue. They lay claim to the rewards of activity, for their having enjoyed the pleasures of luxury; yet none can be more lavish than they are in praise of their ancestors. And they imagin they honor themselves by celebrating their forefathers; whereas they do the very contrary; for as much as their ancestors were distinguished for their virtues, so much are they disgraced by their vices.

15. The glory of ancestors casts a light, indeed, upon their posterity; but it only serves to show what the descendants are. It alike exhibits to public view their degeneracy and their worth. I own I cannot boast of the deeds of my forefathers; but I hope I may answer the cavils of the patricians by standing up in defense of what I have myself done.

16. Observe now, my countrymen, the injustice of the patricians. They arrogate to themselves honors on account of the exploits done by their forefathers, whilst they will not allow me the due praise for performing the very same sort of actions in my own person. He has no statues, they cry, of his family. He can trace no venerable line of ancestors. What then? Is it matter of more praise to disgrace one's illustrious ancestors, than to become illustrious by one's own good behavior?

17. What if I can show no statues of my family? I can show the standards, the armor, and the trappings, which I have myself taken from the vanquished: I can show the scars of those wounds, which I have received by facing the enemies of my country. These are my statues. These are the honors I boast of; not left me by inheritance, as theirs; but earned by toil, by abstinence, by valor; amidst clouds of dust and seas of blood; scenes of action, where those effeminate patricians, who endeavor by indirect means to depreciate me in your esteem, have never dared to show their faces.

A DIALOGUE, *written in the year* 1776, *by* Mr. ANDRUS, *of Yale College, since deceased.*

Blithe. HOW now, Mr. Hunks, have you settled the controversy with Baxter?

Hunks. Yes, to a fraction, upon condition that he would

pay me six per cent, upon all his notes and bonds, from the date until they were discharged.

Blithe. Then it seems you have bro't him to your own terms.

Hunks. Indeed I have; I would settle with him upon no other. Men now a-days think it a dreadful hardship to pay a little interest; and will quibble a thousand ways to fool a body out of his just property. But I've grown too old to be cheated in that manner. I take care to secure the interest as well as the principal. And to prevent any difficulty, I take new notes every year, and carefully exact interest upon interest, and add it to the principal.

Blithe. You don't exact interest upon interest! this looks a little like extortion.

Hunks. Extortion! I have already lost more than five hundred pounds, by a number of rascally bankrupts. I won't trust a farthing of my money without interest upon interest.

Blithe. I see I must humor his foible, there's no other way to deal with him.—[*aside.*

Hunks. There's no security in men's obligations, in these times. And if I've a sum of money in the hands of those we call good chaps, I'm more plagu'd to get it than 'tis all worth. They would be glad to turn me off with mere rubbish, if they could. I'd rather keep my money in my own chest, than let it out for such small interest as I have for it.

Blithe. There's something I confess in your observations. We never know when we are secure unless we have our property in our chests or in lands.

Hunks. That's true—I'd rather have my property in lands at three per cent, than in the hands of the best man in this town at six—it is a fact. Lands will grow higher when the wars are over.

Blithe. You're entirely right. I believe if I'd as much money as you, I should be of the same mind.

Hunks. That's a good disposition. We must all learn to take care of ourselves these hard times. But I wonder how it happens that your disposition is so different from your son's —he's extremely wild and profuse—I should think it was not possible for you with all your prudence and dexterity, to get money as fast as he would spend it.

Blithe. Oh, he's young and airy; we must make allowan-

ces for ſuch things; we uſed to do ſo ourſelves when we were young men.

Hunks. No, you are miſtaken; I never wore a neckcloth nor a pair of ſhoe-buckles, on a week day, in my life. But this is now become neceſſary among the loweſt ranks of people.

Blithe. You have been very ſingular; there are few men in our age that have been ſo frugal and ſaving as you have. But we muſt all endeavor to conform ourſelves a little to the cuſtoms of the times. My ſon is not more extravagant than other young people of his age. He loves to drink a glaſs of wine ſometimes, with his companions, and to appear pretty gaily dreſt; but this is only what is natural and cuſtomary for every one. I underſtand he has formed ſome connections with your eldeſt daughter, and I ſhould be fond of the alliance, if I could gain your approbation in the matter.

Hunks. The cuſtoms of the times will undo us all—there's no living in this prodigal age. The young people muſt have their bottles, their tavern dinners, and dice, while the old ones are made perfect drudges to ſupport their luxury.

Blithe. Our families, ſir, without doubt, would be very happy in ſuch a connection, if you would grant your conſent.

Hunks. I loſe all patience when I ſee the young beaux and fops, ſtrutting about the ſtreets in their laced coats and ruffled ſhirts, and a thouſand other extravagant articles of expenſe.

Blithe. Sir, I ſhould be very glad if you would turn your attention to the queſtion I propoſed.

Hunks. There's one half of theſe coxcomical ſpendthrifts, that can't pay their taxes, and yet they are conſtantly running in debt, and their prodigality muſt be ſupported by poor, honeſt, laboring men.

Blithe. This is inſufferable; I'm vex'd at the old fellow's impertinence—[*aſide.*

Hunks. The world has got to a ſtrange paſs, a very ſtrange paſs indeed; there's no diſtinguiſhing a poor man from a rich one, but only by his extravagant dreſs, and ſupercillious behaviour.

Blithe. I abhor to ſee a man all mouth and no ears.

Hunks. All mouth and no ears! do you mean to inſult me to my face?

Blithe. I aſk your pardon, Sir; but I've [illegible] to you this hour and you have paid me no attenti[illegible]

Hunks. Well and what is this mighty affair upon which you want my opinion.

Blithe. It is something you have paid very little attention to, it seems; I'm willing to be heard in my turn, as well as you. I was telling that my son had entered into a treaty of marriage with your eldest daughter, and I desire you consent in the matter.

Hunks. A treaty of marriage! why did'nt she ask my liberty before she attempted any such thing? A treaty of marriage! I won't hear a word of it.

Blithe. The young couple are very fond of each other, and may perhaps be ruin'd if you cross their inclinations.

Hunks. Then let them be ruined. I'll have my daughter to know she shall make no treaties without my consent.

Blithe. She's of the same mind, that's what she wants now.

Hunks. But you say the treaty is already made; however I'll make it over again.

Blithe. Well, Sir, the stronger the better.

Hunks. But I mean to make it void.

Blithe. I want no trifling in the matter; the subject is not of a trifling nature. I expect you will give me a direct answer one way or the other.

Hunks. If that's what you desire, I can tell you at once, I have two very strong objections against the proposal; one is, I dislike your son; and the other is, I have determined upon another match for my daughter.

Blithe. Why do you dislike my son, pray?

Hunks. O, he's like the rest of mankind, running on in this extravagant way of living. My estate was earned too hard to be trifled away in such a manner.

Blithe. Extravagant! I'm sure he is very far from deserving that character. 'Tis true, he appears genteel and fashionable among people, but he's in good business, and above board, and that's sufficient for any man.

Hunks. 'Tis fashionable I suppose, to powder and curl at the barber's an hour or two before he visits his mistress; to pay six pence or eight pence for brushing his boots; to drink a glass of wine at every tavern; to dine upon fowls drest in the richest manner; and he must dirty two or three ruffled shirts in the journey. This is your genteel fashionable way, is it?

Blithe. Indeed, Sir, it is a matter of importance to appear

decently at such a time if ever. Would you have him go as you used to do, upon the same business, dress'd in a long ill shapen coat, a greasy pair of breeches, and a flap'd hat; with your oats in one side of your saddle bags and your dinner in the other? This would make an odd appearance in the present age.

Hunks. A fig for the appearance, so long as I gain'd my point, and sav'd my money, and consequently my credit. The coat you mention is the same I have on now. 'Tis not so very long as you would represent it to be—[*Measuring the skirts by one leg*.] See, it comes just below the calf. This is the coat that my father was married in and I after him. It has been in the fashion five times since it was new, and never was altered, and 'tis a pretty good coat yet.

Blithe. You've a wonderful faculty of saving your money and credit and keeping in the fashion at the same time. I suppose you mean by saving your credit, that money and credit are inseparably connected.

Hunks. Yes, that they are; he that has one need not fear the loss of the other. For this reason, I can't consent to your son's proposal; he's too much of a spendthrift to merit my approbation.

Blithe. If you call him a spendthrift for his generosity, I desire he may never merit your approbation. A reputation that's gained by saving money in the manner you have mentioned, is at best but a despicable character.

Hunks. Do you mean to call my character despicable?

Blithe. We wont quarrel about the name, since you are so well contented with the thing.

Hunks. You're welcome to your opinion: I would not give a fiddle stick's end for your good or ill will; my ideas of reputation are entirely different from your's or your son's which are just the same; for I find you justify him in all his conduct. But as I have determined upon another match for my daughter, I shan't trouble myself about his behavior.

lithe. But perhaps your proposed match will be equally ·reeable.

nks. No I've no apprehension of that. He's a person : genius and an excellent character.

Sir, I desire to know who this person is, that has ius and character, and is so agreeable to your

Hunks. 'Tis my young cousin Griffin. He's heir to a great estate you know. He discovered a surprising genius almost as soon as he was born. When he was a very child, he made him a box, with one small hole in it, into which he could just crowd his money, and could not get it out again without breaking his box; by which means he made a continual addition till he filled it, and———

Blithe. Enough! Enough! I've a sufficient idea of his character without hearing another word. But are you sure you shall obtain this excellent match for your daughter?

Hunks. Oh, I'm certain on't, I assure you, and my utmost wishes are gratified with the prospect. He has a large patrimony lying between two excellent farms of mine which are at least worth two thousand pounds. These I've given to my daughter; and have ordered her uncle to take the deeds into his own hands, and deliver them to her on the day of her marriage.

Blithe. Then it seems you've almost accomplished the business. But have you got the consent of the young gentleman in the affair?

Hunks. His consent! what need I care about his consent? so long as I've his father's, that is sufficient for my purpose.

Blithe. Then you intend to force the young couple to marry, if they are unwilling?

Hunks. Those two thousand pounds will soon give them a disposition I'll warrant you.

Blithe. Your schemes, I confess, are artfully concerted; but I must tell you, for your mortification, that the young gentleman is already married.

Hunks. What do you say! already married? it can't be! I don't believe a syllable on't!

Blithe. Every syllable is true whether you believe it or not. I received a letter this day from his father; if you won't believe me, you may read it. (*gives him the letter*) There's the account in the postscript. (*points to it.*)

Hunks reads—[*I had almost forgot to tell you, that last Thursday my son was married to Miss Clary Brentford, and that all parties are very happy in the connection.*] Confusion! (*throws down the letter.*) What does this mean! married to Clary Brentford! This is exactly one of cousin Tom's villanous tricks. He promised me that his son should marry

my daughter upon condition that I would give her those two farms; but I can't imagin from what stupid motives he has altered his mind.

Blithe. Disappointment is the common lot of all men, even our surest expectations are subject to misfortune.

Hunks. Disappointment! this comes from a quarter from which I least expected one. But there's the deeds, I'll take care to secure them again; 'tis a good hit that I did not give them to the young rogue beforehand.

Blithe. That was well thought of; you keep a good look out, I see, though you cannot avoid some disappointments. I see nothing in the way now, to hinder my son's proceeding; you will easily grant your consent, now you're cut off from your former expectations.

Hunks. I can't see into this crooked affair—I'm heartily vex'd at it. What could induce that old villain to deceive me in this manner? I fear this was some scheme of my daughter's to prevent the effect of my design. If this is her plan, if she sets so light by two thousand pounds, she shall soon know what it is to want it, I'll promise her.

Blithe. If you had bestow'd your gift, without crossing her inclination, she would have accepted it very thankfully.

Hunks. O, I don't doubt it in the least; that would have been a pretty story indeed! but since she insists upon gratifying a foolish fancy, she may follow her own inclination, and take the consequences of it; I'll keep the favors I meant to bestow on her, for those that know how to prize them, and that merit them by a becoming gratitude.

Blithe. But you won't reject her destitute of a patrimony and a father's blessing?

Hunks. Not one farthing shall she ever receive from my hand. Your son may take her, but her person is barely all that I'll give him; he has seduced her to disobey her father, and he shall feel the effects of it.

Blithe. You're somewhat ruffled, I perceive, but I hope you'll recall these rash resolutions in your cooler moments.

Hunks. No, never, I give you my word, and that's as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

Blithe. But look ye, Sir, here's another circumstance to be attended to; my son has the deeds already in his own hands.

Hunks. Deeds ! what deeds ! thoſe I gave to my brother ?

Blithe. Yes, the very ſame.

Hunks. What a compoſition of villainy and witchcraft is here ! What, my deeds given up to your ſon ?

Blithe. Yes ; your brother thought that my ſon had an undoubted title to them now, ſince his couſin was married, and ſo he gave them up the next day.

Hunks. This is intolerable ! I could tear the ſcalp from my old brainleſs ſcull ; why had I not more wit than to truſt them with him ? I'm cheated every way ! I can't truſt a farthing with the beſt friend I have upon earth !

Blithe. That is very true, 'tis no wonder you can't truſt your beſt friends. The truth of the caſe is, you have no friend, nor can you expect any ſo long as you make an idol of yourſelf, and feaſt your ſordid avaricious appetite upon the miſfortunes of mankind. You take every poſſible advantage, by the preſent calamities, to gratify your own ſelfiſh diſpoſition. So long as this is the caſe, depend upon it, you will be an object of univerſal deteſtation. There is no one on earth that would not rejoice to ſee how you're bro't in. Your daughter now has got a good inheritance, and an agreeable partner, which you were in duty bound to grant her ; but, inſtead of that, you were then doing your utmoſt to deprive her of every enjoyment in life. *(Hunks puts his hand to his breaſt.)* I don't wonder your conſcience ſmites you for your villany. Don't you ſee how juſtly you have been cheated into your duty ?

Hunks. I'll go this moment to an attorney, and get a warrant ; I'll put the villain in jail before an hour is at an end. Oh, my deeds ! my farms ! what ſhall I do for my farms !

Blithe. Give yourſelf no farther trouble about them, there's no evidence in the caſe ; you muſt be ſenſible therefore, an action can't lie. I would adviſe you to reſt contented, and learn from diſappointments, not to place ſuch an exhorbitant value upon wealth. In the mean time I ſhould be very glad of your company at the wedding. My ſon and his wife would be very happy to ſee you.

Hunks. The dragon fly away with you, and your ſon, and your ſon's wife. O my farms ! what ſhall I do for my farms !

POETRY.

Contempt of the common Objects of Pursuit.

HONOR and ſhame from no condition riſe;
Act well your part there all the honor lies.
Fortune in men has ſome ſmall difference made;
One flaunts in rags; one flutters in brocade;
The cobler apron'd; and the parſon gown'd;
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?"
I'll tell you, friend! A wiſe man and a fool.
You'll find if once the wiſe man acts the monk,
Or, cobler-like, the parſon will be drunk;
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The reſt is all but leather or prunella.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood,
Has crept through ſcoundrels ever ſince the flood;
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been fools ſo long.
What can ennoble ſots, or ſlaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.
  Look next on greatneſs. Say where greatneſs lies?
Where, but among the heroes and the wiſe.
Heroes are all the ſame, it is agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede.
The whole ſtrange purpoſe of their lives, to find,
Or make—an enemy of all mankind.
Not one looks backward, onward ſtill he goes;
Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his noſe.
No leſs alike the politic and wiſe;
All ſly, ſlow things, with circumſpective eyes:
Men in their looſe unguarded hours they take;
Not that themſelves are wiſe; but others weak.
But grant that thoſe can conquer; theſe can cheat;
'Tis phraſe abſurd to call a villain great.
Who wickedly is wiſe, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or, failing, ſmiles in exile, or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign; or bleed
Like Socrates; that man is great indeed!

What's fame? a fancy'd life in other's breath;
A thing beyond us, even before our death.
Juſt what you hear's your own; and what's unknown,
The ſame (my lord!) if Tully's or your own.
All that we feel of it, begins and ends
In the ſmall circle of our foes and friends;
To all beſides as much an empty ſhade,
An Eugene living, as a Cæſar dead;
Alike, or when or where they ſhone, or ſhine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod;
An honeſt man's the nobleſt work of God.
Fame, but from death a villain's name can ſave,
As juſtice tears his body from the grave;
When what t' oblivion better were conſign'd
Is hung on high, to poiſon half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true deſert;
Plays round the head; but comes not to the heart.
One ſelf-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of ſtupid ſtarers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy, Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæſar with a ſenate at his heels.
In parts ſuperior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wiſe?
'Tis but to know, how little can be known:
To ſee all others' faults, and feel our own:
Condemn'd in buſineſs or in arts to drudge,
Without a ſecond and without a judge.
Truths would you teach, to ſave a ſinking land,
All fear, none aid you; and few underſtand.
Painful pre-eminence! yourſelf to view
Above life's weakneſs, and its comfort's too.
Bring then theſe bleſſings to a ſtrict account;
Make fair deductions: ſee to what they 'mount;
How much of other each is ſure to coſt;
How each for other oft is wholly loſt;
How inconſiſtent greater goods with theſe;
How ſometimes life is riſk'd, and always eaſe;
Think; and if ſtill ſuch things thy envy call,
Say, would'ſt thou be the man to whom they fall?
To ſigh for ribbands if thou art ſo ſilly,

Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the paſſion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus or on Gripus' wife.
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon ſhin'd
The wiſeſt, brighteſt—meaneſt of mankind;
Or, raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a name,
See Cromwell damn'd to everlaſting fame:
If all united thy ambition call,
From ancient ſtory learn to ſcorn them all.

VARIOUS CHARACTERS.

'TIS from high life, high characters are drawn:
A ſaint in crape is twice a ſaint in lawn;
A judge is juſt; a chanc'lor juſter ſtill;
A gownman learn'd; a biſhop—what you will;
Wiſe if a miniſter; but if a king,
More wiſe, more juſt, more learn'd, more every thing.
'Tis education forms the common mind;
Juſt as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.
Boaſtful and rough, your firſt ſon is a ſquire;
The next a tradeſman meek and much a liar:
Tom ſtruts a ſoldier, open, bold and brave:
Will ſneaks, a ſcriv'ner, an exceeding knave.
Is he a churchman? Then he's fond of power;
A quaker? ſly: A preſbyterian? ſour:
A ſmart free thinker? All things in an hour.
Manners with fortunes, humors turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.
Search then the ruling paſſion. There, alone,
The wild are conſtant, and the cunning known.

DESCRIPTION *of a* STORM *of* HAIL.

LONG ruſh'd the victors o'er the ſanguine field,
And ſcarce were Gibeon's loftieſt ſpires beheld;
When up the weſt, dark clouds began to riſe,
Sail'd o'er the hills and lengthened round the ſkies;
A ridge of folding fire, their ſummits ſhone,
But fearful blackneſs all beneath was thrown;
Swift round the ſun the ſpreading gloom was hurl'd,
And night and ſolitude amaz'd the world.

At once the voice of deep refounding gales
Rung flow and folemn in the diftant vales ;
Then through the groves and o'er the extended plain,
With ftormy rage the rapid whirlwinds ran.
Red o'er the glimmering hills with pomp divine,
The lightning's flaming path began to fhine ;
Far round the immenfe, unufual thunders driven,
Proclaim'd the onfet of approaching Heaven ;
Aftonifh'd nature own'd the ftrange alarm,
And the world trembled at the impending ftorm.
O'er the dark fields aghaft Canaan ftream'd ;
Thick in their courfe the fcatter'd bucklers gleam'd ;
Behind them, Jofhua urg'd the furious car,
And tenfold horrors hovered round the war.
But when the chief the fpreading ftorm furvey'd,
And trac'd Almighty arms in Heaven difplay'd ;
With piercing voice he gave the great command,
Stand ftill, ye chofen fons, admiring ftand !
Behold what awful fcenes in heaven arife !
Adore the power, that brightens in the fkies !
Now God's tremendous arm afferts his laws ;
Now bids his thunder aid the righteous caufe ;
Shows man how virtue faves her chofen bands,
And points the vengeance doom'd for guilty lands.
Behold what flames fhoot forth ! what gloom afcends !
How nature trembles ! how the concave rends !
How the clouds darken ! fee, in yonder fky,
Their opening fkirts proclaim the Almighty nigh !
He fpoke, and from the north a rufhing found
Roll'd thro the Heavens, and fhook the embattled ground,
Thron'd on a dark red cloud an angel's form
Sail'd awfully fublime, above the ftorm ;
Half veil'd in mift, his countenance like a fun,
Inflam'd the clouds, and thro all ether fhone ;
Long robes of crimfon light behind him flow'd ;
His wings were flames ; his locks were dy'd in blood ;
Ten thoufand fiery fhapes were round him driven,
And all the dazzling pomp of opening Heaven.
Now, fave Canaan's cries that feebly rung
Round the dark plain, a fearful filence hung ;
Stretch'd in dire terror o'er the quivering band,

The etherial Vision wav'd his sun bright hand;
At once from opening skies, red flames were hurl'd,
And thunders, roll'd on thunders rock'd the world;
In one broad deluge sunk the avenging hail,
And fill'd with tempest, roar'd the hoary vale;
Fierce raging whirlwinds boundless nature blend;
The streams rush back, the tottering mountains bend;
Down the tall steep their bursting summits roll,
And cliffs on cliffs, hoarse crashing, rend the pole.
Far round the earth, a wild, drear horror reigns;
The high heavens heave, and roar the gloomy plains;
One sea of lightening all the region fills,
And waves of fire ride surging o'er the hills:
The nodding forests plunge in flame around,
And with huge caverns gapes the shuddering ground;
Swifter than rapid winds Canaan driven,
Refuse the conflict of embattled Heaven.
But the dire hail in vain the victims fly,
And death unbounded shook from all the sky.
The thunder's dark career the seraph's arm,
Fierce vengeance blazing down the immense of storm,
From falling groves to burning flames they flew;
Hail roars around and angry hosts pursue;
From shaking skies, Almighty arms are hurl'd,
And all the gloomy concave bursts upon the world.

ADDRESS *to the* DEITY.

FATHER of light exhaustless source of good!
Supreme, eternal, self-existent GOD!
Before the beamy sun dispens'd a ray,
Flam'd in the azure vault, and gave the day,
Before the glimmering moon, with borrow'd light,
Shone queen amid the silver host of night,
High in the Heavens, thou reign'st superior Lord,
By suppliant angels worship'd and ador'd.
With the celestial choir then let me join,
In cheerful praises to the Power Divine.
To sing thy praise, do thou O God! inspire
A mortal breast with more than mortal fire.
In dreadful majesty thou sit'st enthron'd,
With light encircled and with glory crown'd:

Through all infinitude extends thy reign,
For thee nor Heaven, nor Heaven of Heavens contain ;
But though thy throne is fix'd above the ſky,
Thy omnipreſence fills immenſity.
Saints rob'd in white, to thee their anthems bring,
And radient martyrs hallelujahs ſing:
Heav'ns univerſal hoſt their voices raiſe
In one eternal concert to thy praiſe ;
And round thy awful throne, with one accord,
Sing holy, holy, holy is the Lord.
At thy creative voice from ancient night,
Sprang ſmiling beauty, and yon worlds of light :
Thou ſpak'ſt—the planetary chorus roll'd,
Stupendous worlds ! unmeaſur'd and untold !
Let there be light, ſaid God—light inſtant ſhone,
And from the orient burſt the golden ſun ;
Heavn's gazing hierarchs, with glad ſurpsiſe,
Saw the firſt morn inveſt the recent ſkies,
And ſtrait th' exulting troops thy throne ſurround ;
With thouſand, thouſand harps of rapt'rous ſound ;
Thrones, powers, dominions (ever ſhining trains !)
Shouted thy praiſes in triumphant ſtrains ;
Great are thy works, they ſing, and all around,
Great are thy works, the echoing heav'ns reſound.
Th' effulgent ſun unſufferably bright,
Is but a ray of thy o'erflowing light ;
The tempeſt is thy breath ; the thunder hurl'd
Tremendous roars thy veangeance o'er the world ;
Thou bow'ſt the Heav'ns, the ſmoaky mountains nod,
Rocks fall to duſt, and nature owns her God !
Pale tyrants ſhrink, the Athieſt ſtands aghaſt,
And impious kings in horror breathe their laſt.
To this great God, alternately, I'd pay,
The evening anthem and the morning lay.

A Morning Hymn.

FROM night, from ſilence and from death,
Or death's own form myſterious ſleep,
I wake to life, to light and health ;
Thus me doth Iſrael's Watchmen keep.
Sacred to him in grateful praiſe,

Be this devoted tranquil hour,
While Him, supremely good and great,
Wit rapt'rous homage I adore.
What music breaks from yonder copse?
The plumy songsters, artless lay;
Melodious songsters, nature taught!
That warbling hail the dawning day.
Shall man be mute while instinct sings?
Nor human breast with transports rise?
O! for an universal hymn,
To join the chorus of the skies!
See yon refulgent lamp of day,
With unabating glory crown'd,
Rejoicing in his giant strength,
To run his daily destin'd round.
So may I still perform thy will,
Great Sun of Nature and of Grace!
Nor wander devious from thy law;
Nor faint in my appointed race.
What charms display the unfolding flowers?
How beauteous glows the enamell'd mead?
More beauteous still the heaven wrought robe,
Of purest white and fac'd with red.
The sun exhales the pearly dews,
Those brilliant sky shed tears that mourn
His nightly loss: till from earth's cheek
They're kiss'd away by pitying morn.
For laps'd mankind what friendly tears,
Bent on our weal did angels shed?
Bound, bound our hearts, to think those tears
Made frustrate all when Jesus bled?
Arabia wafts from yonder grove
Delicious odors in the gale;
And with her breeze borne fragrance greets,
Each circumjacent hill and dale.
As incense may my morning song,
A sweetly smelling savor rise,
Perfum'd with Gilead's precious balm,
To make it grateful to the skies.
And when from death's long sleep I wake,
To natures renovating day,

Clothe me with thy own righteousness,
And in thy likeness, Lord array.

Hymn *to* Peace.

HAIL, sacred Peace, who claim'st thy bright abode,
Mid circling saints that grace the throne of God.
Before his arm, around this shapeless earth,
Stretch'd the wide heavens and gave to nature birth;
Ere morning stars his glowing chambers hung,
Or songs of gladness woke an angel's tongue;
Veil'd in the brightness of th' Almighty's mind,
In blest repose thy placid form reclin'd;
Borne thro' the Heaven with his creating voice,
Thy presence bade the unfolding worlds rejoice,
Gave to seraphic harps their sounding lays,
Their joy to angels, and to men their praise.
From scenes of blood these beauteous shores that stain,
From gasping friends that press the sanguin'd plain,
From fields, long taugh in vain thy flight to mourn,
I rise, delightful power, and greet thy glad return.
Too long the groans of death and battle's bray
Have rung, discordant thro' th' unpleasing lay;
Let pity's tear its balmy fragrance shed,
O'er heroes wounds, and patriot warriors dead.
Accept, departed shades, these grateful sighs,
Your fond attendants to th' approving skies.
But now the untuneful trump shall grate no more,
Ye silver streams, no longer swell with gore;
Bear from your beauteous banks the crimson stain,
With yon retiring navies to the main:
While other views unfolding on my eyes,
And happier themes bid bolder numbers rise.
Bring, bounteous peace, in thy celestial throng,
Life to my soul, and rapture to my song;
Give me to trace, with pure unclouded ray,
The arts and virtues that attend thy sway;
To see thy blissful charms that here descend,
Thro distant realms and endless years extend.

Scene between Cecilia Beverly *and* Henrietta Belfield.

Cecilia. MY dear Henrietta, you seem to be overjoyed. ... I know the cause?

Henrietta. My dear, dear Miſs Beverly, I have ſuch a thing to tell you—you would never gueſs it—I don't know how to believe it myſelf—Mr. Delvill has written to me! he has indeed! here is the note! [*holding out a letter.*]

Cec. Indeed! I long to know the contents. Pray read it.

Hen. [*reads it.*]

" To Miſs BELFIELD.

Mr. Delvill preſents his compliment to Miſs Belfield, and begs to be permitted to wait on her for a few minutes, at any time in the afternoon ſhe will pleaſe to appoint."

Only think! it is *me*, poor ſimple *me*, of all people; that he wants to ſpeak with. But what can he want! My deareſt Cecilia tell me what you think he can have to ſay to me?

Cec. Indeed it is impoſſible for me to conjecture.

Hen. If *you* can't, I am ſure there is no wonder *I* can't. I have thought of a million things in a minute. It can't be about buſineſs—It can't be about my brother—It can't be about my dear Miſs Beverly—I ſuſpect—[*A ſervant enters with a meſſage.*]

Ser. A gentleman in the parlor deſires to ſpeak with Miſs Belfield. [*Servant goes out.*]

Hen. My dear Miſs Beverly, what ſhall I ſay to him? Pray adviſe me. I am ſo confuſed I can't ſay a ſingle word.

Cec. I can't adviſe you, Miſs Belfield, for I don't know what *he* will ſay to *you*.

Hen. But I can gueſs, I can gueſs! And I ſhan't know what in the world to anſwer. I ſhall behave like a ſimpleton and diſgrace myſelf.

[*Cecelia leaves her and Mr. Delvill enters the room.*]

Delville. Good-morrow, Miſs Belfield. I hope I have the pleaſure to ſee you well to-day. Is Miſs Beverly at home? I have a meſſage for her from my mother.

Hen. [*With a look of diſappointment.*] Yes, ſir, ſhe is at home. I will call her. [*goes out.*]

[*Cecelia enters.*]

Delv. Good-morrow, Madam, I have preſumed to wait on you this morning, by permiſſion of my mother. But I am afraid that permiſſion is ſo late, that the influence I hoped from it is paſt.

Cec. I had no means, Sir, of knowing you came from her, otherwiſe I ſhould have received her commands without heſitation.

Delv. I would thank you for the honor you do her, was it less pointedly exclusive. Yet I have no right to reproach you. Let me ask, Madam, could you, after my solemn promise at our last parting, to renounce all future claim upon you, in obedience to my mother's will, could you think me so dishonorable as to obtrude myself into your presence, while that promise was in force?

Cec. I find I have been too hasty. I did indeed believe Mrs. Delvill would never authorize such a visit; but as I was much surprized, I hope I may be pardoned for a little doubt.

Delv. There spoke Miss Beverly! the same, the unaltered Miss Beverly I hoped to find. Yet *is* she altered? Am I not too hasty? And is the story I have heard about Belfield a dream? an error, a falsehood?

Cec. If it was not that such a quick succession of quarrels would be endless perplexity, I would be affronted that you can ask me such a question.

Delv. Had I thought it a question, I should not have asked it. But never for a moment did I credit it, till the rigor of your repulse alarmed me. But as you are good enough to account for that, I am encouraged to make known the design of my present visit. Yet with confidence I *cannot* speak; *hardly* with hope.

Cec. One thing, Sir, let me say before you proceed; if your *purpose* has not the sanction of Mrs. Delvill, as well as your visit, I would be excused from hearing it, for I shall most certainly refuse it.

Delv. I would mention nothing without her concurrence, she has given it; and my father has also consented to my present application.

Cec. (*Clasping her hands in joy.*) Is it possible?

Delv. *Is it possible!* With what emotions do I hear these words? Ah, Miss Beverly! Once my own Cecelia! do you, can you *wish* it possible?

Cec. No, no, I wish nothing about it. Yet tell me how it has happened—I am curious (*smiling*) though not interested in it.

Delv. What hope would this sweetness give me, was my scheme any other than it is! But you cannot—no, it would be unreasonable—it would be madness to expect your compliance! It is next to madness in me to wish it! But how shall a man who is desperate be prudent and circumspect.

Cec. Spare yourſelf, Sir, this unneceſſary pain. You will find in me no unneceſſary ſcruples.

Delv. You know not what you ſay, Madam. All noble as you are, the ſacrifice I have to propoſe.

Cec. Name it, Sir, with confidence. I will not diſguiſe—but frankly own that I will agree to any ſacrifice you will mention, provided it has Mrs. Delvill's approbation.

Delv. What words are theſe? Is it Miſs Beverly that ſpeaks?

Cec. What can I ſay more? Muſt I offer this pledge too! *(holding out her hand.)*

Delv. My dear Cecelia, how happy this makes me? *(taking her hand)* for my life I would not reſign it. Yet how ſoon will you withdraw it, when you know that the only terms on which I can hold it, are that this hand muſt ſign away your inheritance.

Cec. I do not comprehend this, Sir.

Delv. Can you for my ſake, make ſuch a ſacrifice as this? I am not permitted to give up *my* name for *yours*; can you renounce your uncle's *fortune*, as you muſt, if you renounce your *name*; and conſent to ſuch ſettlements as *I* can make upon you? Will theſe and your own paternal inheritance of ten thouſand pounds, ſatisfy your expectations of living?

Cec. *(Turning pale and drawing back her hand)* O, Mr. Delvill, your words pierce me to the ſoul.

Delv. Have I offended you, Madam? Pardon me then for indulging a romantic whim which your better judgment diſapproves. My preſumption deſerves this mortification.

Cec. You know not then my inability to comply?

Delv. Your ability or inability I preſume depends on your own will.

Cec. No, Sir, by no means, my *power* is loſt—My fortune, alas is gone.

Delv. *impoſſible!* utterly impoſſible!

Cec. Would to heaven it was otherways! But it is too true; and your father knows it.

Delv. My father!

Cec. Did he never hint it to you?

Delv. Diſtraction! what horrible confirmation is coming! *(pauſing) you* only, Miſs Beverly could have made this credible!

Cec. Had you then actually heard it?

Delv. I had indeed heard it, as the most infamous falsehood. My heart swelled with indignation at such slander.

Cec. Oh, Sir, the fact is undeniable; tho' the circumstances you may have heard with it may be exaggerated.

Delv. That indeed must have been the case. I was told that your parental fortune was totally exhausted, and that during your minority, you had been a dealer with Jews! all this I was told from my father, or I could not have been made to hear it.

Cec. Thus far he told you nothing but truth.

Delv. Truth! *(starting)* never then was truth so scandalously wronged! I denied the whole report! I disbelieved every syllable! I pledged my own honor to prove every assertion false.

Cec. Generous Delvill, this is what I might expect from you *(weeping.)*

Delv. Why does Miss Beverly weep? Why has she given me this alarm? These things must at least have been misrepresented. Will you condescend to unravel to me this mysterious affair?

Cec. Alas, Sir, the unfortunate Mr. Harrel! He has been the cause of my losses. You know his love of gaming, a passion which led him to his fatal end. In his embarrassments he came to me for assistance. He was my guardian; what could I do? I yielded to his entreaties; and repeatedly took up money of a jew, upon the credit of my estate, until the whole was pledged. If it was a fault, I know you will ascribe it to the real motive and pardon it.

Delv. My dear Cecelia, I thank you sincerely for this account of your misfortunes; altho it fills my heart with anguish. How will my mother be shocked to hear a confirmation of the report she had heard! How irritated at your injuries from Harrel! How grieved that your generosity should bring upon your character so many vile aspersions!

Cec. I have been of too easy a disposition—too unguarded—yet always, at the moment, I seemed guided by common humanity. But I thought myself secure of wealth; and while the revenue of my uncle ensured me prosperity I thought little of my own fortune. Could I have foreseen this moment—

Delv. Would you then have listened to my romantic proposal?

Cec. Could I have hesitated?

Delv. Most generous of beings, still then be mine! By our economy, we will make savings to pay off our mortgages and clear our estates. I will still keep my name to which my family is bigoted, and *my* gratitude for your compliance shall make you forget what *you* lose by the change of *yours*.

Scene between CECILIA BEVERLY *and a* GENTLEMAN.

Gent. I PRESUME, Madam, you are the lady of this house. May I take the liberty to ask your name?

Cec. My name, Sir!

Gent. You will do me a favor by telling it to me.

Cec. Is it possible, Sir, you are come hither, without already knowing it?

Gent. I know it only by common report, Madam.

Cec. Common report, Sir, I believe is seldom wrong in a matter where it is so easy to be right.

Gent. Have you any objection madam to telling me your name?

Cec. No, Sir, but your business can hardly be very important, if you are yet to learn whom you are to address. It will be time enough, therefore for us to meet when you have elsewhere learnt my name. *(going.)*

Gent. I beg, madam, you will have patience! it is necessary before I can open my business that I should hear your name from yourself.

Cec. Why, Sir, I think you can scarcely have come to this house, without knowing that its owner is Cecilia Beverly.

Gent. That, Madam, is your maiden name.

Cec. My maiden name! *(surprized.)*

Gent. Are you not married, Madam?

Cec. Married, Sir?

Gent. It is more properly Madam the name of your *husband*, that I mean to ask.

Cec. And by what authority, Sir, do you make these extraordinary enquiries?

Gent. I am deputed, Madam, by Mr. Eggleston, who is next heir to your uncle's estate, if you die without children, or change your name when you marry. I am authorised by letter of attorney from him to make these enquiries, and I presume, Madam, you will not deny its authority. He has

been credibly informed, you are married; and as you continue to be called Miſs Beverly he wiſhes to know your intentions as he is deeply intereſted in knowing the truth.

Cec. This demand, Sir, is ſo extremely—*(ſtammering)* ſo —ſo little expected—

Gent. The better way, Madam, in theſe caſes, is to keep cloſe to the point. Are you married, or are you not?

Cec. This is dealing very plainly, indeed, Sir. But—

Gent. It is, Madam; and very ſeriouſly too; but it is a buſineſs of no ſlight concern. Mr. Eggleſton has a large family and a ſmall fortune, and that very much encumbered.— It cannot therefore be expected that he will ſee himſelf wronged by your enjoying an eſtate to which he is entitled.

Cec. Mr. Eggleſton, Sir, has nothing to fear from impoſition. Thoſe with whom he has or may have any tranſactions in this affair, are not uſed to practice fraud.

Gent. I am far from meaning any offenſe, Madam; my commiſſion from Mr. Eggleſton is ſimply this; to beg you will ſatisfy him upon what ground you now evade the will of your late uncle; which, till explained, appears to be a point much to his prejudice.

Cec. Tell him then, Sir, that whatever he wiſhes to know, ſhall be explained in about a week. At preſent I can give no other anſwer.

Gent. Very well, madam, he will wait till that time, I am ſure; for he does not wiſh to put you to any inconvenience. But when he heard the gentleman was gone abroad without owning his marriage, he thought it high time to take ſome notice of the matter.

Cec. Pray, Sir, let me aſk, how *you* came to any knowledge of this affair?

Gent. I heard it Madam, from Mr. Eggleſton himſelf, who has long known it.

Cec. Long, Sir?—impoſſible!—it is not yet a fortnight— not ten days, or not more, that—

Gent. That, Madam, may perhaps be diſputed; for when this buſineſs comes to be ſettled, it will be very eſſential to be exact as to the time, even to the very hour; for the income of the eſtate is large, Madam; and if your huſband keeps his own name, you muſt not only give up your uncle's inheritance, from the time of changing your name; but refund the profits from the very day of your marriage.

Cec. There is not the leaſt doubt of that, nor will the leaſt difficulty be made.

Gent. Pleaſe then to recollect, Madam, that the ſum to be refunded is every hour increaſing, and has been ever ſince laſt September, which made a half year to be accounted for laſt March. Since then there is now added—

Cec. For mercy's ſake, Sir, what calculations are you making out? Do you call laſt week, laſt September?

Gent. No, Madam; but I call laſt September the month in which you was married.

Cec. You will then find yourſelf extremely miſtaken; and Mr. Eggleſton is preparing himſelf for much diſappointment, if he ſuppoſes me ſo long in arrears with him.

Gent. Mr. Eggleſton, Madam, happens to be well informed of this tranſaction, as you will find, if any diſpute ſhould ariſe in the caſe. He was the next occupier of the houſe you hired laſt September; the woman who kept it informed him that the laſt perſon who hired it was a lady who ſtayed one day only, and came to town, ſhe found merely to be married. On enquiry he diſcovered that the lady was Miſs Beverly.

Cec. You will find all this, Sir, end in nothing.

Gent. That, Madam, remains to be proved. If a young lady is ſeen—and *ſhe* was ſeen, going into church at eight o'clock in the morning, with a young gentleman and one female friend; and is afterwards ſeen coming out of it followed by a clergyman and one other perſon—and is ſeen to get into a coach with the ſame young gentleman and ſame female friend, why the circumſtances are pretty ſtrong!

Cec. They may ſeem ſo, Sir, but all concluſions drawn from them will be erroneous: I was not married then, upon my honor.

Gent. We have little to do, Madam, with profeſſions; the circumſtances are ſtrong enough to bear trial—and—

Cec. A trial!—

Gent. We have found many witneſſes to prove a number of particulars, and eight months ſhare of ſuch an eſtate as this, is well worth a little trouble.

Cec. I am amazed, Sir; ſurely Mr. Eggleſton never authoriſed you to make uſe of this language to me.

Gent. Mr Eggleſton, Madam, has behaved very honorably tho' he knew the whole affair, he ſuppoſed Mr. Delvill

had good reasons for a short concealment, and expected every day when the matter would become public. He therefore did not interfere. But on hearing that Mr. Delvill had set out for the continent, he was advised to claim his rights.

Cec. His claims, Sir, will doubtless be satisfied without threatening or law suits.

Gent. The truth is, Madam, Mr. Eggleston is a little embarrassed for want of some money. This makes it a point with him, to have the affair settled speedily, unless you choose to compromise, by advancing a particular sum, till it suits you to refund the whole that is due to him and quit the premises.

Cec. Nothing, Sir, is due to him: at least, nothing worth mentioning. I will enter into no terms: I have no compromise to make. As to the premises, I will quit them as soon as possible.

Gent. You will do well, Madam, for the truth is, it will not be convenient for him to wait any longer. [*He goes out.*]

Cec. How weak and blind have I been, to form a secret plan of defrauding the heir to my uncle's estate! am betrayed —and I deserve it. Never, never more will I disgrace myself by such an act.

Scene between CECILIA *and* HENRIETTA.

Cecilia. WHAT is the matter with my dear Henrietta? Who is it that has already afflicted that kind heart, which I am now compelled to afflict for myself?

Hen. No, madam, not afflicted for you! it would be strange, if I was, while I think as I now do.

Cec. I am glad you are not, for was it possible I would give you nothing but pleasure and joy.

Hen. Ah, Madam, why will you say so, when you don't care what becomes of me! When you are going to cast me off! and when you will soon be too happy to think of me more!

Cec. If I am never happy till them, sad indeed will be my life! no, my gentlest friend, you will always have your share in my heart: and to me would always have been the welcomest guest in my house, but for those unhappy circumstances which make our separating inevitable.

Hen. Yet you suffered me, Madam, to hear from any body that you was married and going away; and all the common servants in the house knew it before me.

Cec. I am amazed ! How and which way can they have heard it ?

Hen. The man that went to Mr. Egglefton brought the firft news of it, for he faid all the fervants there talked of nothing elfe, and that their mafter was to come and take poffeffion here next Thurfday.

Cec. Yet you envy me, tho I am forced to leave my houfe ! tho' I am not provided with any other ! and tho' he for whom I relinquifh it is far off, without the means of protecting me or the power of returning home.

Hen. But you are married to him, Madam !

Cec. True my love, but I am alfo parted from him.

Hen. O how differently do the *great* think from the *little*. Was *I* married—and *fo* married, I fhould want neither houfe nor fine clothes, nor riches, nor any thing—I fhould not care where I lived.—Every place would be a paradife to me.

Cec. O Henrietta ! Should I ever repine at my fituation, I will call to mind this heroic declaration of yours and blufh for my own weaknefs.

Scene between DR. LYSTER, MR. DELVILL, MR. MORTIMER DELVILL *and* CECILIA *his wife, and* LADY HONORIA.

Dr. Lyfter. MY good friends, in the courfe of my long practice, I have found it impoffible to ftudy the human frame, without looking a little into the mind ; and from all that I have yet been able to make out, either by obfervation, reflection or comparifon, it appears to me at this moment, that Mr. Mortimer Delvill has got the beft wife, and you, Sir, [*To Mr. Delvell*] the moft faultlefs daughter-in-law, that any hufband or any father-in-law in the kingdom can have or defire.

Lady Hon. When you fay the *beft* and moft *faultlefs*, Dr. Lyfter, you fhould always add, *the reft of the company excepted.*

Dr. Lyf. Upon my word, I beg your Ladyfhip's pardon ; but fometimes an unguarded warmth comes acrofs a man, that drives ceremony from his head and makes him fpeak truth before he well knows where he is.

Lady Hon. Oh terrible ! this is finking deeper and deeper ; I had hopes the town air had taught you better things ; but I find you have vifited Delvill caftle, till you are fit for no other place.

Delv. [*offended*] Whoever, Lady Honoria, is fit for Delvill Castle, must be fit for *every* other place; tho' every other place may by no means be fit for him.

Lady Hon. O yes, Sir, every possible place will be fit for him, if he can once bear with that. Don't you think so, Dr. Lyster?

Dr. Lys. Why, when a man has the honor to see your Ladyship, he is apt to think too much of the *person* to care about the *place*.

Lady Hon. Come, I begin to have some hopes of you, for I see for a Doctor, you really have a very pretty notion of a compliment. Only you have one great fault still; you look the whole time, as if you said it for a joke.

Dr. Lys. Why in fact, Madam, when a man has been a plain dealer both in word and look for fifty years, 'tis expecting too quick a reformation to demand ductility of voice and eye from him at a blow. However give me a little time and a little encouragement, and with such a tutoress, 'twill be hard, if I do not in a few lessons, learn the right method of seasoning a simper, and the newest fashion of twisting words from their meaning.

Lady Hon. But pray, Sir, always remember on these occasions to look serious. Nothing sets off a compliment so much as a long face. If you are tempted to an unseasonable laugh, think of Delvill Castle; 'tis an expedient I commonly make use of myself, when I am afraid of being too frolicsome; and it always succeeds, for the very thought of it gives me the head-ache in a moment. I wonder Mr. Delvill, you keep your health so good; after living in that horrible place so long. I have expected to hear of your death at the end of every summer, and I assure you, I was once very near buying mourning.

Del. The estate which descends to a man from his ancestors, Lady Honoria, will seldom be apt to injure his health, if he is conscious of committing no misdemeanor which has degraded their memory.

Lady Hon. [*in a low voice to Cecilia.*] How vastly odious is this new father of yours! What could ever induce you to give up your charming estate for the sake of coming into his fusty old family? I would really advise you to have your marriage annulled. You know, you have only to take an oath that you were forcibly run away with; and as you are an

heiress and the Delvills are all so violent, it will easily be believed. And then, as soon as you are at liberty, I would advise you to marry my little Lord Derford.

Cec. Would you only then have me regain my freedom in order to part with it ?

Lady Hon. Certainly, for you can do nothing at all without being married. A single woman is a thousand times more shackled than a wife ; for she is accountable to every body ; and a wife you know has nothing to do but just to manage her husband.

Cec. [*smiling*] And that you consider as a trifle !

Lady Hon. Yes, if you do but marry a man you don't care for.

Cec. You are right then, indeed, to recommend to me my Lord Derford.

Lady Hon. O yes, he will make the prettiest husband in the world ; you may fly about yourself as wild as a lark, and keep him the whole time as tame as a jack daw. And tho he may complain of you to your friends, he will never have the courage to find fault to your face. But as to Mortimer, you will not be able to govern him as long as you live ; for the moment you have put him upon the fret, you will fall into the dumps yourself, hold out your hand to him and losing the opportunity of gaining some material point, make up with him at the first soft word.

Cec. You think then the quarrel more amusing than the reconciliation.

Lady Hon. O, a thousand times ! for while you are quarreling, you may say any thing and demand any thing, but when you are reconciled, you ought to behave pretty, and seem contented.

Cec. If any gentleman has any pretensions to your ladyship, he must be made very happy indeed to hear your principles.

Lady Hon. O, it would not signify at all ; for one's fathers and uncles and such people always make connections for one ; and not a soul thinks of our principles till they find them out by our conduct ; and nobody can possibly find them out till we are married, for they give us no power beforehand. The men know nothing of us in the world, while we are single but how we can dance a minuet or play a lesson upon the harpsicord.

Del. And what else need a young lady of rank desire to

be known for ? Your ladyſhip ſurely would not have her degrade herſelf by ſtudying like an artiſt or profeſſor.

Lady Hon. O, no Sir, I would not have her ſtudy at all ; its mighty well for children ; but really after ſixteen, and when one is come out, one has quite fatigue enough in dreſſing and going to public places and ordering new things, without all the torment of firſt and ſecond poſition, and E upon the firſt line, and F upon the firſt ſpace.

Del. But pardon me, madam, for hinting that a young lady of condition, who has a proper ſenſe of her dignity, cannot be ſeen too rarely or known too little.

Lady Hon. O, but I hate dignity for it is the dulleſt thing in the world, I have always thought, Sir, it was owing to that you was ſo little amuſing—really I beg your pardon, Sir, I meant to ſay ſo little talkative.

Del. I can eaſily believe your ladyſhip ſpoke haſtily ; for it will hardly be ſuppoſed that a perſon of *my* family came into the world for the purpoſe of amuſing it.

Lady Hon. O, no, Sir, nobody, I am ſure, ever knew you to have ſuch a thought. [*Turning to Cecilia with a low voice.*] You cannot imagin, my dear Mrs. Mortimer, how I deteſt this old couſin of mine ! Now, pray tell me honeſtly, if you don't hate him yourſelf.

Cec. I hope, Madam, you have no reaſon to hate him.

Lady Hon. La, how you are always upon your guard ! If I were half as cautious, I ſhould die of the vapors in a month : the only thing that keeps me at all alive, is now and then making people angry : for the folks at our houſe let me go out ſo ſeldom and then ſend me with ſuch ſtupid company, that giving them a little torment is really the only entertainment I have. O—but I had almoſt forgot to tell you a moſt delightful thing !

Cec. What is it ?

Lady Hon. Why you muſt know I have the greateſt hopes in the world that my father will quarrel with old Mr. Delvill !

Cec. And is that ſuch a delightful thing ?

Lady Hon. O yes : I have lived upon the very idea this fortnight ; for then you know, they'll both be in a paſſion and I ſhall ſee which of them looks frightfulleſt.

Mortimer Del. When lady Honoria talks aſide, I always ſuſpect ſome miſchief.

Lady Hon. No, no, I was only congratulating Mrs. Mortimer about her marriage. Tho really upon ſecond thoughts, I don't know but I ought to condole with her, for I have long been convinced ſhe has a prodigious antipathy to you. I ſaw it the whole time I was at Delvill Caſtle, where ſhe uſed to change color at the very ſound of your name; a ſymptom I never perceived when I talked to her of Lord Derford, who would certainly have made her a thouſand times better huſband.

Del. If you mean on account of his title, Lady Honoria, your ladyſhip muſt be ſtrangely forgetful of the connections of your family; for Mortimer after the death of his uncle, and myſelf, muſt inevitably inherit a title far more honorable, than any which can be offered by a new ſprung up family, like my Lord Erlnof's.

Lady Hon. Yes, Sir; but then you know ſhe would have kept her eſtate, which would have been a vaſtly better thing than an old pedigree of new relations. Beſides, I don't find that any body cares for the noble blood of the Delvills but themſelves: and if ſhe had kept her fortune, every body I fancy would have cared for *that*.

Del. Every body then, muſt be highly mercenary and ignoble, or the blood of an ancient and honorable houſe, would be thought contaminated by the moſt diſtant hint of ſo degrading a compariſon.

Lady Hon. Dear Sir, what ſhould we all do with *birth* if it was not for *wealth*? It would neither take us to Ranelagh nor the Opera; nor buy us caps nor wigs, nor ſupply us with dinners nor bouquets.

Del. Caps and wigs, dinners and bouquets! Your ladyſhip's eſtimate of wealth is extremely minute indeed!

Lady Hon. Why you know, Sir, as to caps and wigs, they are very ſerious things, for we ſhould look mighty droll figures to go about bareheaded; and as to dinners, how would the Delvills have laſted all theſe thouſand centuries, if they had diſdained eating them?

Del. Whatever may be your ladyſhip's ſatisfaction in depreciating a houſe that has the honor of being nearly allied to your own, you will not, I hope at leaſt inſtruct this lady [*turning to Cecilia*] to imbibe a ſimilar contempt of its antiquity and dignity.

Mort. Del. This lady, by becoming one of it, will at leaſt

secure us from the danger that such contempt will spread further.

Cec. Let me only be as secure from *exciting*, as I am from *feeling*, contempt, and I can wish no more.

Dr. Lys. Good and excellent young lady; the first of blessings indeed is yours in the temperance of your own mind. When you began your career in life, you appeared to us short-sighted mortals, to possess more than *your* share of good things. Such a union of riches, beauty, independence, talents, education, virtue, seemed a monopoly to raise general envy and discontent; but mark with what exactness the good and the bad is ever balanced! You have had a thousand sorrows to which those who have looked up to you, have been total strangers, and which balance all your advantages for happiness. There is a levelling principle in the world, at war with pre-eminence, which finally puts us all upon a footing.

Del. Not quite, I think an ancient and respectable family—

Lady Hon. With a handsome income and high life gives one a mighty chance for happiness. Don't you think so Mortimer?

Mort. Del. I do, indeed; but add, a connection with an amiable woman, and I think the chances for happiness are more than doubled.

Dr. Lys. Right, Mortimer; we are well agreed.

ADDITIONAL LESSONS.

Directions how to spend our Time.

1. WE all of us complain of the shortness of time, saith Seneca, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives, says he, are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do; we are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end to them. That noble philosopher has described our inconsistency with ourselves in this particular, by all those various turns of expression and thought which are peculiar to his writings.

2. I often consider mankind as wholly inconsistent with itself in a point that bears some affinity to the former. Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age, then to be a man of business, then to make up an es-

ſtate, then to arrive at honors, then to retire. Thus, altho' the whole of life is allowed by every one to be ſhort, the ſeveral diviſions of it appear long and tedious.

3. We are for lengthening our ſpan in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is compoſed. The uſurer would be very well ſatisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the preſent moment and the next quarter day. The politician would be contented to loſe three years in his life, could he place things in the poſture which he fancies they will ſtand in after ſuch a revolution of time.

4. The lover would be glad to ſtrike out of his exiſtence all the moments that are to paſs away before the happy meeting. Thus, as faſt as our time runs, we ſhould be very glad in moſt parts of our lives, that it ſhould run much faſter than it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands, nay we wiſh away whole years; and travel through time as through a country filled with many wild and empty waſtes, which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at thoſe ſeveral little ſettlements or imaginary points of reſt, which are diſperſed up and down it.

5. If we may divide the life of moſt men into twenty parts, we ſhall find that at leaſt nineteen of them are mere gaps and chaſms, which are neither filled with pleaſure nor buſineſs. I do not however include, in this calculation, the life of thoſe only who are in a perpetual hurry of affairs, but of thoſe alſo who are not always engaged in ſcenes of action; and I hope I ſhall not do an unacceptable piece of ſervice to theſe perſons, if I point out to them certain methods for the filling up their empty ſpaces of life. The methods I ſhall propoſe to them are as follows:

6. The firſt is the exerciſe of virtue, in the moſt general acceptation of the word. The particular ſcheme which comprehends the ſocial virtues, may give employment to the moſt induſtrious temper, and find a man in buſineſs more than the moſt active ſtation of life. To adviſe the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almoſt every day of our lives.

7. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceneſs of party; of doing juſtice to the character of a deſerving man; of ſoftening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced, which are all of them employments

suited to a reasonable nature, and bring great satisfaction to the person who can busy himself in them with discretion.

8. There is another kind of virtue that may find employment for those retired hours, in which we are altogether left to ourselves and destitute of company and conversation; I mean that intercourse and communication which every reasonable creature ought to maintain with the great Author of his being.

9. The man who lives under an habitual sense of the divine presence, keeps up a perpetual cheerfulness of temper and enjoys every moment the satisfaction of thinking himself in company with his dearest and best of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him; it is impossible for him to be alone.

10. His thoughts and passions are the most busied at such hours when those of other men are the most inactive; he no sooner steps out of the world, but his heart burns with devotion, swells with hope, and triumphs in the consciousness of that presence which every where surrounds him; or on the contrary, pours out its fears, its sorrows, its apprehensions, to the great supporter of its existence.

11. I have here only considered the necessity of a man's being virtuous, that he may have something to do; but if we consider further, that the exercise of virtue is not only an amusement for the time it lasts, but that its influence extends to those parts of our existence which lie beyond the grave, and that our whole eternity is to take its color from those hours which we here employ in virtue or in vice, the argument redoubles upon us, for putting in practice this method of passing away our time.

12. When a man has but a little stock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good account, what shall we think of him, if he suffers nineteen parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his ruin or disadvantage? But because the mind cannot be always in its fervor nor strained up to a pitch of virtue, it is necessary to find out proper employments for it in its relaxations.

13. The next method therefore that I would propose to fill up our time, should be useful and innocent diversion. I must confess, I think it is below reasonable creatures to be altogether conversant in such diversions as are merely innocent, and have nothing else to recommend them but that there is no hurt in them.

14. Whether any kind of gaming has even thus much to

fay for itfelf, I fhall not determin ; but I think it is very wonderful to fee perfons of the beft fenfe, paffing away a dozen hours together, in fhuffling and dividing a pack of cards with no other converfation but what is made up of a few game phrafes, and no other ideas but thofe of black or red fpots, ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of his fpecies complaining that life is fhort?

15. But the mind never unbends itfelf fo agreeably as in the converfation of a well chofen friend. There is indeed no bleffing of life that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a difcreet and virtuous friend. It eafes and unloads the mind, clears and improves the underftanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue, and good refolutions, fooths and allays the paffions, and finds employment for moft of the vacant hours of life.

16. Next to fuch an intimacy with a particular perfon, one would endeavor after a more general converfation with fuch as are able to entertain and improve thofe with whom they converfe; which are qualifications that feldom go afunder.

17. There are many other ufeful amufements of life, which one would endeavor to multiply, that one might on all occafions have recourfe to fomething rather than fuffer the mind to lie idle or run adrift with any paffion that chances to rife in it.

18. A man that has a tafte in mufic, painting, or architecture, is like one that has another fenfe when compared with fuch as have no relifh of thofe arts. The florift, the planter, the gardener, the hufbandman, when they are only as accomplifhments to the man of fortune, are great reliefs to a country life, and many ways ufeful to thofe who are poffeffed of them.

OF CHEERFULNESS.

I. I HAVE always preferred cheerfulnefs to mirth. The latter I confider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is fhort and tranfient, cheerfulnefs fixed and permanent. Thofe are often raifed into the greateft tranfports of mirth, who are fubject to the greateft depreffions of melancholy; on the contrary, cheerfulnefs, tho it does not give the mind fuch an exquifite gladnefs, prevents us from falling into any depths of forrow. Mirth is like a flafh of lightning that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulnefs keeps up a kind of day-light in the mind, and fills it with a fteady and perpetual ferenity.

2. Men of austere principles look upon mirth as too wanton and dissolute for a state of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and insolence of heart that is inconsistent with a life which is every moment obnoxious to the greatest dangers. Writers of this complexion have observed, that the sacred person who was the great pattern of perfection was never seen to laugh.

3. Cheerfulness of mind is not liable to any of these exceptions; it is of a serious and composed nature; it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the present state of humanity, and is very conspicuous in the characters of those who are looked upon as the greatest philosophers among the Heathens, as well as among those who have been deservedly esteemed as saints and holy men among Christians.

4. If we consider cheerfulness in three lights, with regard to ourselves, to those we converse with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itself on each of these accounts. The man who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only easy in his thoughts, but a perfect master of all the powers and faculties of the soul; his imagination is always clear, and his judgment undisturbed; his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or solitude. He comes with a relish to all those goods which nature has provided for him, tastes all the pleasures of the creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full weight of those accidental evils which may befal him.

5. If we consider him in relation to the persons whom he converses with, it naturally produces love and good will towards him. A cheerful mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good humor in those who come within its influence. A man finds himself pleased he does not know why, with the cheerfulness of his companion: it is like a sudden sunshine that awakens a secret delight in the mind without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence towards the person who has so kindly an effect upon it.

6. When I consider this cheerful state of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual gratitude to the great Author of nature. An inward cheerfulness is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to providence under all

its dispensations. It is a kind of acquiescence in the state wherein we are placed, and a secret approbation of the Divine will in his conduct towards man.

7. There are but two things, which in my opinion, can reasonably deprive us of this cheerfulness of heart. The first of these is the sense of guilt. A man who lives in a state of vice and impenitence can have no title to that evenness and tranquility of mind which is the health of the soul, and the natural effect of virtue and innocence. Cheerfulness in an ill man deserves a harder name than language can furnish us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call folly or madness.

8. Atheism, by which I mean a disbelief of a Supreme Being, and consequently of a future state, under whatsoever title it shelters itself, may likewise very reasonably deprive a man of his cheerfulness of temper. There is something so particularly gloomy and offensive to human nature in the prospect of non-existence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent writers how it is possible for a man to outlive the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the being of a God is so little to be doubted that it is almost the only truth we are sure of, and such a truth as we meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought.

9. If we look into the characters of this tribe of infidels, we generally find they are made up of pride, spleen and cavil; it is indeed no wonder, that men, who are uneasy to themselves should be so to the rest of the world; and how is it possible for a man to be otherwise than uneasy in himself, who is in danger every moment of losing his entire existence, and dropping into nothing?

10. The vicious man and Atheist have therefore no pretense to cheerfulness, and would act very unreasonably, should they endeavor after it. It is impossible for any one to live in good humor and enjoy his present existence, who is apprehensive either of torment or of annihilation; of being miserable, or of not being at all.

11. After having mentioned these two great principles, which are destructive of cheerfulness in their own nature, as well as in right reason, I cannot think of any other that ought to banish this happy temper from a virtuous mind. Pain and sickness, shame and reproach, poverty and old age, nay death it-

ſelf, conſidering the ſhortneſs of their duration, and the advantage we may reap from them, do not deſerve the name of evils.

12. A good mind may bear up under them with fortitude, with independence, and with cheerfulneſs of heart—the toſſing of a tempeſt does not diſcompoſe him, which he is ſure will bring him to a joyful harbor.

13. A man who uſes his beſt endeavors to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reaſon has two perpetual ſources of cheerfulneſs, in the conſideration of his own nature and of that Being on whom he has a dependence.

14. If he looks into himſelf, he cannot but rejoice in that exiſtence, which is ſo lately beſtowed upon him, and which after milions of ages will be ſtill new, and ſtill in its beginning. How many ſelf congratulations naturally ariſe in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity, when it takes a view of thoſe improveable faculties, which in a few years, and even at its firſt ſetting out have made ſo conſiderable a progreſs, and which will be ſtill receiving an increaſe of perfection, and conſequently an increaſe of happineſs?

15. The conſciouſneſs of ſuch a being ſpreads a perpetual diffuſion of joy through the ſoul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himſelf every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

16. The ſecond ſource of cheerfulneſs to a good mind is, its conſideration of that Being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom, though we behold him as yet in the firſt faint diſcoveries of his perfections, we ſee every thing that we can imagin as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourſelves every where upheld by his goodneſs, and ſurrounded by an immenſity of love and mercy.

17. In ſhort we depend upon a being, whoſe power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinity of means, whoſe goodneſs and truth engage him to make thoſe happy who deſire it of him, and whoſe unchangeableneſs will ſecure us in this happineſs to all eternity.

18. Such conſiderations which every one ſhould perpetually cheriſh in his thought: will baniſh from us all that ſecret heavineſs of heart which unthinking men are ſubject to when they lie under no real affliction, all that anguiſh which we may feel from any evil that actually oppreſſes us, to which I may likewiſe add thoſe little cracklings of mirth and folly, that are

apter to betray virtue than support it; and establish in us such an even and cheerful temper as makes us pleasing to ourselves, to those with whom we converse, and to him whom we are made to please.

On Cleanliness.

Spectator, No. 631.

1. I HAD occasion to go a few miles out of town, some days since, in a stage coach, where I had for my fellow-travellers, a dirty beau, and a pretty young Quaker woman. Having no inclination to talk much at that time, I placed myself backward, with a design to survey them, and pick a speculation out of my two companions. Their different figures were sufficient of themselves to draw my attention.

2. The gentleman was dressed in a suit, the ground whereof had been black, as I perceived from some few spaces that had escaped the powder which was incorporated with the greatest part of his coat; his perywig, which cost no small sum was after so slovenly a manner cast over his shoulders, that it seemed not to have been combed since the year 1712; his linen, which was not much concealed, was daubed with plain Spanish from the chin to the lowest button, and the diamond upon his finger (which naturally dreaded the water) put me in mind how it sparkled amidst the rubbish of the mine where it was first discovered.

3. On the other hand, the pretty Quaker appeared in all the elegance of cleanliness. Not a speck was to be found on her. A clear, clean oval face, just edged about with litle thin plaits of the purest cambrick, received great advantages from the shade of her black hood; as did the whiteness of her arms from that sober-coloured stuff in which she had clothed herself. The plainness of her dress was very well suited to the simplicity of her phrases, all which put together, though they could not give me a great opinion of her religion, they did of her innocence.

4. This adventure occasioned my throwing together a few hints upon *cleanliness*, which I shall consider as one of the half virtues, as Aristotle calls them, and shall recommend it under the three following heads; As it is a mark of politeness; as it produceth love; and as it bears analogy to the purity of mind.

5. First it is a mark of politeness. It is universally agreed upon, that no one, unadorned with this virtue, can go into company without giving a manifest offence. The easier or higher any one's fortune is, this duty rises proportionably. The different nations of the world are as much distinguished by their cleanliness, as by their arts and sciences. The more any country is civilized, the more they consult this part of politeness. We need but compare our ideas of a female *Hottentot* with an *English* beauty, to be satisfied of the truth of what hath been advanced.

6. In the next place, cleanliness may be said to be the foster-mother of love. Beauty, indeed most commonly produces that passion in the mind, but cleanliness preserves it. An indifferent face and person, kept in perpetual neatness, hath won many a heart from a pretty slattern. Age itself is not unamiable, while it is preserved clean and unsullied: like a piece of metal constantly kept smooth and bright, we look on it with more pleasure than on a new vessel that is cankered with rust.

7. I might observe further, that as cleanliness renders us agreeable to others, so it makes us easy to ourselves; that it is an excellent preservative of health: and that several vices, destructive both to mind and body, are inconsistent with the habit of it. But these reflections I shall leave to the leisure of my readers, and shall observe in the third place, that it bears a great analogy with purity of mind, and naturally inspires refined sentiments and passions.

8. We find, from experience, that through the prevalence of custom, the most vicious actions lose their horror by being made familiar to us. On the contrary, those who live in the neighborhood of good examples, fly from the first appearances of what is shocking. It fares with us much after the same manner as our ideas. Our senses, which are the inlets to all the images conveyed to the mind, can only transmit the impression of such things as usually surround them; so that pure and unsullied thoughts are naturally suggested to the mind, by those objects that perpetually encompass us, when they are beautiful and elegant in their kind.

9. In the East, where the warmth of the climate makes cleanliness more immediately necessary than in colder countries, it is made one part of their religion; the Jewish law (and

the Mahometan, which in ſome things, copies after it) is filled with bathings, purifications, and other rites of the like nature. Tho' there is the above named convenient reaſon to be aſſigned for theſe ceremonies, the chief intention, undoubtedly, was to tipify inward purity and cleanlineſs of heart by thoſe outward waſhings.

10. We read ſeveral injunctions of this kind in the book of Deuteronomy, which confirm this truth, and which are but ill accounted for by ſaying, as ſome do, that they were only inſtituted for convenience in the deſert, which otherways could not have been habitable for ſo many years.

11. I ſhall conclude this eſſay with a ſtory which I have ſomewhere read in an account of Mahometan ſuperſtition. A Dervife of great ſanctity one morning had the misfortune as he took up a cryſtal cup, which was conſecrated to the prophet, to let it fall upon the ground, and daſh it in pieces. His ſon coming in ſome time after, he ſtretched out his hand to bleſs him as his manner was every morning; but the youth going out ſtumbled over the threſhold and broke his arm. As the old man wondered at theſe events, a caravan paſſed by in its way from Mecca. The Dervife approached it to beg a bleſſing, but as he ſtroked one of the holy camels, he received a kick from the beaſt that ſorely bruiſed him. His ſorrow and amazement increaſed upon him, till he recollected, that, through hurry and inadvertency, he had that morning come abroad without waſhing his hands.

DIALOGUES.

Scene between GENERAL SAVAGE, *and* Miſs WALSINGHAM; *in which the courtſhip is carried on in ſuch an ambiguous manner, that the General miſtakes her conſent to marry his ſon Captain* SAVAGE, *for conſent to marry himſelf.*

Miſs Wal. GENERAL Savage, your moſt humble ſervant.

Gen. Sav. My dear Miſs Walſingham, it is rather cruel that you ſhould be left at home by yourſelf, and yet I am greatly rejoiced to find you at preſent without company.

Miſs Wal. I can't but think myſelf in the beſt company when I have the honor of your converſation, General.

Gen. You flatter me too much, Madam; yet I am come to talk to you on a serious affair; an affair of importance to me and yourself. Have you leisure to favor me with a short audience, if I beat a parley?

Miss Wal. Any thing of importance to you, Sir, is always sufficient to command my leisure.

'Tis as the Captain suspected—[*aside*.

Gen. You tremble my lovely girl, but don't be alarmed; for tho my business is of an important nature, I hope it will not be of a disagreeable one.

Miss Wal. And yet I am greatly agitated—[*aside*.

Gen. Soldiers, Miss Walsingham, are said to be generally favored by the kind protection of the ladies.

Miss Wal. The ladies are not without gratitude, Sir, to those who devote their lives peculiarly to the service of their country.

Gen. Generously said, Madam. Then give me leave without any masked battery, to ask if the heart of an honest soldier is a prize worthy your acceptance?

Miss Wal. Upon my word, Sir, there is no masked battery in this question.

Gen. I am as fond of a coup-de-main, Madam, in love as in war, and hate the tedious method of sapping a town, when there is a possibility of entering it sword in hand.

Miss Wal. Why really, Sir, a woman may as well know her own mind when she is first summoned by the trumpet of a lover, as when she undergoes all the tiresome formality of a siege. You see I have caught your own mode of conversing, General.

Gen. And a very great compliment I consider it, Madam. But now that you have candidly confessed an acquaintance with your own mind, answer me with that frankness for which every body admires you so much: Have you any objections to change the name of Walsingham?

Miss Wal. Why then, frankly, General, I say, no.

Gen. Ten thousand thanks to you for this kind declaration.

Miss Wal. I hope you won't think it a forward one.

Gen. I'd sooner see my son run away in the day of battle—I'd sooner think Lord Russel was bribed by Lewis XIV; and sooner vilify the memory of Algernon Sidney.

Miss. Wal. How unjust it was ever to suppose the General a tyrannical father!—[*aside*.

Gen. You have told me condescendingly, Miss Walsingham, that you have no objection to change your name. I have but one question more to ask.

Miss Wal. Pray propose it, Sir.

Gen. Would the name of Savage be disagreeable to you? speak frankly again my dear girl.

Miss Wal. Why, then again, I frankly say, no.

Gen. You are too good to me.—Torrington thought I should meet with a repulse.—[*aside*.

Miss Wal. Have you communicated this business to the Captain, Sir?

Gen. No, my dear Madam, I did not think that at all necessary. I propose that he shall be married in a few days.

Miss. Wal. What, whether I will or not?

Gen. O, you can have no objection!

Miss. Wal. I must be consulted, however, about the day, General; but nothing in my power shall be wanting to make him happy.

Gen. Obliging loveliness!

Miss Wal. You may imagin, that if I had not been previously imprest in favor of your proposal, it would not have met my concurrence so readily.

Gen. Then you own I had a previous friend in the garrison.

Miss Wal. I don't blush to acknowledge it, Sir, when I consider the accomplishments of the object.

Gen. O, this is too much, Madam; the principal merit of the object is his passion for Miss Walsingham.

Miss Wal. Don't say that General, I beg of you; for I don't think there are many women in the kingdom, who could behold him with indifference.

Gen. Ah, you flattering angle! and yet by the memory of Marlborough, my lovely girl, it was the idea of a prepossession on your part, which encouraged me to hope for a favorable reception.

Miss Wal. Then I must have been very indiscreet, for I labored to conceal that prepossession as much as possible.

Gen. You could not conceal it from me; the female heart is a field I am thoroughly acquainted with.

Miss Wal. I doubt not your knowledge of the female heart General: but as we now understand one another so perfectly, you will give me leave to retire.

Gen. One word, my dear creature, and no more: I shall wait on you some time to-day about the necessary settlement.

Miss Wal. You must do as you please, General; you are invincible in every thing.

Gen. And if you please we will keep every thing a profound secret till the articles are all settled, and the definitve treaty ready for execution,

Miss Wal. You may be sure that delicacy will not suffer me to be communicative on the subject, Sir.

Gen. Then you leave every thing to my management.

Miss Wal. I can't trust a more noble negociator. *(goes out.*

Gen. The day is my own, *(sings)* Britons strike home; strike home.

Scene between General SAVAGE, Captain SAVAGE, Miss WALSINGHAM, and TORRINGTON, *a Lawyer; in which the General discovers his mistake.*

Capt. Sav. NAY, but my dearest Miss Walsingham the extenuation of my conduct to Belville made it absolutely necessary for me to discover my engagements with you; and as happiness is now so fortunately in our reach, I flatter myself that you will be prevailed upon to forgive an error which proceeded only from extravagance of love.

Miss Wal. To think me capable of such an action, Captain Savage! I am terrified at the idea of an union with you; and it is better for a woman at any time, to sacrifice an insolent lover, than to accept of a suspicious husband.

Capt. In the happiest union, my dearest creature, there must always be something to overlook on both sides.

Miss Wal. Very civil, truly.

Capt. Pardon me, my life, for this frankness; and recollect, that if the lover has thro' misconception, been unhappily guilty, he brings a husband altogether reformed to your hands.

Miss Wal. Well, I see I must forgive you at last; so I may as well make a merit of necessity, you provoking creature.

Capt. And may I indeed hope for the blessing of this hand.

Miss Wal. Why you wretch, would you have me force it upon you? I think after what I have said, a soldier might venture to take it without further ceremony.

Capt. Angelic creature! thus I seize it, as my lawful prize.

Miss Wal. Well, but now you have obtained this inestima-

ble prize, Captain, give me leave again to ask if you have had a certain explanation with the General?

Capt. How can you doubt it?

Miss Wal. And is he really impatient for our marriage?

Capt. 'Tis incredible how earnest he is.

Miss Wal. What! did he tell you of his interview with me this evening when he brought Mr. Torrington?

Capt. He did.

Miss Wal. O, then I can have no doubt.

Capt. If a shadow of doubt remains, here he comes to remove it. Joy, my dear Sir, joy a thousand times!

Enter General SAVAGE *and* TORRINGTON.

Gen. What my dear boy have you carried the day?

Miss Wal. I have been weak enough to indulge him with a victory, indeed, General.

Gen. Fortune favors the brave, Torrington.

Tor. I congratulate you heartily on this decree, General.

Gen. This had nearly proved a day of disappointment, but the stars have fortunately turned it in my favor, and now I reap the rich reward of my victory.

Capt. And here I take her from you as the greatest good which heaven can send me.

Miss Wal. O captain!

Gen. You take her as the greatest good which Heaven can send you, Sirrah! I take her as the greatest good which Heaven can send *me*; and now what have you to say to her?

Miss Wal. General Savage!

Tor. Here will be a fresh injunction to stop proceedings.

Miss Wal. Are we never to have done with mistakes?

Gen. What mistakes can have happened now, sweetest, you delivered up your dear hand this moment!

Miss Wal. True, Sir; but I thought you were going to bestow my dear hand upon this dear gentleman.

Gen. How! that dear gentleman?

Capt. I am thunderstruck!

Tor. Fortune favors the brave, General, none but the brave—[*Laughingly.*

Gen. So the covert way is cleared at last; and you have all along imagined that I was negociating for this fellow, when I was gravely soliciting for myself.

Miss Wal. No other idea, Sir, ever entered my imagination.

Tor. General, noble minds should never despair. [*Laughingly.*

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Gen. Well, my hopes are all blown up to the moon at once, and I ſhall be the laughing ſtock of the whole town.

Scene between Mrs. Bellville, Miſs Walsingham, *and* Lady Rachel Mildew.—*On Duelling.*

Mrs Belv. [*alone.*] WHERE is the generoſity, where is the ſenſe, where is the ſhame of men, to find pleaſure in purſuits which they cannot remember without the deepeſt horror; which they cannot follow without the meaneſt fraud; and which they cannot effect without conſequences the moſt dreadful? The greateſt triumph which a libertin can ever experience is too deſpicable to be envied; 'tis at beſt nothing but a victory over humanity; and if he is a huſband, he muſt be doubly tortured on the wheel of recollection.

Enter Miſs Walsingham *and* Lady Rachel Mildew.

Miſs Wal. My dear Mrs. Belville, I am extremely unhappy to ſee you ſo diſtreſſed.

Lady Rach. Now I am extremely glad to ſee her ſo; for if ſhe were not greatly diſtreſſed, it would be monſtrouſly unnatural.

Mrs. Bel. O Matilda! my huſband! my children!

Miſs Wal. Don't weep, my dear, don't weep! pray be comforted, all may end happily. Lady Rachel beg of her not to cry ſo.

Lady Rach. Why, you are crying yourſelf, Miſs Walſingham. And tho I think it out of character to encourage her tears, I cannot help keeping you company.

Mrs. Bel. O, why is not ſome effectual method contrived to prevent this horrible practice of duelling!

Lady Rach. I'll expoſe it on the ſtage, ſince the law now a-days kindly leaves the whole cognizance of it to the theater.

Miſs Wal. And yet if the laws againſt it, were as well enforced, as the laws againſt deſtroying the game, perhaps it would be equally for the benefit of the kingdom.

Mrs. Bel. No law will ever be effectual till the cuſtom is rendered infamous. Wives muſt ſhriek! mothers muſt agonize! orphans muſt be multiplied! unleſs ſome bleſſed hand ſtrip the faſcinating glare from honorable murder, and bravely expoſe the idol who is worſhipped thus in blood. While it is diſreputable to obey the laws, we cannot look for reformation. But if the dueliſt is once baniſhed from the preſence of his

sovereign; if he is for life excluded the confidence
country; if a mark of indelible disgrace is stamped upo
the sword of public justice will be the sole chastiser of w
trifles will not be punished with death, and offences reall
iting such punishment, will be reserved for the only pro
venge the common executioner.

Lady Rach. I could not have expressed myself be
this subject, my dear; but till such a hand as you talk
found, the best will fall into the error of the times.

Miss Wal. Yes, and butcher each other like madm
fear their courage should be suspected by fools.

Colonel RIVERS *and Sir* HARRY.

Sir. Har. COLONEL, your most obedient: I am
upon the old business: for unless I am allowed to en
hopes of Miss Rivers, I shall be the most miserable of all
beings.

Riv. Sir Harry, I have already told you by letter,
now tell you personally, I cannot listen to your propos

Sir Har. No, Sir?

Riv. No, Sir; I have promised my daughter to M
ney: do you know that Sir?

Sir Har. I do: but what then! Engagements of th
you know—

Riv. So then, you know I have promised her to Mr. S

Sir Har. I do, but I also know that matters are not
settled between Mr. Sidney and you; and I moreover
that his fortune is by no means equal to mine, therefor

Riv. Sir Harry, let me ask you one question befo
make your consequence.

Sir Har. A thousand if you please, Sir.

Riv. Why then, Sir, let me ask you, what you hav
observed in me, or my conduct, that you desire me so fa
ly to break my word? I thought, Sir, you considered
man of honor.

Sir Har. And so I do Sir, a man of the nicest hono

Riv. And yet, Sir, you ask me to violate the sanctity
word; and tell me directly, that it is my interest to be a

Sir Har. I really don't understand you, Colonel:
I was talking to a man who knew the world; and as yo
not signed—

Riv. Why this is mending matters with a witneſs! And ſo you think becauſe I am not legally bound, I am under no neceſſity of keeping my word! Sir Harry, laws were never made for men of honor; *they* want no bond but the rectitude of their own ſentiments; and laws are of no uſe but to bind the villains of ſociety.

Sir Har. Well! But my dear Colonel, if you have no regard for me, ſhew ſome little regard for your daughter.

Riv. I ſhow the greateſt regard for my daughter by giving her to a man of honor, and I muſt not be inſulted with any further repetition of your propoſals.

Sir Har. Inſult you, Colonel! Is the offer of my alliance an inſult? Is my readineſs to make what ſettlements you think proper—

Riv. Sir Harry, I ſhould conſider the offer of a kingdom an inſult, if it was to be purchaſed by the violation of my word. Beſides, tho my daughter ſhall never go a beggar to the arms of her huſband, I would rather ſee her happy than rich; and if ſhe has enough to provide handſomely for a young family, and ſomething to ſpare for the exigencies of a worthy friend, I ſhall think her as affluent as if ſhe was miſtreſs of Mexico.

Sir Har. Well, Colonel, I have done; but I believe—

Riv. Well, Sir Harry, and as our conference is done, we will, if you pleaſe, retire to the ladies. I ſhall be always glad of your acquaintance, though I cannot receive you as ſon-in-law; for a union of intereſt I look upon as a union of diſhonor, and conſider marriage for money, at beſt but a legal proſtitution.

Scene between SHYLOCK *and* TUBAL.*

Shy. HOW now, Tubal! What news from Genoa? Have you heard any thing of my backſliding daughter?

Tub. I often came where I heard of her, but could not find her.

Shy. Why, there, there, there, a diamond gone that coſt me two thouſand ducats at Frankfort! The curſe never fell upon the nation till now! I never felt it before! Two thouſand ducats in that and other precious jewels! I wiſh ſhe lay dead at my feet! No news of them! And I know not what ſpent in the ſearch. Loſs upon loſs. The thief gone with ſo much, and ſo much to find the thief; and no ſatisfaction, no

revenge ; no ill luck ſtirring but what lights on my ſhoulders.

Tub. O yes, other men have ill luck too, Antonio, as I heard in Genoa—

Shy. [*interrupting him.*] What has he had ill luck ?

Tub. Has had a ſhip caſt away coming from Tripoli.

Shy. Thank fortune ! Is it true ? Is it true ?

Tub. I ſpoke with ſome of the ſailors that eſcaped from the wreck.

Shy. I thank you, good Tubal. Good news ! Good news ! What, in Genoa, you ſpoke with them.

Tub. Your daughter, as I heard, ſpent twenty ducats in one night.

Shy. You ſtick a dagger in me, Tubal. I never ſhall ſee my gold again. Twenty ducats in one night ! Twenty ducats ! O father Abraham !

Tub. There came ſeveral of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, who ſay he cannot but break.

Shy. I am glad on't. I'll plague him ; I'll torture him ; I am glad on't.

Tub. One of them ſhewed me a ring he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her ; you turture me, Tubal ! It was my Ruby. I would not have given it for as many monkies as could ſtand together upon the Rialta.

Tub. Antonia is certainly undone.

Shy. Ay, ay, there is ſome comfort in that. Go, Tubal, engage an officer. Tell him to be ready : I'll be revenged on Antonio : I'll waſh my hands to the elbows in his heart's blood.

* Shylock had ſent Tubal after his daughter, who had eloped from his houſe. Antonio was a merchant hated by Shylock.

JUBA *and* SYPHAX.

Jub. SYPHAX, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
I have obſerv'd of late thy looks are fall'n,
O'er caſt with gloomy cares and diſcontent :
Then, tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee, tell me
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
And turn thy eyes thus coldly on thy prince ?

Syph. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry ſmiles, or ſunſhine in my face,

When difcontent fits heavy at my heart:
I have not fo much of the Roman in me.

Jub. Why doft thou caft out fuch ungenerous terms,
Againft the lords and fovereigns of the world?
Doft not thou fee mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their fuperior virtue?
Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,
Amidft our barren rocks and burning fands,
That does not tremble at the Roman name?

Syph. Gods! Where's the worth that fets this people up
Above your own Numidia's tawny fons!
Do they with tougher finews bend the bow?
Or flies the javelin fwifter to its mark,
Lanch'd with the vigor of a Roman arm?
Who like our active African inftructs
The fiery fteed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops the embattled elephant,
Laden with war? Thefe, thefe are arts, my prince
In which your Zama does not ftoop to Rome.

Jub. Thefe all are virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are placed in bones and nerves:
A Roman foul is bent on higher views;
To civilize the rude unpolifh'd world;
To lay it under the reftraint of laws;
To make man mild, and fociable to man;
To cultivate the wild licentious favage
With wifdom, difciplin, and liberal arts;
The eftablifhments of life; virtues like thefe
Make human nature fhine, reform the foul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.

Syph. Patience, juft Heavens!—Excufe an old man's warmth.
What are thofe wondrous civilizing arts,
This Roman polifh, and this fmooth behaviour,
That render man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to difguife our paffions,
To fet our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the ftarts and fallies of the foul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue?
In fhort to change us into other creatures,
Than what our nature or the gods defign'd us?

Jub. To ftrike thee dumb, turn up thy eyes to Cato!

There may'ſt thou ſee to what a godlike height,
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man.
While good, and juſt, and anxious for his friends,
He's ſtill ſeverely bent againſt himſelf;
Renouncing ſleep, and reſt, and food, and eaſe,
He ſtrives with thirſt and hunger, toil and heat;
And when his fortune ſets before him all
The pomp and pleaſure which his ſoul can wiſh,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

Syph. Believe me, prince, there's not an African
That traverſes our vaſt Numidian deſarts
In queſt of prey and lives upon his bow
But better practices theſe boaſted virtues;
Coarſe are his meals, the fortune of the chaſe,
Amidſt the running ſtreams he ſlakes his thirſt,
Toils all the day, and at the approach of night,
On the firſt friendly bank he throws him down,
Or reſts his head upon a rock till morn;
Then riſes freſh, purſues the wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repaſt, or an untaſted ſpring,
Bleſſes his ſtars, and thinks it luxury.

Jub. Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't diſcern
What virtues grow from ignorance, and what from choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
But grant that others could with equal glory
Look down on pleaſures and the baits of ſenſe;
Where ſhall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majeſtic in his griefs, like Cato?
Heavens! with what ſtrength, what ſteadineſs of mind,
He triumphs in the midſt of all his ſufferings?
How does he riſe againſt a load of woes,
And thank the gods that threw the weight upon him!

Syph. 'Tis pride, rank pride and haughtineſs of ſoul;
I think the Romans call it ſtoiciſm.
Had not your royal father thought ſo highly
Of Roman virtue and of Cato's cauſe,
He had not fallen by a ſlave's hand inglorious;
Nor would his ſlaughtered army now have lain
On Afric's ſands, disfigured by their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.

Jub. Why doſt thou call my ſorrows up a freſh?
My father's name brings tears into mine eyes.
Syph. Oh, that you'd profit by your father's ills!
Jub. What would'ſt thou have me do?
Syph. Abandon Cato.
Jub. Syphax, I ſhould be more than twice an orphan,
By ſuch a loſs.
Syph. Ay, there's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms
Work in your heart, unſeen, and plead for Cato.
No wonder you are deaf to all I ſay.
Jub. Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large! but learn to keep it in,
Leſt it ſhould take more freedom than I'll give it.
Syph. Sir, your great father never uſed me thus.
Alas! he's dead! but can you e'er forget
The tender ſorrows and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces, and repeated bleſſings,
Which you drew from him in your laſt farewel!
Still muſt I cheriſh, the dear, ſad remembrance,
At once to torture and to pleaſe my ſoul.
The good old king, at parting, wrung my hand,
(His eyes brimful of tears) then ſighing cry'd;
Prithee be careful of my ſon!——His grief
Swell'd up ſo high he could not utter more.
Jub. Alas, the ſtory melts away my ſoul!
The beſt of fathers! how ſhall I diſcharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him?
Syph. By laying up his counſels in your heart.
Jub. His counſels bade me yield to thy directions:
Then, Syphax, chide me in ſevereſt terms;
Vent all thy paſſion and I'll ſtand its ſhock,
Calm and unruffled as a ſummer's ſea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its ſurface.
Syph. Alaſs! my prince, I'll guide you to your ſafety.
Jub. I do believe thou would'ſt; but tell me how?
Syph. Fly from the fate of Cæſar's foes.
Jub. My father ſcorn'd to do it.
Syph. And therefore dy'd.
Jub. Better to die ten thouſand deaths,
Than wound my honor.

Syph. Rather say your love.

Jub. Syphax, I've promis'd to preserve my temper;
Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame
I long have stifled and would fain conceal?

Syph. Believe me, prince, tho hard to conquer love,
'Tis easy to divert and break its force.
Absence might cure it, or a second mistress
Light up another flame and put out this.
The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms;
The sun that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and color in their cheeks;
Were you with these, my prince you'd soon forget
The pale unripen'd beauties of the north.

Jub. 'Tis not a set of features, nor complexion,
The tincture of the skin, that I admire.
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eyes, and palls upon the sense.
The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex:
True, she is fair (Oh how divinely fair!)
But still the lovely maid improves her charms,
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners. Cato's soul
Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks.
While winning mildness and attractive smiles
Dwell in her looks, and, with becoming grace,
Soften the rigor of her father's virtues.

Syph. How does your tongue grow wanton in her praise!

WOLSEY *and* CROMWELL.

Wol. FAREWEL, a long farewel, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: To day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely,
His greatness is a ripening, nips his shoot;
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth; my high blown pride

At length broke under me ; and, now, has left me,
Weary and old with ſervice, to the mercy
Of a rude ſtream, that muſt forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate you !
I feel my heart now open'd. Oh ! how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors !
There is, betwixt that ſmile he would aſpire to,
That ſweet aſpect of princes and his ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have ;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to riſe again. *Enter* Cromwell
Why, how now Cromwell ?

Crom. I have not power to ſpeak, Sir.

Wol. What amazed
At my misfortunes ? Can thy ſpirit wonder
A great man ſhould decline ? Nay, if you weep,
I'm fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace ?

Wol. Why, well ;
Never ſo truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myſelf now and I feel, within me,
A peace, above all earthly dignities ;
A ſtill and quiet conſcience. The king has cured me ;
I humbly thank his grace ; and from theſe ſhoulders,
Theſe ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would ſink a navy, too much honor ;
O, 'tis a burthen, Cromwell, 'tis a burthen,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven !

Crom. I'm glad your grace has made that right uſe of it.

Wol. I hope I have ; I'm able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of ſoul I feel,
To endure more miſeries and greater far,
Than my weak hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad ?

Crom. The heavieſt and the worſt,
Is your diſpleaſure with the king.

Wol. God bleſs him !

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is choſen Lord Chancellor, in your place.

Wol. That's ſomewhat ſudden——
But he's a learned man. May he continue

Long in his highneſs' favor, and do juſtice,
For truth's ſake and his conſcience; that his bones,
When he has run his courſe and ſleeps in bleſſings,
May have a tomb of orphan's tears wept on him!
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Inſtall'd Lord Archbiſhop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed!

Crom. Laſt that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in ſecrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open as the Queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down; O Cromwell.
The king has gone beyond me; all my glories,
In that one woman, I have loſt forever.
No ſun ſhall ever uſher forth my honors,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my ſmiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and maſter. Seek the king,
(That ſun I pray may never ſet) I've told him
What, and how true thou art; he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will ſtir him,
(I know his noble nature) not to let
Thy hopeful ſervice periſh too. Go Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make uſe now, and provide
For thy own future ſafety.

Crom. O my Lord,
Muſt I then leave you? Muſt I needs forego
So good, ſo noble, and ſo true a maſter?
Bear witneſs all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a ſorrow Cromwell leaves his lord;
The King ſhall have my ſervice: But, my prayers,
For ever, and for ever, ſhall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to ſhed a tear
In all my miſeries; but thou haſt forced me,
Out of thy honeſt truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell,
And when I am forgotten, as I ſhall be,

And ſleep in dull cold marble, where mention
Of me muſt no more be heard, ſay then, I taught thee;
Say, Wolſey that once rode the waves of glory,
And ſounded all the depths and ſhoals of honor,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to riſe in;
A ſure and ſafe one, tho thy maſter miſs'd it.
Mark but my fall and that which ruin'd me:
Cromwell, I charge thee fling away ambition;
By that ſin fell the angels; how can man then
(Tho the image of his maker) hope to win by it?
Love thyſelf laſt; cheriſh thoſe hearts that wait thee!
Corruption wins not more than honeſty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To ſilence envious tongues. Be juſt, and fear not,
Let all the ends thou aim'ſt at, be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's; then, if thou fall'ſt, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'ſt a bleſſed martyr. Serve the king—
And prithee lead me in——
There take an inventory of all I have;
To the laſt penny, 'tis the king's. My robe,
And my integrity to heav'n is all
I dare to call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but ſerv'd my God with half the zeal,
I ſerv'd my king, he would not in my age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
Crom. Good Sir, have patience.
Wol. So I have. Farewel
The hopes of court! My hopes in Heaven do dwell.

The quarrel of BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.

Caſ. THAT you have wrong'd me doth appear in this,
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letter (praying on his ſide,
Becauſe I knew the man) was ſlighted of.
Bru. You wrong'd yourſelf to write in ſuch a caſe.
Caſ. In ſuch a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offenſe ſhould bear its comment.
Bru. Yet let me tell you, Caſſius, you yourſelf
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm
To ſell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeſervers.

Caſ. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that ſpeak this,
Or be aſſured that ſpeech were elſe your laſt.

Bru. The name of Caſſius honors this corruption,
And chaſtiſement doth therefore hide its head.

Caſ. Chaſtiſement!

Bru. Remember March; the ides of March remember;
Did not great Julius bleed for juſtice' ſake?
What villain touch'd his body that did ſtab,
And not for juſtice? What, ſhall one of us,
That ſtruck the foremoſt man of all this world,
But for ſupporting robbers; ſhall we now
Contaminate our fingers with theſe bribes?
And ſell the mighty meed of our large honors
For ſo much traſh as may be graſped thus?
I would rather be a dog and bay the moon,
Than ſuch a Roman.

Caſ. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it; you forget yourſelf,
To hedge me in; I am a ſoldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourſelf
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Caſſius.

Caſ. I am.

Bru. I ſay you are not.

Caſ. Urge me no more. I ſhall forget myſelf—
Have mind upon your health—tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, ſlight man!

Caſ. Is it poſſible?

Bru. Hear me for I will ſpeak.
Muſt I give way and room to your raſh cholar?
Shall I be frighted when a madman ſtares?

Caſ. Muſt I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay more. Fret till your proud heart breaks.
Go tell your ſervants how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Muſt I budge?
Muſt I obſerve you? Muſt I ſtand and crouch
Under your teſty humor? Be aſſured,
You ſhall digeſt the venom of your ſpleen,
Tho it do ſplit you! for, from this day forth,

I'll uſe you for my mirth, yea for my laughter,
When you are waſpiſh.
Caſ. Is it come to this?
Bru. You ſay you are a better ſoldier;
Let it appear ſo; make your vaunting true,
And it ſhall pleaſe me well. For my own part,
I ſhall be glad to learn of noble men.
Caſ. You wrong me every way—you wrong me, Brutus.
I ſaid, an older ſoldier, not a better;
Did I ſay a better?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Caſ. When Cæſar liv'd he durſt not thus have mov'd me.
Bru. Peace, peace; you durſt not ſo have tempted him.
Caſ. I durſt not?
Bru. No.
Caſ. What, durſt not tempt him?
Bru. For your life you durſt not.
Caſ. Do not preſume too much upon my love;
I may do what I ſhall be ſorry for.
Bru. You have done what you ſhall be ſorry for.
There is no terror, Caſſius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd ſo ſtrong in honeſty,
That they paſs by me as the idle wind,
Which I reſpect not. I did ſend to you
For certain ſums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raiſe no money by vile means.
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peaſants, their vile traſh,
By any indirection. I did ſend
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me; was that done like Caſſius?
Should I have anſwered Caius Caſſius ſo?
When Marcus Brutus grows ſo covetous,
To lock ſuch raſcal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunder bolts,
Daſh him to pieces.
Caſ. I denied you not.
Bru. You did.
Caſ. I did not—he was but a fool
That bro't my anſwer back. Brutus hath rived my heart;

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not: Still you practice them on me.
Caf. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Caf. A friendly eye could never fee fuch faults.
Bru. A flatterer's would not, tho they do
Appear as huge as high Olympus.
Caf. Come, Antony and young Octavius, come!
Revenge yourfelves alone on Caffius,
For Caffius is a-weary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Check'd by a bondman; all his faults obferved,
Set in a note book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To caft into my teeth. O I could weep
My fpirit from my eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breaft—within a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold!
If that thou need'd a Roman's take it forth.
I that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart.
Strike, as thou didft at Cæfar; for I know,
When thou did'ft hate him worft, thou loved'ft him better
Than ever thou loved'ft Caffius.
Bru. Sheath your dagger;
Be angry when you will, it fhall have fcope;
Do what you will, difhonor fhall be humor.
O Caffius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Which, much enforced, fhews a hafty fpark,
And ftrait is cold again.
Caf. Hath Caffius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?
Bru. When I fpoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.
Caf. Do you confefs fo much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.
Caf. O Brutus?
Bru. What's the matter?
Caf. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rafh humor which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Caſſius, and from henceforth
When you are over earneſt with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you ſo.

Bevil *and* Myrtle.

Bev. SIR, I am extremely obliged to you for this honor.

Myrt. The time, the place, our long acquaintance and many other circumſtances, which affect me on this occaſion, oblige me, without ceremony or conference, to deſire, that you will comply with the requeſt in my letter, of which you have already acknowledged the receipt.

Bev. Sir, I have received a letter from you in a very unuſual ſtyle. But as I am conſcious of the integrity of my behavior with reſpect to you, and intend that every thing in this matter ſhall be your own ſeeking, I ſhall underſtand nothing but what you are pleaſed to confirm face to face. You are therefore to take it for granted, that I have forgot the contents of your epiſtle.

Myrt. Your cool behavior, Mr. Bevil, is agreeable to the unworthy uſe you have made of my ſimplicity and frankneſs to you. And I ſee your moderation tends to your own advantage, not mine; to your own ſafety, not to juſtice for the wrongs you have done your friend.

Bev. My own ſafety! Mr. Myrtle.

Myrt. Your own ſafety, Mr. Bevil.

Bev. Mr. Myrtle, there is no diſguiſing any longer that I underſtand what you would force me to. You know my principle upon that point; and you have often heard me expreſs my diſapprobation of the ſavage manner of deciding quarrels, which tyrannical cuſtom has introduced, to the breach of all laws both divine and human.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil, Mr. Bevil! It would be a good firſt principle in thoſe who have ſo tender a conſcience that way, to have as much abhorrence at doing injuries, as—[*Turns away abruptly*]

Bev. As what?

Myrt. As fear of anſwering them.

Bev. Mr. Myrtle, I have no fear of anſwering any injury I have done you; becauſe I have meant you none; for the truth of which I am ready to appeal to any indifferent perſon, even of your own chooſing. But I own I am afraid of doing

a wicked action; I mean of shedding your blood, or giving you an opportunity of shedding mine. I am not afraid of you Mr. Myrtle. But I own I am afraid of him who gave me this life in trust, on other conditions and with other designs, than that I should hazard, or throw it away, because a rash, inconsiderate man is pleased to be offended, without knowing whether he is injured or not. No, I will not for you or any man's humor commit a known crime; a crime which I cannot repair, or which may in the very act, cut me off from all possibility of repentance.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil, I must tell you, this coolness, this moralizing, shall not cheat me of my love. You may wish to preserve your life, that you may possess Lucinda. And I have reason to be indifferent about it, if I am to lose all that from which I expect any joy in life. But I shall first try one means towards recovering her, I mean by shewing her what a dauntless hero she has chosen for her protector.

Bev. Show me but the least glimpse of argument, that I am authorised to contend with you at the peril of the life of one of us, and I am ready upon your own terms. If this will not satisfy you, and you will make a lawless assault upon me, I will defend myself as against a ruffian. There is no such terror, Mr. Myrtle, in the anger of those who are quickly hot, and quickly cold again, they know not how or why. I defy you to shew wherein I have wrong'd you.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil, it is easy for you to talk coolly on this occasion. You know not, I suppose, what it is to love, and from your large fortune, and your specious outward carriage, have it in your power to come, without any trouble or anxiety, to the possession of a woman of honor; you know nothing of what it is to be alarmed, distracted with the terror of losing what is dearer than life. You are happy; your marriage goes on like common business; and in the interim, you have your soft moments of dalliance, your rambling captive, your Indian princess, your convenient, your ready Indiana.

Bev. You have touched me beyond the patience of a man; and the defence of spotless innocence, will I hope, excuse my accepting your challenge, or at least obliging you to retract your infamous aspersions, I will not, if I can avoid it, shed your blood, nor shall you mine. But Indiana's purity I will defend. Who waits?

Serv. Did you call, Sir?

Bev. Yes, go call a coach.

Serv. Sir—Mr. Myrtle—gentlemen—you are friends—I am but a ſervant—but—

Bev. Call a coach. [*Exit Servant.*

[*A long pauſe. They walk ſullenly about the room*]

[*Aſide*] Shall I (though provoked beyond ſufferance) recover myſelf at the entrance of a third perſon, and that my ſervant too; and ſhall I not have a due reſpect for the dictates of my own conſcience; for what I owe to the beſt of fathers, and to the defenſeleſs innocence of my lovely Indiana, whoſe very life depends on mine?

[*To Mr. Myrtle.*] I have, thank Heaven, had time to recollect myſelf, and have determined to convince you, by means I would willingly have avoided, but which yet are preferable to murderous duelling, that I am more innocent of nothing, than of rivaling you in the affections of Lucinda. Read this letter; and conſider what effect it would have had upon you, to have found it about the man you had murdered.

[*Myrtle reads.*] "I hope it is conſiſtent with the laws, a woman ought to impoſe upon herſelf, to acknowledge, that your manner of declining what has been propoſed, of a treaty of marriage in our family, and deſiring that the refuſal might come from me, is more engaging than the Smithfield courtſhip of him, whoſe arms I am in danger of being thrown into, unleſs your friend exerts himſelf for our common ſafety and happineſs."—O, I want no more, to clear your innocence my injured worthy friend—I ſee her dear name at the bottom.—I ſee that you have been far enough from deſigning any obſtacle to my happineſs, while I have been treating my benefactor as my betrayer—O Bevil, with what words ſhall I—

Bev. There is no need of words. To convince is more than to conquer. If you are but ſatisfied, that I meant you no wrong, all is as it ſhould be.

Myrt. But can you—forgive—ſuch madneſs?

Bev. Have not I myſelf offended? I had almoſt been as guilty as you, though I had the advantage of you, by knowing what you did not know.

Myrt. That I ſhould be ſuch a precipitate wretch!

Bev. Prithee no more.

Myrt. How many friends have died by the hands of friends,

merely for want of temper! what do I not owe to your superiority of underſtanding! what a precipice have I eſcaped! O, my friend! Can you ever—forgive—can you ever again look upon me—with an eye of favor?

Bev. Why ſhould I not? Any man may miſtake. Any man may be violent where his love is concerned. I was myſelf.

Myrt. O Bevil! You are capable of all that is great, all that is heroic.

PROLOGUE.

AS when ſome peaſant who to treat his lord,
Brings out his little ſtock, and decks his board
With what his ill-ſtor'd cupboard will afford,
With awkward bows, and ill plac'd ruſtic airs,
To make excuſes for his feaſt, prepares;
So we, with tremor, mix'd with vaſt delight,
View the bright audience which appears to night;
And, conſcious of its meanneſs, hardly dare
To bid you welcome to our homely fare.
Should your applauſe a confidence impart,
To calm the fears that preſs the timid heart,
Some hope I cheriſh, in your ſmiles I read 'em,
Whate'er our faults, your candor can exceed 'em.

The WORLD *compared to a* STAGE.

ALL the world's a ſtage;
And all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances:
And one man in his time, plays many parts;
His acts being ſeven ages—At firſt, the infant;
Mewling and puking in the nurſe's arms.—
And then, the whining ſchool boy, with his ſatchel,
And ſhining morning face, creeping like ſnail,
Unwillingly to ſchool.—And then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his miſtreſs' eye-brow.—Then, a ſoldier,
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the pard;
Jealous in honor; ſudden and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble reputation,
Even in the cannon's mouth.—And then the juſtice;

In fair round body, with good capon lined;
With eyes ſevere, and beard of formal cut!
Full of wiſe laws and modern inſtances;
And ſo he plays his part.—The ſixth age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon;
With ſpectacles on noſe and pouch on ſide;
His youthful hoſe well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childiſh treble, pipes
And whiſtles in his ſound,—Laſt ſcene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful hiſtory,
Is ſecond childiſhneſs, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing.

COLUMBUS *to* FERDINAND.

COLUMBUS *was a conſiderable number of years engaged in ſoliciting the Court of Spain to fit him out, in order to diſcover a new continent, which he imagined exiſted ſome where in the weſtern parts of the ocean. During his negociation, he is ſuppoſed to addreſs king* FERDINAND *in the following ſtanzas:*

ILLUSTRIOUS monarch of Iberia's ſoil,
Too long I wait permiſſion to depart;
Sick of delays, I beg thy liſt'ning ear—
Shine forth the patron and the prince of art.
While yet Columbus breathes the vital air,
Grant his requeſt to paſs the weſtern main:
Reſerve this glory for thy native ſoil,
And what muſt pleaſe thee more—for thy own reign.
Of this huge globe how ſmall a part we know—
Does Heaven their worlds to weſtern ſons deny?
How diſproportioned to the mighty deep
The lands that yet in human proſpect lie!
Does Cynthia, when to weſtern ſkies arriv'd,
Spend her ſweet beam upon the barren main,
And ne'er illume with midnight ſplendor, ſhe,
The native dancing on the lightſome green?
Should the vaſt circuit of the world contain
Such waſtes of ocean, and ſuch ſcanty land?
'Tis reaſon's voice that bids me think not ſo;
I think more nobly of the Almighty hand.
Does yon fair lamp trace half the circle round

To light the waves and monſters of the ſeas ?
No—be there muſt beyond the billowy waſte,
Iſlands, and men, and animals and trees.
An unremitting flame my breaſt inſpires
To ſeek new land amidſt the barren waves,
Where falling low, the ſcource of day deſcends,
And the blue ſea his evening viſſage laves.
Hear, in this tragic lay, Cordova's ſage :*
" The time ſhall come when numerous years are paſt
The ocean ſhall diſſolve the band of things,
And an extended region riſe at laſt :
And Typhis ſhall diſcloſe the mighty land,
Far, far away where none have rov'd before ;
Nor ſhall the world's remoteſt regions be
Gibraltar's rock, or Thule's ſavage ſhore."
Fir'd at the theme, I languiſh to depart,
Supply the barque, and bid Columbus ſail ;
He fears no ſtorms upon the untravelled deep ;
Reaſon ſhall ſteer, and ſkill diſarm the gale.
Nor does he dread to loſe the intended courſe,
Though far from land the reeling galley ſtray,
And ſkies above, and gulfy ſeas below
Be the ſole object ſeen for many a day.
Think not that nature has unveil'd in vain
The myſtic magnet to the mortal eye,
So late have we the guided needle plann'd
Only to ſail beneath our native ſky ?
Ere this was found the ruling power of all,
Found for our uſe an ocean in the land,
Its bredth ſo ſmall we could not wander long,
Nor long be abſent from the neighboring ſtrand;
Short was the courſe, and guided by the ſtars ;
But ſtars no more ſhall point our daring way ;
The Bear ſhall ſink, and every guard be drown'd,
And great Arcturus ſcarce eſcape the ſea.
When ſouthward we ſhall ſteer—O grant my wiſh,
Supply the barque, and bid Columbus ſail ;
He dreads no tempeſt on the untravell'd deep,
Reaſon ſhall ſteer, and ſkill diſarm the gale

* Seneca, the poet, native [illegible], in Sp